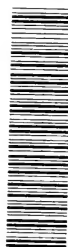


# LOVE LETTERS OF A JAPANESE

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Love-Letters  
of a Japanese

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# LOVE-LETTERS OF A JAPANESE

Edited by  
G. N. MORTLAKE



SECOND EDITION

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When my friend doth speak,  
I hear the echo ever,  
Of a mountain peak  
Whose rocks and snows together  
Utter a mighty silence.

MERTYL MEREDITH.



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## In Explanation



THESE letters are real. There is added to them no fiction, no studied—perchance enhancing, but fictitious—literary effect. And like all real things they have a quality which no artificial counterpart can attain. As in a novel, one follows in these letters the story of the love between a man and a woman; but for those to whom truth is dearer, as well as stranger, than fiction, there is a zest added to these pages from the fact that the story is true and is told in the lovers' own words; and these lovers were at heart two poets. Patterning this web is a design, a revelation, of Japanese character and Japanese inner life. The man is a native of Japan, cultured, thoughtful, and with the power of expressing himself, and he portrays not only his own personality, but a side of his nation's character which the West has not often seen.

This revelation of the psychology of the Japanese mind holds a thousand interests which need no exposition by an editor. Not only do the letters contain poetry, "a quaint philosophy," and romance, but, more particularly the later ones, they are full of familiar details of Japanese life and custom of a kind foreigners

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cannot usually learn. The intimate account given by the lover of the private divorce proceedings throws a beam of light on Japanese home life—so obscure, so incomprehensible to the West in its shrouded mystery.

Both the writers of these letters have passed away, and the love may seem scarcely to have been real, yet, as Kenrio Watanabe says in one of his letters: "I am rather uncertain about the distinction of reality and memory, which is ideal. If anything impressed us so strongly and deeply that we never lose its vision, and it has constantly the sense of reality, is it not by itself reality?"

It is true that this love had no physical consummation; but love so vivid and so deep has eternal life. The conditions surrounding it have, in this case, an interest which lends its spirit a material monument for a little space in human time.



To make the story connecting the earlier letters more intelligible, I have added a few notes here and there between them, for, though the references to the past throughout the correspondence make all the details clear as one reads on, it is easier for the reader to know from the first the more salient features of the situation. To this end an outline of the beginning of the story may be of use.

Kenrio Watanabe was a Japanese man of middle age and attractive personality; able in his profession, socially distinguished, and charming, he was singularly pure in his life. He had spent some years in



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Europe, and was in Vienna studying art—not as a student, but as a master studies the methods of other masters. There he met Mertyl Meredith, the English girl to whom these letters were addressed, and who in her turn wrote replies which are often full of charm.

Mertyl Meredith was in many ways hardly typical of her kind. She had seen more of life and had thought more deeply than most girls of three-and-twenty, and at the same time she was singularly unconscious of her sex. A tender and intimate friendship had grown between them before she realised that he was a man.

It was known to every one that he was married, and that fact alone—at that period of her life—seemed to Mertyl sufficient guarantee of the stability of the foundation of their friendship. Towards the end of their time together in Vienna, however, as the later letters tell us, Mr. Watanabe received news from home informing him not only of his wife's lack of affection, but of her actual unfaithfulness, and of her own wish for a divorce—an attitude so unusual among Japanese women. There had never been any pretence of love in his marriage; it had been the old-fashioned Japanese union, in which the contracting parties were entirely unknown to each other.

Thus, at a critical stage in his friendship with Miss Meredith, he became aware that he was virtually an unmarried man. The two were placed ready for the situation that developed later.

By the time that Mertyl left Vienna, and the correspondence begins, the friendship was very deep and

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strong, bound by a coincidence of ideals and by mutual sympathy. He had not told her of his domestic crisis, and she thought of him as a middle-aged, married man, and was entirely unconscious, as she remained for some time later, that any further development of tenderness was to be expected in the friendship.

After this, the letters speak best for themselves.

G. N. M.

## Note



THE letters have not been corrected or altered. In those of Kenrio Watanabe the mixture of German words, and the unusual and sometimes very effective use of English words, and even the trifling grammatical slips are so characteristic that any "corrections" appeared to me to be mere presumptions and to be destined to obscure the spirit of the whole.



[Among the many friends who waved farewell to Mertyl Meredith at the railway station at Vienna was Kenrio Watanabe. Like the others, he brought chocolates and flowers, and with the flowers was an envelope enclosing a card with the following words :

“ We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not. Out of dreams into dreams.”]



# Introduction

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BY M. C. STOPES

Author of "A Journal from Japan."

**S**URELY a Western mind must blunder in its attempt to analyse, or even to admire, and still more when it begins to condemn, so subtle a thing as the love between this Japanese man and the only woman who had opened for him the gates of Paradise. Hence, when I was asked to write an Introduction for this book, I at first refused. The task seemed too difficult, though the privilege was great.

Yet, because of three women whom I knew when I lived in Tokio, three European women who were married to Japanese men, and whose lives touched mine, I am taking this opportunity to say something I have felt for long. The chief lack is the gift of words ; for there is in the theme a mist and shadow mingled with its sun-

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shine of feeling, that is beyond the power of prose to convey. These letters reflect the true spirit of this phase of life more nearly than any written words on Japan that I have read. The superficial books, which deny true passion and beauty of feeling to the Japanese, are generally too paltry for criticism. Lafcadio Hearn alone among writers seemed to have been in a position to interpret such love from first-hand knowledge. But he, we must not forget, was married to a woman who was no intellectual mate for him, much as he loved her, and permanently happy though the marriage proved. Then, too, he and his wife had no common language which both knew well. He allowed her to learn no English, and his Japanese was never comparable with, let us say, Watanabe's English. The love affairs with geisha, or the corresponding marriages or affairs between Japanese men and their landladies' daughters in Europe, have, naturally, predominated in numbers, and have perhaps coloured each nation's popular conception of the standard and the origin of mixed marriages. Others there have been between men and women each of the best class in their countries, but if passion

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and poetry played their part in the courtships, it is a passion and a poetry which have not been revealed to the public, so that the world has been no nearer understanding these unusual marriages.

It is seldom that a lover is able to express in any degree the feelings that are surging in him ; still more seldom that a pair of lovers are both articulate ; and most rare of all that two lovers, from the uttermost ends of the earth, trained in traditions wide as the poles asunder, should not only love comprehensively rather than sexually, but be able to weave between them the tapestry of words in which the thoughts and feelings materialised still palpitate with life. Mertyl Meredith and Watanabe were such lovers.

Silently, with feelings unexpressed, men and women from the East and West have mated, and, although there is no social ban on mixed marriages in the best society in Tokio, the world has looked on and either wondered or scoffed. Many times in my own experience I have heard Europeans say, "How *could* she have married a Japanese ?" These letters are a vindication of such marriages. Yet at the same time they are a

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warning. A vindication, for they show, in truth, not twisted by interpolated fiction, how warm and passionate as well as how spiritual and full of subtle perceptions and supersensual understandings the love of a Japanese man can be. Watanabe's letters show him to be full of feminine intuitions and delicacies, which the manly strength of men usually crushes out of them. Yet the letters are a warning, for they show that the balance of such a relation is so delicate that, if the conditions of its fulfilment are unfavourable, the heaven-poised love must fall. The traditions behind the man are not our traditions, and will not strengthen the love in its moments of natural weakness.

Those who have read, or will read, these letters, must feel at once that the love they embody is infinitely more than a sexual passion. Indeed, as the editor has pointed out, it was long before the two realised that there was any possibility of such a thing between them. It was pre-eminently the love of two souls. A girl with Mertyl's evident temperament and character could only be won through the gates of her intellectual and spiritual citadel, and the key was a delicate sensitiveness, and almost



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supersensual perceptions, which are rare indeed among men all over the world. Above all things a woman longs to be understood, to have her slightest actions noted, to have her thoughts felt before they are expressed. The men of the Japanese nation, so long trained to grasp subtleties of expression, are in many respects unusually qualified to give this understanding to a companion with whom they are intimate. The outcry of denial which this statement of mine is likely to raise is due to the fact that most Europeans, meeting Japanese, are in the position of children stirring up pools on the shore in which sea-anemones are living. The children do not see the starry, radiating tentacles of violet and green because the stillness in which alone they will expand is disturbed by them.

Mertyl appears to have had in her character a quality of stillness coupled with her vivid vitality, and in this calm the reciprocal comprehension of the lovers grew and unfolded itself. They grew together, and learned from each other, for though, as one of her letters tells us, he was many years older than she, he was not mature, for he had never loved before. They learned

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from each other and grew into each other's minds until, as discerning readers may have noted, it is often difficult to tell from reading one of the letters which of the two was writing. Naturally, his vocabulary was very similar to hers, for he acquired much of his English from her. It might be thought that he merely reflected her, but the letters show clearly that this was not so. In many cases the extension of their language of passion comes from him in words she had not taught him, and, as the notable letters about the red roses show most clearly, they reached independently at the same moment the same thought. While he was in England, and for some time after he returned to Japan, this held good: then we get the beginnings of the end. We are here on the borderlands of a great philosophic problem. What are the limits, what the determining criteria, of a human soul? The life of his soul, his love, which lay dormant till Mertyl waked it, and which yet developed and lived individually and apart from her, was changed by its physical surroundings till it reverted to the attitude most common in the people among whom it was living at the time. It is very evident, in reading the letters,

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that the physical ill health which overtook him at such increasingly frequent intervals had much influence in weakening the life of the love-soul that was born to him in Europe. It is certain that the interplay of mind and body has an essential influence in the formation of what we call a human character. His weak and ever-weakening body could not bear the strain of masculine desire, and in a country and among companions with whom the love of man and woman is a secondary thing, a thing little cared for, and subservient to family, political, and material ends, it is not surprising that his attitude should change entirely, till he was in a state of soul—character—call it what you will—to say to her what he said in his last letter.

But Mertyl's love, even through all its doubts, was strengthened by the tradition of her nation. Whatever the individual secessions, England retains the heroic standard of a lifelong monogamic devotion, and Mertyl, idealist as she was, was in no position, even in that Eastern country which had influenced her lover, to yield and take willingly the lesser idea of love he offered. Unconsciously, and therefore blamelessly? her chameleon-

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souled lover had adapted himself to, had become even the best of his kind, in her presence and in her country—unconsciously, and equally blamelessly, he had adapted himself again to the surroundings in which he found himself. That she was the more immovable and was shattered, is right in her according to our standards. But is it ultimately right? The thing they had treasured, the marriage-desiring love, was dead. Little as she had suspected it probably, her doubts, though lovingly and patiently expressed, had helped to kill it. It was dead, and it had died in two years instead of twenty or thirty as would have happened irrevocably if they had lived their natural life. If one has the background of Infinity, how little is the difference of these periods. He, as a Buddhist, would have felt this more closely than we do, and would have been less likely to cry out and strive against the passing of his own joy in so mutable a world.

But, after all, it is not with Infinity or with the borderland of philosophical speculation that most readers will concern themselves, but with the human story of these lovers. The warm sweetness and the passion of

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the letters touch us deeply, and show at least how comprehensible is the position of an English woman who loves a Japanese man. That, according to our standards, he treated her so badly toward the end, is the tragic note all humanity expects. But *this* tragedy is never sordid. As we read on, his defects come out clearly in the letters, but they are none of them quite despicable—his over-carefulness in repeating the details about that most interesting divorce case, his lack of realisation of her anxiety while she was still in Europe and he did not write for weeks at a time, and his care to “cover his tracks” regardless of the truth. This last, and most serious and most characteristic, point was redeemed by the way he was absolutely open to her. He lied to defend her future as well as his own, not from actual trouble, but from subtle, almost imaginary, disagreeables, which he appeared to realise more clearly than the greater and more material difficulties.

Nevertheless, had they been married while he was still in Europe, or had she come to Japan after one year instead of two, some years at least of married happiness might have been assured to them, and indeed the

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marriage might have been even as permanently happy as one at least of those I met at first hand in Japan.

Yet with all conditions favourable, even with love such as he offered at the best and highest point of rapture, there must have come regrets and unimagined sorrows, creeping silently. One woman I knew, married to a Japanese man who was both suitable socially and an intellectual equal, had a little son four years old. He was a delicious child—beautiful, merry, sunny-hearted, and clever. One day he said to her that he hoped she would not come to a children's party to which he was going. "Why?" she said. "Oh, your hair is different from a nice Japanese mamma's. Theirs is all smooth and black like ebony, yours is brown and un-smooth. There are no little boys who have mammas with hair like that. I like you at home, but not at parties." My heart ached for all that was to follow and to cut like knives into that mother's heart.

Meryl Meredith was saved this. She had the rapture of a supreme and understanding love; both its rapture and its pain. The love was mortal, but mercifully it

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died swiftly and killed her, instead of lingering and growing more poignantly agonising with the years.

“ All the world loves a lover,” and the manifold ways of love are the source to us of continual interest and delight. Though we seem never to weary of fiction, true love stories are better, and so “ all the world ” must rejoice that these passionate and appealing letters should have been published to give us an insight into so strange a love, lit by the flame of idealism on an exotic altar.

M. C. STOPES.





# Love-Letters of a Japanese

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

WIEN, July 1.

DEAR MISS MEREDITH,

I have received your three cards from the journey, one after another like the first drops promising to form a beautiful Danube in future. I am glad to hear that you had a delightful journey and saw a magnificent sunrise. That I could see the latter with you! I remember just now the glorious sunrise at the very top of the Mount Fuji in Japan. I and an old man, a guide, alone.

Since your departure many people come and speak of you, even the Diener came twice to me and spoke about you when I was alone in the hall. You have given surely a strong impression about yourself both in and out of the Institute; and the people seem to come to me as if they are in search of something they lost with your departure.

With reference to the first few lines of this letter, I give here a Japanese poem, which was probably written by a Buddhistic monk.

Love-Letters of a Japanese

Yoshinogawa  
Sono minamoto wo  
Tadsunureba  
Hagi ni okutsuya  
Kokeno shitatare.

This means: The beautiful Yoshino river, if we search upwards after the origin of its stream we find nothing but the dews formed upon the leaves of the *Hagi*-plant, and water dripping from mosses. (*Hagi*, *Lespedeza bicolor* in Latin, is taken here as a type of general expression of shrubs and herbs. It is a tender shrub, flowering in autumn and is one of the beloved flowers with us and is often read of in poetry. *Hagi*—pronounced *Ha-ngi*.)

Do tell me how you found with Miyake, Koto and the other Japanese. Now you have met four Japanese (me included). Have you any new idea about Japanese?

About the forms of addressing and closing a letter I have not yet learned enough. If you would write once a letter to me, please put them down and I shall follow yours *in form*; as to the taste there is no question, we are perhaps the same in that. Of course, I can myself invent any exceptional forms about which there are no rules; and I should like to do it too. But one must know at first the normal general forms used among good friends or good acquaintances before he can use an arbitrary form. Hoping to hear soon again from you.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

KENRIO WATANABE.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, July 6.

DEAR MR. WATANABE,

The chill of the formal "addressing and closing of the letter" passed off on reading the little explanation of the same. I will write on a separate sheet all the different forms in common use, at least the chief ones. You speak of "exceptional forms"—but please do not use "forms" at all; did I not tell you that they are only of value to enable us to write easily to those who do not know us fully? To my mind the letter of a friend should be a little materialised piece of a continued relation, not an isolated contact.

The Vienna news was so nice. I do long to be back again, and I could drop among you again so easily and enjoy it all. Your poem pleased me much. I regret now that I did not learn some Japanese from you. Yet our time was quite full anyway, wasn't it!

Yes indeed, I have new ideas of Japanese, but I cannot write them yet, we must talk it all over. I am afraid *you* too are exceptional. You have often enough told me I am, so I may say this. Perhaps after all that is not so unfortunate as I believe that is why I like you! Only I did hope we were neither so very exceptional. I can't really believe the world is as bad as all that!

I thought I had enough to think about in Vienna, but here family affairs are added and they are very difficult. Then in London too one is apt to lose the "clear as crystal vision," and to become an anthropo-

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morphist. London is so big and so *human*—I think a Buddha could not have survived London. It was good advice, to choose a quiet spot “loving all solitudes and shunning noise and foolish crowds.”

London is so noisy. Sometimes in the quiet of Hampstead the noise echoes in my brain so that I cannot sleep. I think I was made for a solitary philosopher—at least part of me was, the other part revels in the stir and battle and life of London.

I expect I make far more “impression of myself” as you say in Vienna than I do in London—here every one is too busy to receive impressions.

The “*Briefe an eine Freundin*” which you recommended me to read are quite interesting, but I am still of my opinion that they are too limited in outlook. Humboldt was such an individualist and anthropomorphist that he could hardly get to the level of your cloudscape photograph! And also the two people were not in such a position as to make two equal, noble “beautiful enemies.” Then they did not know each other till so late; how could they in three days in their early life get to know enough to last through twenty years of silence and build a *real* friendship? I think the book has more literary and romantic charm than reality and sweet truth. They found two coinciding points and each drew for himself and herself the straight line corresponding, and were happy. I don't think they had studied curves or that they would have had the courage to explore the other possible lines through those points. But this describes it badly.

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When you greet the sun in Vienna, or the rocks and clouds of the mountains, say to them that my greeting comes with yours.

MERTYL, MEREDITH.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

VIENNA, July 12.

DEAR MISS MEREDITH,

Thank you so much about the kind information about the forms of letters. If I was born with English customs I need not learn forms, but for me, who is grown without knowing any of them, the learning of forms is the shortest and surest way to get to the right point of discarding them. Forms are no mere "forms." I used the word for convenience' sake. What you expressed about the letter of a friend being only a little materialised piece of a continued relation pleased me *so much* because it harmonises so well with my feeling. Friends' letters should in their nature not be like isolated rods but parts of an everlasting chain.

But the external appearance may sometimes look as if it is formal and measurable, although in reality it is abstract and immeasurable. The beginning and ending of a letter will be like the daily meeting and

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parting. They may meet with a word of "good morning" or with a shaking of hands or with a silent glance to each other; and part so. Meeting with too many words or parting with such is only social, and they contribute to the daily talking only to keep detached from each other. But when one meets silently and parts with a silent glance the "after-melody," if I can say so, lasts longer. It would be with letters too. But there must be something at the beginning and the end, be it a glance or a bowing or their substitute. Sometimes, the same act or words may be taken by one for only a form and for another as something much deeper.

I was in the mountains the other day, and met only a few people. When I looked into the silence of the woods and when I raised my hands towards the "hellige Sonne" shining over the mountains I felt it too luxurious to be for me alone. In the morning when greeting the sun with his glorious beams, two gentle cows were not enough; though mild and innocent they did not understand the beauty.

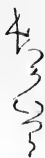
I got the prints of those photos we took, yesterday, and I gave the promised one to Gretchen yesterday evening. I have put one of the best copies in a mount to show you how to arrange it. I am sorry the plates were not good, and the general appearance is not clear enough. But I like the front view, although it is somewhat too dark, *very much*, perhaps because I am used to your glance from the front.

KENRIO WATANABE.

I shall be in England soon!

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, July 17.



SOMETIMES you are very fortunate in the choice of your quaint English expressions—"after-melody" is very good, it would do for a poet.

Tell me, please, does my use of the Japanese above strike you as comic and unfitting? A foreigner can never know just how the use of phrases may have limited their sphere. I think usually there is more of beauty for me in a phrase half-known and therefore still a little shrouded in mists, than in one that is absolutely well defined by constant use. It is like veiled beauty—do you remember—with the suggestion of infinite possibilities.

About the journey to England, I will tell you exactly what to do on arriving. . . .

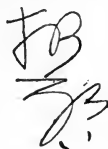
I go to the coast of France for a week or two soon, but it will only be for a little while.

MERTYL MEREDITH.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

VIENNA, July 23.



“WIE GEHTS?”

You say you are going to France to the coast. How nice. I remember once, when I was at the coast half a day's sail from Tokio I spent half the day as an “Eastern philosopher” and then jumped into the water and lived like a student.

If you would be so kind, please tell me how to cross London between the stations. I think it is not polite to arrive too early in the morning or too late at night to my hosts, so please give me the right train times.

I just remember that I have given you in Vienna several very bad pictures with the better ones of various excursions. But I don't like a larger number of bad things. I like rather a small number of good ones. Please tear them and put them in the paper basket and only keep the good ones. Be bold enough to do so. Will you? You find enclosed three photos of the sunrise on the mountain. You cannot imagine how glorious it was without having seen it. The sun gave me in half an hour three successive lessons on his beauty and the glory of the morning light. First, he half appeared and was beautiful and sweet, then he appeared fully and was glorious, and then he took the



veils and was most beautiful. In photographing any landscape or portrait, to do so against the source of direct sunlight is forbidden in the art of photography. But when one is bold enough to photograph the sun itself the law disappears and it is allowed by nature to do the forbidden thing.

Your Japanese is not right! It is only used at the end of a letter! What I have put at the beginning means "bowing and beginning to speak." It is a common form with us among all kinds of acquaintances in good society, friends as well as relatives. Therefore a little commonplace, but quite a good form.

You say you think usually there is more of *beauty* in a phrase half-known and therefore not yet clearly defined. I think so too. I think such is also the case with the friendship *we* speak of (I mean friendship *itself*, not the term friendship). The fact that there is no name for such a friendship and for such friends (so-called, by us, *real* friends) is an evidence that such ones are little known or only half-known; and this little-known friendship is the most beautiful one.

Yours ever,

KENRIO WATANABE.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

VIENNA, August 10.

MY DEAR MISS MEREDITH,

I must congratulate you that you are appointed to such a splendid post at the College of

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Art. When I heard of it from Mr. Schmidt I was so much glad because you have got now on the one hand such an honoured position, and on the other hand you can now continue quietly working also as an artist so long as you will in that position. Standing in a position which is looked at by the world with curiosity is very pleasant. One person thinks—he shall fail, another thinks, he shall succeed, and a few are quite indifferent because they know his ability quite well and are convinced of his success. You are to show to the people how and what a woman can be.

If only the Woman's University in Tokio which was founded only four years ago, could get a lady who is so able to stand in such a position for art and English language !

I told Professor Blumenthal about your success on the last day, when he left Vienna for the country. He was very much glad of it. I like to hear anything of the sort because the tie we speak of between us is an " ewig " possession.

I have to write a short paper on some art subject—I should like to ask you if you will read it if your time allows. It is enough if one can understand my meaning, a good English cannot be hoped for this time because the manuscript itself is not yet ready, and cannot be corrected in a short hour.

I have ready the photographs. Will you be so kind as to give me an unmounted copy of any of them which you choose, with your name too ?

You discovered an interesting fact that my photo of landscape reminds one of a Japanese print. It

comes perhaps from the fact that I take the photo choosing carefully the position of the views, and this choice is of course after my Japanese taste.

*Auf frohes Wiedersehen !*

KENRIO WATANABE.



[He reaches England and meets her family, making friends with every one.—ED.]



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, August 20.

YES, I have "Lust" to go, and am glad that you are so kind to take me to the Galleries. *Ich habe immer Lust und Zeit* to be with you. So I shall come to-morrow at 11 at the Gallery.

The "Dream" \* is a great one. At the moment I finished the "Hunter" on Sunday evening I have put down a letter to you, in my mind, and it was as follows :

The author is one of our party. That book is not for small girls as it is pretended, but for grown-up

\* She had lent him Olive Schreiner's "Dreams,"

wanderers. I trust you remember the exact dream Hunter. Would you like rather to be a comrade of the Hunter? Or will you not depart from the exit of the "Valley of Superstition" and keep the sweet bird "Immortality" in your breast? I rather intend to start as a sort of Hunter and take with me the lovely bird "Hope," but not "Immortality." If the Bird of Hope proves too to be too heavy for the journey, I shall be bold enough to depart from her with a kiss and leave her behind.

If you have "Lust" to join the journey, meet me in the "Valley of Wisdom." You will find me there at any time you please, and let us go together.

The "Lust" to do the joint work of our drawings and book with you in common is ever so large, as it was at the beginning.\* But the "Lust" to pursue our quaint philosophy in common is increasing.

Yours,

K. WATANABE.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON.

AH, Friend, I will not go with you to the limits of your "Philosophie"—forgive me, but it seems too small. I may not have understood it rightly when

\* Mr. Watanabe, an artist of established reputation in his own country, had been so struck by Mertyl Meredith's originality that he had asked her to collaborate in one of his illustrated books.—ED,

we talked that long day in the woods, but you seem to me to be so (though beautifully, and idealistically) materialistic. Can you conceive of a worm seeing in the sky at sunset all we see in it? Then can you not conceive of us as beings whose powers are as limited in relation to other forms as a worm is to us? But as I think a worm would waste his time trying to understand sunsets, so I think we are absolutely incapable of understanding those above us, and the fate of us all. I can only think of it, dream of it, and leave myself to grow into it in the course of things. Let us leave it now, on paper it is very difficult—let us talk of it, as I hope we shall soon.

And were you "cross" with me too about Confucius? I am so interested to think of you as being cross. But you did not quite follow the drift of my idea. I know Confucius is not to be ranked as a highly spiritual man, to be classed with a Buddh—and for this very reason I said that the Buddhism of Japan has been influenced (and I meant materialised, brought a little lower), by Confucianism.

Auf Wiedersehen!

M. M.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, August 25.

! SHALL be to-morrow at 10.30 at the North Gallery.

I shall like our joint work to be carried out and published as if it was made by the perfectly joined

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hands of one person, and not to be like the results of two different persons put together. So I should like some time to try some points of technique together. Perhaps we can do this in November.

Have you determined whether to accept the request of the College with regards to your giving lectures? I have a scheme for the subject. So if you accept the lectures I shall show you my scheme to-morrow morning, and if you could, even partly, agree with my views and try it, I shall be exceedingly glad.

To-morrow let us enjoy the pictures for a time, and if possible let me have about ten minutes to talk about other subjects.

Yours,  
K. WATANABE.



[As they were meeting once or twice in the week, no correspondence seems to have passed between them at this time.—ED.]



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, October 9.

**A**RE you well—are you happy—are you deep in your work? Tell me about it. Here I am very well off as regards work. I find I shall have several

lectures to give. Professor Brown and I share an Honours class, and there are some juniors too. So far as I can see I am creating no sensation at all, which is a good thing. Still, I have not yet had any of the students about; that comes next week.

How little I get done in a day—I am ashamed of myself just now, I will write to you later on—till then I can only wish to.

Yours,

MERTYL MEREDITH.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, October 10.

YES, I am quite well, though I cannot say I am happy, except for momentary happy thoughts and feelings which from time to time come over me poetically.

I, too, am working very hard. Professor Nigel is very *lovely*, if I am allowed to use the word. I cannot say at present exactly, but he may attract even more love than Professor Blumenthal, because the style of Professor Nigel is so unique. That his calmness attracts me much is quite sure, further I don't know yet what it is that attracts me—and I have not yet studied the anatomy of the effect upon my feeling. There are many things which are *felt at once*, but not known easily,

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How the smoke and the fog are gradually disclosing their true London feature, and I am getting weary of them, though I am getting a little used to the noise of the street, which disturbs the sleep.

Yesterday, being Sunday, I could not stay at home in remembrance of the Danube excursions—so I went to Kew Gardens. I intend to go there every Sunday or Saturday.

I want so much to talk to you about Japanese poetry, because *you* would understand if you understood Japanese. I have so much to tell you about our philosophy, and others too. But I must leave them for the future. I have read all the Schreiner's "Dreams" through, "The Hunter" and the "Sunlight upon my bed" are the most important ones in that book. These two express the same conception, and took several years to write—and what they express is nothing but "Enlightenment"! I tell you later.

Yours,

KENRIO WATANABE.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, October 13.

▶ AM so grieved you are not happy. Why is it?  
Are they not kind to you in London? You know that London is the place where one can be loneliest



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in the whole world; it is because it is too big for friendship.

Or have you at last got an attack of "heimweh"?

I asked you in my last letter if you were happy, quite thoughtlessly—thinking of course the answer would be yes.

Yes. Though in common talk one cannot use the word "lovely" as you did of Professor Nigel, yet I think it fits him very well indeed; it is perhaps the best word you could use. True also, that he attracts by his very calmness and very aloofness—but it seems that Professor Blumenthal attracts equally by his fiery living power, his very grand discontent with all the little thorns of life, and all its stupid mediocrity. Is it not the whiteness of the lily that attracts us, and the deep fiery red of the rose? I could not say which is the better of two such beautiful things.

Yes. There is much to say; we leave it always "to the future," which may never come. Perhaps though it may.

Yours,  
M. M.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, October 16.

DID not mean so strong as "unhappy." There is another weather between lovely weather and a foggy one. "Heimweh" is something which I have

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still not experienced. Somebody said before my departure for Europe that I should not have *heimweh*. This was perhaps true. In many ways I feel more at ease, and more leisured than in Japan.

About the "white of the lily." There is white white, we can say no more. That is why I say of Professor Nigel, his *unique* style. It is so pure. And yet there is sharpness and strength which occasionally disclose quickly from his lips as well as between his fingers. But for the deep red of the rose, which is so sweet, even only to think about, there is deep red, and deeper red, deeper and deeper, to the deepest red. Many shades and degrees. Perhaps that is why it is so popular. The whiteness of the lily fits among the woods or by the silent waters; the red flower among the activities and struggles of society. I do like both.

I do wish to write you a few lines about "politeness" so that you understand me a little better. I have not easily dared to join you or to visit you, before "that was settled," partly because I do not know the custom and partly because I am often a coward with small things. With big things I am often very bold, either because on account of its bigness I can meet it unerringly and push it straight, or because it is worth doing at all cost.

I am not at all of the view that "custom" should be obeyed by all men. Yes, it should be obeyed by common people in general to keep the order among them. But, custom—custom—what is it? We are

not born with it, it is not our instinct. It is only convention, a weary matter to him who looks beyond—wider. Who was great by following custom? Where is there a sweet flower, and where is a mighty peak in the domain of custom? None. But he who does not seek the flower and the peak is not allowed to go out of the domain of custom.

He who will go beyond the level should not take any one with him who is not able to do the same. If he takes with him any such one, it will be a great weight and trouble for him. While being in society, however, all are requested to keep the custom.

I may come later on to the question—what is society?

You say, "we leave it always to the future." Was it not because it was told us by instinct that it *will* come? Or were we putting things into a beautiful box with a cover but without a bottom, so that all are lost for ever?

There is in life the great philosophy. "The Ideal is real"—simple, but penetrating the whole universe.

Yours,  
FUTURE.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, October 27.

I GOT your letter eleven days ago. I did not answer it sooner, there seemed nothing urgent in it and I was very busy.

Yes, in a way you are right, certainly in what you say about "Custom." Though I cannot quite understand the end of your letter.

About the future, I often think of an old proverb (I think it is Arabian) and it is this: "Bold is the donkey-driver, O Khedive, and bold is the Khedive who dares to say what he will believe and what disbelieve, not knowing in any wise the mind of Allah, not knowing in any wise his own heart and what it shall some day suffer."

Thus I think too.

Yours,  
M. M.



[How prophetic this was! Yet at the time it was written Mertyl had no thought of either the joy or pain of love. Watanabe had not yet told her of the domestic affairs which, even then, gave him some sort of right to a few of the feelings of an unmarried man. At that time also, Mertyl still felt the strong, British dislike of any thought of love between an English woman and a foreigner.—ED.]

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, November 4.

I HAVE so much to see and do in England, I *must* stay longer than I intended. I have almost every day tea with Professor Nigel. He is very kind in helping me to see what I want in London.

I am weary of the tops of 'buses—my feet want to wear "Nägel-shuhe," and my back longs for "Rucksac," and I want the mountains. Oh, Vienna!

What I meant in that letter saying that I am not yet at all of the view that all should obey custom, and that I like rather to go beyond custom, was this: To follow the "custom" is to go the way which was passed by a preceding person, and then trodden by one after another of men and women, so often that the way is deprived of grasses. It is like going with a 'bus along Piccadilly and is controlled by the fingers of the policemen. This is not what I seek.

Let us go by the silent water through the forest, gathering the flowers, and upon the rocks and peaks in the lovely sunlight, by the untrodden paths, or through pathless sheets of shed leaves, as we did sometimes in the mountains. Uncontrolled by men's hands, governed by nature itself.

What you write about the future—"bold is the Donkey-driver," etc., is so *delightful*. That is what I wanted to say, although the form is not coincident. That is what is expressed, in other words, in Higher

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Buddhism. (Don't think that you began, and I am agreeing with you simply. Read below.)

Higher Buddhism is something like this:—Do what you have to do; do what you think best; go your own way, do not care for the issue. Go *straight*, and press on, even if it be good or not. Don't trouble about what is coming. Care not for death—What is death? Live as you live, die as you die. All is nature, why then think about the life in the future? Why long for continuance of life—immortality? Live, not for reward, but live for *life*. Do you know what life is? “Ideal is real,” “Real is ideal!”

So, Love if you love—Hate if you hate. *Do* what you do, not stay in stagnant water. What you think real is ideal, yet, “Immortality” you speak of? The Idea or Hope of Immortality is “attachment,” and if you attach yourself to anything you are outside it. Be *free* from it—yet BE IT.

The above is what I understand from the higher Buddhism.\*

In the years I have been forgetting the word “attachment” (my translation may be wrong). In the days when I wrote my last letter, I have been absorbed with our philosophy, and I recollected suddenly the word “attachment,” and I wanted to tell you. But it was

\* If much of this seems obscure and disjointed, it is much less so than some of the sacred writings or learned instructions of Buddhist monks. A Western mind can scarcely grasp the real higher Buddhism; e.g. “What is the noise of one hand?” is one of the elementary problems a student must solve before admission to a monastery.—Ed.

so difficult to express. Now I find, from your letter, that the word "attachment" may throw some light to you. So I have only put at the end of my letter the phrase "Ideal is real," which of course was difficult to understand without further explanation. I want to *talk* to you so much, eyes to eyes. Any motion of pen upon paper reveals not what I want to do.

Yours,

KENRIO WATANABE.

P.S.—Is it not beautifully enlightened if we could get to the point to be *free* and to be *IT*. "Omnia . . .," etc. Throw off the seemingly sweet bird "Immortality" and join me, dear friend, in our art and in philosophy.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, November 9.

**D**O not forget that your higher Buddhism is not quite the same as the purer, original form of the philosophy. Japan and China have a form which has been largely influenced by Confucianism, and is in a way a more "fatalistic" type than the purer form. Still—so far as you go I think it is right.

Why do you take up the attitude of begging me to "throw off the sweet bird Immortality" and follow

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your lead ? Do you not know yet that years before I met you Immortality, as generally accepted, had ceased to be part of my creed ? An absolute immortality I cannot conceive of as possible—nevertheless that does not prevent me from feeling the unutterable sorrow of it.

I do not think it is at all possible to fix the limits of the possible. Just as a flower consists ultimately of chemical elements which are finally only one thing—centres of motion—and yet the flower has for a space individual existence above its atoms and different from them—so I recognise the fact that a man ultimately consists of centres of motion, and that his apparently real individuality may be merged in that of something higher.

What you say of your higher Buddhism is to my mind only good and excellent rules for conduct, and not at all a deep, ultimate philosophy. Life should certainly be as you describe—a restful floating on eternity ; a going with the invisible tide drawing one to the unknown ; an utter delight and content in *being*. But though the recognition of this is the way to live aright and to win all the true joy of life, it is still by no means a knowledge of the why and wherefore and how of all things.

I told you, I think, that I had once a swift, brilliant insight, a knowledge of things. Buddhists I think call it Enlightenment. It came after long, intense thought in solitude, and under the evening star by the sea. What it was in all its wonder I cannot tell you, but the resulting practical teaching for every-day life



was this :—In the spring are the seedlings, in the summer the flowers, in the autumn the fruit. And as a seedling in the sun had only a faint glimmer of the meaning of fruit, but chiefly loved the soft wind and warm sun and was content to grow, so thou, keep in touch with all the love and beauty and warmth of life, and grow ; thou canst not understand the harvest it will yield thee, the harvest of ripe knowledge.

So I do not (when I can help it) strive any more and chafe to settle the problems of the universe. I open all my senses to the sunshine and grow.

Emerson says, "Friendship, like Immortality, is too good to be believed in." Is all this contradictory ? Friendship is the sunshine in life.

M. M.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, November 14.

ONE thing I *must* tell you is the fact that Confucius was not such as is often thought here in Europe. I have met already in Germany, and in England too, many persons who ranked him among the philosophers or among Religious persons. A great, great misunderstanding. I do not like in fact that *you* had such a thought, like the other people, with regard to him.

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He dealt with no deep things like the higher form of Buddhistic thought. He was only a *teacher*, or *pronouncer of a good custom*. His idea was limited by conventions, the very extreme opposite of higher Buddhistic thought.

I was always cross in Vienna when any man asked me if I believed in Confucianism, because there is no religion modified or founded by him. To my mind he has not even understood Buddhism. He was no deep thinker, only a powerful and wise man.

There was another man whose personality is little known, and who lived earlier than Confucius in China. He talked rather interesting things; for example:—  
“The *Tao* which can be expressed in words is not the eternal *Tao*, the name which can be uttered is not the eternal name. Without a name it is the Beginning of Heaven and Earth; with a name it is the mother of all things.”

“The highest goodness is like water, for water is excellent in benefiting all things, and it does not strive but occupies the lowest place which men abhor; and therefore it is near akin to *Tao*.”

“When your work is done and fame has been achieved then retire into the background, for this is the way of heaven.”

“All things in nature work silently; they come into being and possess nothing; they fulfil their functions and make no claim.”

He was interesting, and partly very good, but so far as I can say at present he was not yet so *achieved* as a Buddha.

I knew that you had once had an insight of things, and yet I was thinking that you are strongly inspired with the existence of individual souls after the death of the bodies for a long, long time, I shall say, although not immortal in absolute sense. Yet whenever I thought of it, I came still to the conclusion that there is certainly positive points towards the Buddhistic thought in you, and that must have been the chief cause I felt so much air (atmosphere?) with you as I seldom experienced among friends. Still, sometimes it seemed to me you carry certain shade of the former ideas remaining with you.

Perhaps we are coming into the same thought and feeling. Thought alone is nothing, it must be accompanied with the feeling.

You ask *why*, *wherefore* and *how*. The first two questions are those of "Biologie," the last one is that of "Physiologie." I think there is no *why* and no *wherefore* in nature—Nature does not act with reason or purpose like we men do selfishly. But I have "Lust" to ask *how*? You meant perhaps *how* with the three different words.

What I think and enjoy now about life and death is this:—When we draw the branches near and have them tied here and there we see a lovely cottage in it; when untied and freed again, we see the easy foliage of the primæval forest ever, till it will come to pass to be drawn and tied again some time and somehow.

Yours,

K. W.

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[After this they met several times, discussing still their " quaint philosophy," and with increasing feeling on both sides.—ED.]



### *From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, December 23.

I SENT a book and a curiosity "zur Erinnerung an die Weihnachten" as parcel to you. Forgive me if I be wrong after English custom to send you such things.

The curiosity I should call in English a "sword-ring." The wooden plate it is mounted on is not perfect, as you find—but it came to my hand as such; and I did not try to graft bamboo to a tree.

It certainly belonged to one of the "Bushi" or "Samurai" of the first rank, and is perhaps 400 years old, although I am not quite sure of it. The maker whose name is engraved on it is said to be one of the renowned authorities for "sword-rings."

The sword was in the history of the Japanese the soul of "Bushi." No "Bushi" was allowed to go out without a sword. Just as the system of Bushido is no more to be seen, and yet its spirit remains among the people, so the sword is usually no more to be seen, and yet the *Ring* is retained among the people and

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is to be found here and there." And it serves in my mind in some way to recollect the past and to tell the present and the future.

Yours,

K. W.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, December 26.

YOUR gifts gave us all great pleasure—thank you very much indeed for them. Nay—"according to the custom of this country" it was quite right that you should have sent some gift, though it was not necessary that you should send anything so costly as mother's and mine must have been.

The sword-ring pleases me greatly—I am delighted with it and thank you heartily.

We meet at the picnic to the woods on Wednesday.

Auf Wiedersehen!

M. M.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, December 28.

HERZLICHEN Dank for the hours you gave me to-day!

I trust you will forgive me to ask if you would be so

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kind to give me one or two hours somewhere in your earliest convenience.

If I may mention some idea about the time and place—I should say Saturday (30th) afternoon or morning at Kew Gardens.

Being afraid that I am troubling you so much,

Yours,

K. W.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, December 28.

SO sorry. I can't come on Saturday. You were coming to our house on Sunday though, anyway; come a little before the other visitors, say 3 o'clock.

M. M.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, December 29.

THANK you so much for the reply. I knew that I am coming to you on Sunday, and that I should come pretty early, so that I shall be the first visitor, but I thought we may have not time to chat together.

If we have time on Sunday it is the best thing. I shall be at 3 with you.

What I am informed day before yesterday from Japan is that the official extension of my stay in abroad is *almost* impossible (one writes absolutely impossible) although I have not received official and final information. All are preparing for my return. Although this does not mean that I shall start soon, I must be rather prepared for start in case any stern order comes by telegraph in February.

Such being the case I should have liked very much to continue talking of the 28th inst. a little more.

And yet I am going to make request in January to the Government for the permission of private extension of my stay abroad for 3-5 months, the answer to which will be expected in February by telegraph.

The details on Sunday.

Yours,

K. W.

[Again there is a break in the correspondence, when apparently they met more frequently, discussing many things. The thought that he would in all probability be leaving Europe soon, certainly ripened the friendship between them.—Ed.]

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*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, January 3.

THANK you for sending the little book. I will discuss the book when I return it to your hands.

I know you do not like beginning letters as I do, with nothing. So why do you tie yourself down and make a custom for yourself out of my departure from custom? It is quite foolish. Please choose your way of beginning, and do as you would like to do. I do not like your doing my way when I know you do not like it.

Yours ever,

M. M.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, January 4.

THANK you so much for writing me soon. The work progresses.

As to the letter-beginning, I want to talk more, but for to-day I shall only write you the following as the answer:—In short future I will tell you the development history of my idea about addressing and closing—

- (1) Letters of friends are to be continuous thoughts.
- (2) Forms are to be dropped off by itself.

Those two thoughts I like very much indeed, and I feel them quite natural.



(3) But at the same time I feel letters are just the daily meetings and talking, as I have once told you. What I am putting down at the close is not mere raising of the hat which one does with everybody at parting—nor the simple “good evening” in the reversed sense of “good morning.” You know one may meet in the morning and say “good morning” which cost a penny for a dozen, but part in the evening by shaking hand and saying “good night,” or without any words, which cannot be got for money, but for truth and tenderness manifested in complex melody.

So that, in majority of cases, beginning of a letter is not so important. I do not care much for it, while the closing is more important—altho’ not every “good-night” may have any melody and also there may be many “good-mornings” which may be delicious. And there are many gradations impossible of expressing in poor movements of pen and ink.

Such closing as I use for you, be it only initials, name, or those with “yours” or “yours ever” or others like “Auf Wiedersehen” do not belong to “forms” to my mind, as they are no more part of the so called “society.” They are wild flowers, not those in the garden.

I liked very much that you asked me about beginnings of letters this time. Ask me all you wish. I hope the epoch of observation with uncertainty will not last long, or is gone.

But if you observe anything in me, or ask anything to me, not from the frontal door, directly, but indirectly, then you must be very careful not to draw conclusion too quickly which may fail by misunderstanding. Be-

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cause. when one watches through the windowpane, one may take the moving shadow of a different person for that of the person he thought. Forgive me, if there be any wrong use of words or sense here. I am always glad to hear your questions of any kind, because I like so much to be seen by you until there is no corner left unknown to you.

Yours ever,

K. WATANABE.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, January 6.

**F**ROM the midst of the orchestral mirror I heard a whisper, and its echo sounding eternally in me goes through time and space.

[For several weeks at this time they met constantly, and the friendship became a deeper and more personal thing than it had yet been, but still Mertyl was under the impression that Kenrio Watanabe was happily married to one of his own race, and that, however deep

the friendship between them went, it would never enter the borderlands of love. Mertyl was at that time singularly unconscious of her sex; and by quoting the words of their prophet Emerson, that in high friendship both Truth and Tenderness have their place, Watanabe had convinced her that they could safely use the tender words to each other. He informed her of the lengthening of his stay in Europe.—ED.]

*From Mertyl Meredith*

March 18.

I AM so glad. I wonder if it is selfish of me to be so glad. I was trying to teach myself that it might be better for you to be returning to Japan. I fear it is not good professionally for you to be away so long; it may be that you will find that you are not so necessary to them when you return, if you are away so long that they learn to get on without you. But if this is not so and it is only good for you to stay in Europe, then I am utterly glad. Perhaps we may eat Abendbrot once more together.

Dear, I have not peace to write to you a long letter; we are removing, and a removal is a terrible and upsetting thing. *Ich bitte*, write rather to me, as I want to hear from you.

Glück für Dich.

Gute Nacht.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, March 19.

**C**HILD, do not be anxious about my position in the Heimat. Even students are waiting for my return, but I made an ardent request for the private extension of my stay, stating important reasons; if they did not permitted me this extension, they must have shown themselves unreasonable.

One thing you must know is that, although I got extension till end of June, the time we have surely together is only till the month of May. I am quite uncertain whether I am able to stay in June still. I may get the order from the Government to attend the International Congress in Paris in June. Then I must leave here in the beginning of June. After all we must finish up "ALL" in the month of May. Do not be too glad with the thought we have time. We have only a few weeks, which will pass quicker than they did hitherto. *Verstehst Du?* In the College, in your room, your stool sits lonely, the hook on the door has the cape you left, but no coat—I am so much sympathised with them.—My dear, you say at the end of your letter, "Gluck für Dich." If you are so sweet to wish Gluck für mich, and I know and believe you are, write me soon again, even a few words. That is einsiges Gluck für mich, wenn Du so weit entfernt von mir bist.

When I thought I touched, it was my own hand.

P.S.—So long as you wonder if it were selfish of you

to be so glad, you are not yet selfish enough to know what is unselfishness.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, March 21.

PERHAPS you are right, I fear I had thought we were to have still long together. You say we must finish all in May—finish our friendship and leave it embalmed as mere memory? Are we not rather planting the seed which will grow to be a tree, "living and never finished"?

As you are really so near, and I shall be seeing you in a few days, I feel that I cannot write you a proper letter—also time is very scarce just now, our removal is terrible, as we have so many papers and books and rubbish.

I think I can say that your letters are too "einsiges Glück für mich," as everything is so upturned, and they breathe peace.

Gute Nacht, dear—gute Nacht.

[This removal was no great affair; Mertyl's family merely transferred themselves to a different house in Hampstead.—ED.]

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, March 25.

DEAR, I was just looking at your picture, it is so beautiful that I cannot look at it without being "traurig." Ich möchte, ja schon in Deiner Nahe sein, aber ich muss noch etwass Geduld haben. Ich bin froh, dass ich das Bild hier haben.

You speak of finishing up. Have we finished even planting the seed? I don't mean to finish up the friendship, but I wish very much to finish up planting the seeds. I am not certain whether we finished the planting completely, so that there will be no losing of the seed. You were telling to yourself, only ten days ago, that perhaps you trusted me too much, and wondering whether you could like me so much if you knew me in exact details. Under such a state I fear that we have not yet planted the seed correctly. Or have we passed that stage over? If so we must say that we were making progress in friendship even so lately as since ten days. I wonder if we are still making progress? In that case, we are not yet in the highest point. Have we even finished planting the seed? Once finished the planting, then we may leave it to the sun and rain, both of which will bring it up, it will grow, enjoy, and never go—my dear.

You ask whether I am going to keep the Friendship embalmed as mere memory—I am rather uncertain about the distinction of reality and memory, which is ideal. If anything impressed us so strongly and deeply that we

never lose its vision, and it has constantly the sense of reality, is it not by itself reality? What is reality? Is our Friendship real or ideal? Ideal, real—ideal. Dear, I never experienced such a beautiful thing before.

Schlafe wohl. Gute Nacht, dear—gute Nacht.



[Again they met, and Watanabe told her the truth about his marital relations. He had married a wife, at the desire of his widowed mother, and because it was imperative that he, the only son, should carry on the family. He did not love his wife, nor she him—indeed, they had only met once before the marriage—but as he did not then acknowledge the existence of the thing men call love, he expected nothing more than the amiability and virtue Japanese custom imposes on its women. He did not get even this, and letters had reached him telling him of his wife's unfaithfulness, and one came too from her requesting him to arrange for a divorce on his return, so that she could marry the man she desired. Divorce in Japan is a private affair, arranged by mutual consent, so this was no impossible request, though it is not usual for people in the social position of the Watanabes to seek divorce. The circumstances however necessitated it, and the thought of freedom from a loveless marriage came as a relief to the man who, if he had not yet learned what love is, had at least begun to see what it might be. To Mertyl the news was at the same

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time a great sorrow and a relief. While she still felt that marriage with Watanabe was unthinkable, she had begun to feel that the friendship was bordering on disloyalty to a loving wife. Again the meeting produced an increase of tenderness between them. —ED.]

With a box of flowers Watanabe sent a card with the following words :

“I miss it when it is not there, because it is then in me and not to be seen ; I miss it even more when it is there, because it is then to be seen and it is not in me. I am missing it all the time, and yet it is never gone.”

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, March 30.

**D**EAR, how sweet of you to send those flowers. I fear that mother has not yet acknowledged them, but I must thank you for mine. Your flowers are a bright spot in the turmoil of a new house. I woke this morning with the black eye of a scarlet flower looking at me. I love beautiful things.

You ask, “cannot a memory be a reality ?” Yes, dear heart, if it is the memory of a reality—but you know how seldom it is that I can realise the reality of your existence, and even when your hand was in mine yester-



day, I could not realise it. How then is mere memory to be to me more real than the fact that I cannot realise? Yet in some way I suppose it is, for it lives with the dreams I have of all the fair things that are my own delight. But beside it then lie, remembered also, things that never happened.

I wish I could see you again soon; when I do, I may realise more fully that you DO exist—for you do, do you not, dear heart?

Gute Nacht, schlafe wohl.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, April 2.

DEAR, how sweet your letter is. Now I know that a letter may be sweet. I wonder, however, whether it is my heart that makes it sweet, to me, and not the letter itself,—if I have any heart still with me. I doubted one day, whether I gave my heart to Dir; if so very unconsciously. No. I never gave, and yet it smoothed away from me, while my constant watching. Or have I been dreaming, when it smoothed away without my knowledge? I thought I lost it, and yet it seems there is one in me.

I think my heart will not be so sweet (and I think it is sweet, and I love it) if yours were not here in my memory.

### Love-Letters of a Japanese

You say about my existence, but at least as far as the sweetness is concerned, my heart does not exist without yours, because my heart is only sweet in the presence of yours. Thus if you want to realise the existence of my person, sweet and dear, there will be none existing if not with yours.

Well, then, what is real, and what is ideal? My person serves only as an association of a sweet memory—so do that cave, those larches, as well as that Scotch fir. What serves only as an association cannot be real. Then where is the reality, sweet and dear? In you, or in me, or between us? Dear deart, it is ours, neither yours, nor mine. “I” which you mean, does not exist, but you, “You” which I love is only dear with me. Are we really two distinct “I’s,” dear?

Only a few days more, and then we could realise us more.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, April 3.

**D**EAR, I will be at the College by eleven o'clock on Friday. We will settle everything on Friday.

You say your heart has slipped away to me without your knowledge—or that you gave it to me in your dreams. Dear, I wear it as my jewel, as my joy. What you say reminds me of what Emerson says: “In his friend

each man loves his own soul"—but if I did not feel that the "you" that I love is indeed dear and to be loved without me, I could not love it at all. It is you that I love in you, not myself—perhaps because we are alike in so much, the love is stronger, but I can only love one who is dear and sweet in himself. In the sweetness that comes as "ours," is sweetness—but there must "be very two before there can be very one"—do you remember?

Dear, it is you that I love, not you as the reflection of myself—and I hope and trust that it is me that you love, and not the jewel I wear of your heart. It were sad did one love the jewel more than the wearer.

Gute Nacht.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

April 4.

**D**EAR, I heard to-day from Professor Nigel that Thursday will be the most convenient day to go through our work with him, so you will find him then with certainty if you come then.

Please look at once more that letter, in which I said about selfishness. I meant with it that you are not selfish enough—therefore you do not yet know what unselfishness is. To know what unselfishness is you must be really selfish, but you are not. I wish you would be selfish with me.

Love-Letters of a Japanese

If there is ever any mistake in my letters, if it was either the mistake in writing or in English, in any case when my sentence was wrong, *bitte um Verzeihung*, dear.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

April 5.

HAVE you been in the concert to-day? "Das Rheingold" was the most glorious.

I think the first thing we must do about our work in May, is to make a scheme, so that we may be able to write a preliminary version of it. I feel that I must go to France for five to seven days, but perhaps in June. I hear much of M. Laurent's technique, and must meet him.

Dear, good-night.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

(With a box of spring flowers)

April 6.

Put them in a flat bowl, all together, and you will see a sample of the typical spring carpet of our woods.

Sweet, good-night.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, April 7.

I FEAR whether I am writing you too often these days. But I cannot help writing you again here, dear heart. The first letter I opened this morning was yours, dear, containing those sweet flowers, and according to your direction I put them at first into a flat bowl. They are so lovely. Whenever I look at them they are telling me a message from you, dear heart, and it is to me "the Star of Eve." I do not leave nor come into my room without looking at them.

Even half a minute of that foreign (not ours) time in the College yesterday, gave me so much joy, after not having seen you for so many days. Gute Nacht, du Susse, gute Nacht.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

(With a box of white and red flowers)

LONDON, April 7.

DEAR, a bunch of flowers followed you, they could not help starting after you.

Bitte dich, gedenke an : White of the lily as pure as my love and red of the rose as deep as my love.

It will be as it is. Good-night, dear, good-night.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

(On receipt of the flowers, but before the letter reached her

EASTBOURNE, April 8.

DEAR, dear, how sweet of you to send so sweet a greeting. Red rose of our love, white lily of our truth.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

(On receipt of Watanabe's note)

EASTBOURNE, April 9.

SWEET, I am so very angry with the Post Office. Do you know I did not receive your letter till this evening, and I ought to have got it last night with the flowers. They had been so utterly stupid as to send it *via* Birmingham! I wrote to the Postmaster telling him to be more careful. I am angry with the Post Office, for they are so wrong to be so careless—but for ourselves I am very glad. It has given me much happiness. When I got your letter I laughed for joy, it was so absurdly like the one I wrote to you last night. Do you remember what you said to me? If so, compare it with what I said in my letter, written the day before I received yours. Had I not caught your thought?

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To-morrow I shall have students all day. I know I shall be tired of it, it will be a hard day.

Dear, the flowers are so lovely, Danke Dir.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, April 10.

DEAR, I am so happy with the absurd coincidence, and thankful to the stupid Post Office. Nay, to the Nature, which drove the postmen to the mistake, if I may use the term mistake, against their will.

When I got your letter, I only thought you accepted and returned my words with a slight modification. I never dreamed of such a coincidence.

Oh, dear heart, are we really two distinct egos? No, neither yours nor mine, it is ours. We will keep the Rose and Lily, as the symbol of "ours." *Unvergissbarer Andenken.*

I intend to be at College on Wednesday, and hope that day will suit you. I hope to see Professor Nigel on the Tuesday.

Gute Nacht, dear.

P.S.—Please tell me soon, whether even a bow and arrows alone (without Cupid) means in England a love or not. And if it does whether a lady will mostly hesitate to carry a brooch with the form of a bow and

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arrows, even if it is an old thing from the feudal times, with a meaning of the heroic custom of the old date, and having nothing to do with Cupid.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, April 12.

I HAVE no engagement for Wednesday, or for Thursday, so come which day you like.

About the bow and arrow brooch, it depends on the brooch and the lady. If it pleased her, she would wear it, for it is not at all impossible—if it did not, then there is just enough of meaning round it to allow her to excuse herself from wearing it. There you have the unadorned truth.

If you can, let me know whether you are coming on Wednesday or not, as I should hate to expect you and then not see you.

The world is full of lovely things. I have always loved it and delighted in it, and it has always been "crystal clear, pulsating with meaning"—but never has it been so fair, so glorious or more full of meaning than it is now.

Dear—dear—dear—good-night.





*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, April 18.

DEAR, Sunday morning is a hopeless day to expect any news from you. I will rather sleep in. But I think it will be more convenient to you, to know definitely about the Ausflug to the woods next week, so that you could fix either of the days for the purpose. It will be lovely to eat Abendbrot under the stars once more. Perhaps five o'clock will be the best to start. I will bring the sandwiches and food, please let me. Dear.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, April 20.

AS I prefer to be definite, I will say that I shall be out on Monday to dinner in any case. If we decide in the afternoon that the weather is too bad to go, then I will take you to dine at a charming place I want you to see.

Danke Dir for the thought of "Abendbrot"; I will rely on you.

[This and another visit to the woods brought matters to a further stage. As things stood, it was impossible

### Love-Letters of a Japanese

for them to be lovers in the normal way. He proposed to her, however, that they should consider their relations as if he were a free man. Knowing that morally he was free, and that legally it only required a simple formality on his return to his country to rid himself of the wife who had already broken her allegiance to him, and who was even more anxious for her freedom than he was, Watanabe asked only that Mertyl should be secretly betrothed to him, so that they should not waste the little time they had together, but should strengthen their love by exchanging vows. He won from her lips the first kiss she had ever given to a man, a kiss that she considered as binding as a marriage service. Their relations were still very much in the realms of spirit, however, for she felt the restraint of the knowledge that he was not legally free, however little he was bound morally. —ED.]

#### *From Kenrio Watanabe*

(The same evening as this excursion)

LONDON, May 14.

**A**H, I took up my pen without knowing what to say, dear—dear—dear—

That is all, beloved.

Mit meinen Lippen auf Deinige. Gute Nacht.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

(The same night as the second excursion to the woods)

May 14.

**B**ELOVED, till to-morrow, good-night.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, May 18.

**S**WEET, I cannot see you to-morrow; the only message I can send is the deep red and pure white of "ours," symbolised in flowers.

With love, and a kiss, good-night, dear half, good-night.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, May 19.

**Y**OUR rose was on my heart all the day, and the sweet breath of it surrounded me.

Good-night, ah me, good-night.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, May 21.

DEAR love, we have been the whole day together, and yet have never realised each other.

The last words, "Schlafe wohl," uttered from your mouth, sound still in my ears.

With these echoes in my ear I go to bed now, but before going to bed, I come to kiss you, and say "Gute Nacht" once more. Kissing you and dreaming, I go into dreams, beloved heart.

[There is now ten days' interval, when they met every day, working strenuously at their composition, and closing the day's labour with the short joys of love.—ED.]



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, June 1.

DEAR, I have just now heard that I can go on the Continent before my start to return to Japan. I do not know yet whether I can join you for a few days in the Swiss mountains. Anyway I hope very much that we will be able to spend a few days somewhere

purely "für uns" before we say the great Auf Wiedersehen.

Dearest, we will have those white sweet-pea flowers, the flowers I sent you to-day, too, in our "jardin petit," as I like that flower very much. Don't you? You will remember that flower?

Oh, how sweet, heart of my heart, even to think of our own garden in which we will walk together, and observe humble bees alighting on those pea flowers. My left hand will be engaged then with your right hand, so that I will point to the humble bee with my right. With my lips upon yours, Gute Nacht—meine Gattin.

[After the first quarrel.]

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, June 3.

**D**EAR my love, I am so unhappy about to-day. A dozen sad thoughts arise out of it, but chiefly that you doubt so easily my love. After all the proofs I have given you.

Perhaps you thought I was frivolous because I laughed so often—sometimes I laugh when I am nearest tears.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

(Next morning)

LONDON, June 4.

KENRIO,—Your sweet white roses reached me this morning. Thank you, dear. Their sweetness makes me so sad, Kenrio. Kenrio, I cannot realise that yesterday was the last day, that you would *not* understand that I *must* go with my family to Switzerland. I cannot yet realise what everything means. I have been thinking over all that happened yesterday, and I cannot understand; one thing makes me fear—did you mean—was it your wish to break our relations?

Have I been dreaming the dream of a fool, dreaming that you loved me purely, strongly, eternally? I believed that, and so I never doubted your ultimate wish for our reconciliation. But all last night I wondered if perhaps I have been blinded by my trust and love, if perhaps you do not wish it, that you have tried to find a reason to break, to give me the opportunity to be so angry that I will break with you. Is that your wish? If so, you must be sorry that I was so foolish as to forgive when you wished not to be forgiven. If it is your wish, write and tell me so; it will be easier for you now that we cannot meet any more.

When you said the other day about our love, that it was "so sweet, so perfect, so delicate a thing," when you said "How foolish are they who are not betrothed" I fully believed that you loved me.

But last night you said that you did not know whether you loved me, that you doubted that I loved you.

Which am I to believe?

The first, speaking of sweetness and truth, or the other, of sorrow and doubt? Both you said earnestly; how can I tell what you truly mean? Tell me what is your real thought about the thing we are doing. Tell me soon by letter, so that I may know, as the uncertainty hurts me so. And tell me the truth, the truth, as if in a sacred vow, so that I may be sure for ever. If you do not love me tell me the truth also, it is more kind in the end, and I am strong. Tell me finally, so that I may be sure for ever.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, June 4.

MERTYL, dearest, sweetest, mine, and ours, I am so glad to receive your letter of this morning, not on account of its contents, but because you wrote me so many words:—to hear from you is the first delight to me, favourable or unfavourable is the second question. *Ich bitte Dich*, don't doubt and leave space between us, trust for ever and be close to me. Touch me, keep close, so that no dust may happen to fall between us and spoil us. The event was nothing but

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my deepest love. I love you, I love you, Mertyl, Mertyl, Mertyl, for ever.

The only cause was perhaps the disproportional depth of my love to my intellect. Forgive me, forgive me of my many shortcomings. *Ich bitte Dich*, once more kissing your feet.

I was also thinking over and over since last night to find the truth, and to understand how it came to pass.

I cannot explain fully here, because the letter will be too long—I will try to explain to you in my next letter. But there is one thing in my mind in company with my deepest love to you. That is this—I may love you either possessing, or not possessing you, with equal depth. To be possessed and to possess is so sweet, but I don't like to possess partly. It means I wish to possess all or none. In the latter case I will love, as I love a flower in a wood, deeply, but not as my possession. And I felt lately that I possessed you only partly, but it was due to my ignorance. I hope you will have a good time in Switzerland. Love me, trust me and write to me soon, I pray you, Mertyl. Mertyl, I am kissing you. Good-night.

P.S.—I spent two hours this evening making inquiries about the Bonn, Zürich, Genoa route. I am making my best effort to come to Zürich; we must meet again before I leave for Japan.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, June 5.

THIS afternoon as the College closed I went an errand about our work. To-morrow I am going to the woods, where we were last together. I will not dare to go to our own spot, it will be too sad. Having begun to realise that you are gone this afternoon I began to feel lonely; it will be worse I fear to-morrow. Mertyl, Mertyl, my dear.

As there is an extra week for me by taking the land route instead of the slow, slow course with the steamer on the sea from Southampton to Genoa, I am now trying to spare expense and come to Bonn, Zürich, and Genoa on my way to Japan. As soon as I can be quite sure I will tell you. In the latter case I will be able to spend ten days in Zürich for our work, and for us. It will be my last delight in Europe. Liebchen. Gute Nacht.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, June 6.

DEAR, I am so sorry that you have not seen my letter before your start; you were certainly feeling uncertain, to judge from your letter from before

*Love-Letters of a Japanese*

your start. I should have liked to let you start with the feeling of certainty, but I thought that very likely you would be leaving your house very early, so I posted it to Zürich. I hope that you found there at once my two letters, as well as a card, which I posted from the village near. To prevent the misunderstanding, and to prevent any feeling of it in the future, I should like very much to tell you all what I felt that night and what I felt preceding days up to that night and to explain the event. So I was thinking repeatedly over it. One feels very easily, but one does not always know at the same time the analytic process by which it came, and so one forgets again when the time passes, especially when one's love is so strong as mine, because the love eclipses the other circumstances, reason and feelings. O Mertyl, Mertyl, it is so strong, nothing was ever so strong in my life, and so beautiful.

But if I write details of my analytic study, it takes many hours I believe, if I try to put it down in good order and detail. In case I am coming to Zürich we could talk, it would be far better. It will take about six days till I can definitely say whether I am coming. I am so anxious to come, in many ways it is almost a necessity. In case I could not come, I will write you full details to explain the event of that day, I am very sorry even to remember.

Yesterday in the woods the air was so pure, the woods and meadows were so deep green, they were so sweet, but this sweetness was nothing but the cause of sad feeling. When I got out of the train, I was alone, and no use to wait for somebody coming by the next train.

*Love-Letters of a Japanese*

Through the woods I walked, alone and alone, I was all left alone, kissing my hands. That was all that I could do, and I know not whether it added to the loneliness or soothed it. Mertyl, Mertyl, let me hear soon from you. I will not be able to sleep well till I hear from you, O my love, my love.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, June 7.

DEAR, I got your letter this morning, and by this afternoon I am already looking for another, and counting the hours till I can, and wondering how the few hours can seem so long a time.

Kenrio, my beloved, do not be unhappy; you used to tell me before we were betrothed that whoever you parted from you used to be quite undisturbed. Dear, I know you are left behind, but only for a few weeks; what then shall I do for the two years that are to come? and I have never said that the inevitable does not make me unhappy, as you say.

Dear, even though every moment has been occupied, I have felt very lonely, you seem so far away, almost like a dream in the night—and I do want a reality. Sweet, I kiss my arms, and try to think they are holding you.

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Dear, it will be better to leave all "explaining" till we meet, in Zürich. We must explain holding each other close to be certain of our love—when we are far apart explanations become so formal, hard and difficult, and one may even forget that one loves. But while you kiss me and touch me, an explanation is only a making clear—and it is easy and sweet, for we are certain that we love.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

June 9.

STAR of my heart.

Every day I am alone, I have not so much "lust" to work. Although I am quite convinced that you will be very busy, I cannot help asking you to write as often as you can. You cannot imagine how lonely I am. I feel now so much that I cannot wait more than three years for you, even three years, I don't know if I could do it. Heart of my heart, I told you my heart slipped away from me, and is with you, from now I devote my life to you; please, *bitte Dich*, accept it and love it for ever. Art and Philosophy was my strongest desire till now, but even that is now innermosty governed by the Star of my Heart.

The only thing of which I must be careful is that

I must act wisely to be good for us in the end, not for the present only. Mertyl, the Dearest, the Sweetest, kissing your last letter, and waiting for the next, good-night, Mertyl, good-night. Ah me.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH : A Concert, in the pause.

June 9.

DEAREST of all, there has been no time to write all these days, but too much time to think. All through the concerts I cannot keep my attention fixed on the subject. I feel a soft kiss on my neck, and everything vanishes, and I long to put my arms round you and to be held close to you. I long for and dream of the time when we can be together, dear, dear, my dear.

I shall certainly be in Zürich between the ninth and eighteenth as you ask—only terrible things can prevent me. Then I will be as free of engagements as possible, so that we can go to the beautiful lake and dream together. I saw Professor Blumenthal the other day ; he is as big and cheery as ever, and he seems VERY interested in our work.

Beloved, beloved—Auf Wiedersehen !

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, June 11.

**D**EAREST of all,—I cannot say whether I am sorry or glad the concerts are over; I have profited much by them, and have got to know a few more things. Still it has been quite a rush all the time, and I am so much happier in the perfect peace and sweetness of the woods. The woods and the hills come quite close to the town, and the distant white peaks make the sky-line exquisite. Dear, I have been wondering where we can meet in Zürich. We cannot kiss in the College; I should feel sordid, I think, if I did. Nor can we be alone in our rooms here. How dreadful it will be to have to see each other and wait for a day or two till we can go to the woods. Lessons in self-control we get in large numbers, I think.

Beloved, I do wish we could be soon together; the unrealness of all things is so much before me, it is so difficult for me to do most things now with the strong "Lust" I had formerly. Partly because all things seem equally good, partly because all things seem equally worthless. But when you kiss me, it seems to be worth while. Also when you are by me it is so much easier to realise that I love you so much as I do—sometimes when you are not there I begin to look at our love from the outsider's point of view, and cannot understand how the thing can be. When you are away, too, it all seems too strange, too sweet, too absurd, too like a strange novel, too impossible that

I could have found so early in my life the man who can be perfectly my own, whom I can love. You know I never expected any one could be such as I wished; I never expected to marry—so when you are not there it seems that you are just part of a dream. Yet without you I am so lonely, in the midst of many kind friends and crowds of people. Beloved.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, June 17.

DEAR Heart,—

(1) Would you drop a few lines to me, if you could, by writing a postal card, and say whether you got my three letters and one post-card safely. I could write oftener, I was ever prepared to write, and even wrote some—but I hesitated to post, as I don't know whether the preceding messages from me reached at all.

(2) Also I hope you are well and happy, and busy. Or are you seriously ill? I expect that in case you are a little ill and confined to the house, you will have much time and wish to write.

Awaiting for an early answer, and hoping that you will be willing to spare a few minutes for that; to give me some sleep even if not much. Good-night, dear.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, June 21.

DEAR,—Late to-night as I came home from the Opera, I got your note of three days ago. To answer it as you request—

(1) Yes, I got three letters and one post-card from you.

I am sorry you say you had written more and not posted them. Why should you hesitate to post them ?

(2) I am well, and very busy.

I think it is not nice of you to say that you ask me to spare a few minutes to write to you. Since we parted, I have written oftener to you than you have to me.

I think part of the trouble about the letters is due to the irregularity of the post. Then perhaps some may have got lost—I wrote a card on the journey before the letter, and you acknowledged the letter and not the card, so perhaps you never got it.

To-night, a lovely night, the Opera was “Tristan and Isolde.”

“Herz an Herz dir,

Mund an Mund.

Eines Athems

Ein'ger Bund.”

It is far too late now for me to write more now, only I think it is horrid for you to say you could write to me oftener, and then not to do so. Do you wish to be repaid so exactly for what you give ?



As it happens in this case, I have written to you oftener than I have received letters.

*Boses Kind. Schlafe wohl.*

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, June 21.

**B**ELOVED, dear, dear, my dear.  
How sweet of you to write even in the concert ; your letter is so sweet, that I cannot help kissing it, and reading it over and over again. It is so strange that I could kiss a letter, I never dreamed of it before. I thought it is foolish formerly, but now it is a necessity. As you say it was strange to you to love a man, it is just so strange to me too that I learned to love after meeting you. At first I wished to have perfect friendship with somebody, and never thought of love. It was against my thought. And yet you entered into my life so smoothly that there was no resistance, and now I surrender my life to you. It was not I which approached you, but there was a power which brought me to you, and joined me so lightly to you, and there is no power to draw me back. And there are so many things I never dreamed to do, and many of them against our country's traditions, or else against my accustomed manner and thought. I never dreamed to kiss any

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one, and I long to kiss you. You changed me so much, you overturned my thought, and even my person. Before I knew you my nails were not clean, my hair was nicely long not a bit, I have not shaved enough, and now if I don't do them every day, I feel that day that I lost a dignity for myself. But most of all what I learned, and what no one can take away, nor can I unlearn (forget) is the GREAT LOVE, and the love for the one and only one, and once in my life and only once. Oh dearest of all, my love and my Braut, my dear Gattin. Dear, dear, dear, I am kissing you now in thought, and touching you in feeling, I hold you close tightly. Beloved, beloved, Gute Nacht.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, June 22.

**B**ELOVED, I am so glad your letter came to-night. I needed it very much, as lately I have been very unhappy. We were in the woods to-day, my sister and I, and had a beautiful day. Good-night.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, June 25.

**B**ELOVED, I got your letter of the 21st (midnight letter) early this morning. I am so sorry that my letter of the seventeenth caused vexing thoughts in you, and that it perhaps spoiled the beauty of the Opera for you. Liebchen, please do not be angry with me. If I misunderstand the circumstances you will explain—and partly I was expecting too much perhaps. Forgive me, dearest. I am grateful to you even for a card, but from what you say, certainly some of the cards were lost. But I did get a very sweet letter from the train, which I kissed, posted perhaps from the train in Germany? However, the first cause I wrote the letter of the seventeenth is this. When I got your letter of the morning of your start, questioning the permanence of my love, I wrote in the evening an answer, but posted it to Zürich, not London. I wrote again with my heart's love, and thought that the first would reach before you, and the second with you. It takes two or three days from here, and also to return from you. As the question was regarding whether I don't love you any more, it was, I thought, rather important. From that idea I expected your immediate answer and acceptance of my two letters, and I was waiting for that every moment with anxiety, counting the hours. I wrote on the seventeenth, and only on the eighteenth I got a message from Zürich itself which was so sweet, sweet, and relieved my

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anxiety, saved me from starving, and made me easier. All the time before that I was so anxious what I was to hear from you, or whether my letters had not reached at all to you and you were thinking that I broke our eternal relations so that you don't write again. You cannot understand my anxiety. At times I thought "Oh, I cannot expect so much from her; she is just arrived in Zürich, she must have certain rest in the night, she has not slept in the last night in London." But again on returning to my side (egoistic?) I said, "But my Love is so cruel to leave me whole three days without any news, whether she got there safely to the meeting, and got my letters, which were very important in reply to her question." My anxiety was not only based on imagination. If none of mine reached you, there is no use to write further, and I was so anxious to think whether you believed I had broken our betrothal, as no message is reaching me all the time.

I may write to-morrow in the woods while laying me down in the sweet wind on the cool carpet of green in the woods, in the sun, dreaming and longing of the day when we meet in the sun. I will write, dearest, mine.

Heart of my heart, good-night.

P.S.—You will not forget that I am grateful for your correspondence, you will clearly see this from my letters of several times, especially from my last letter; please do not be angry, and sleep well, sweet.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, June 27.

**K**ENRIO, Beloved, I never loved you so much as I loved you to-day. I do not know why, I cannot understand it at all, but the whole day has been one of love so great as to be almost pain. I woke with the feeling that you were near me, every nerve in my body tingling with longing for you, every pulse in my body throbbing with desire.

Dearest, dearest, what a terrible thing it is to love so much. Why too to-day of all days for the first time? Every few weeks it seems as though my love grows suddenly greater, then the backdraw of the wave comes, and I love you less, and slowly get back to beyond the last love-limit.

But to-day, and why to-day I cannot understand, I love you immensely, completely, far more than the highest point I have reached yet. Each time it seems impossible to love you more, and yet it grows. But why, dear love, why to-day?

. . . I had to break off in writing to go out. When I return I get two letters from you together. That is why it was to-day. Dearest, dearest, my own beloved heart, I told you at the beginning of this letter that all the day my whole being has cried out for you—actually, physically, my arms have ached to hold you, my lips burned to kiss you, my best beloved.

I sent you some flowers early this morning as I had no time to write; if they are dead when you get

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them, remember that they were sweet when you were thought of with them.

Meine Gatte, Gute Nacht.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

Under the Scotch fir in the wood.

June 27, 8 p.m.

**G**ELIEBTE. I arrived here to-day in the evening. It will be my last visit, till we may have occasion years after to come again. I came in memory of our betrothal, for the sake of our deep love—deep—deep, and deep. It is too sad to be alone here, I kissed my hand, and kissed it again. Oh, there are still nine days till I can see you again; the time goes so slowly, I must make preparation for the journey, and it is not easy, for I have been three and a half years in abroad. It is rather heavy work and I am very busy. These two hours from eight to ten in the woods is my only rest time to-day, and I enjoy nature, and think of you, coming close, close to you.

You forgot to tell me that name of the novel (French), but after I leave Europe it will be difficult to get it, so please write to me at once to tell me, so that I can get it. I think you hesitated to tell me, but *bitte, bitte* tell me, dear.

Allerliebste, schlafe wohl.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, June 29.

DEAR, I have read your long letter again, and I now understand what I did not before, that you really had right to be anxious about not hearing from me earlier on my arrival here. Forgive me that I appeared to have left your first Zürich letter with no answer. I will explain some things I had not intended to tell you, and then perhaps you too will understand better. It begins on that terrible last evening together when everything went wrong. The more I thought of it afterwards, the more uncertain I felt, as you know I wrote to you on the morning of my start. I had almost hoped that you might have written on Friday too; as you were not in London that day, I knew it was no good expecting you to see me off at the train. I felt that if you really loved me, that you would have greeted me before I left. You did not. Then I felt that even if you did not love me you would be polite, and answer the letter I posted the same evening. You did not. So on leaving London I had no news. You did not love me—I must have believed—or you would have written spontaneously, and worse, you were not even polite, or you would have answered my letter. So I was angry. But I tried to find some excuse for you, and in case it was not your fault, I sent some cards to you from the journey, to show that I was alive. Then on the journey I had two days to think, and I thought everything over and over, and I became certain that not

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only you did not love me, but that you were deliberately insulting that evening. Everything together was too much for my trust and I hated you. I hated you fiercely, for not only had you cruelly broken my dream of beauty and happiness, but you seemed not worthy of the love. I had loved you, and it was a shame to me to have loved you, and so I felt that not only was my love turned to hate, but my pride was wounded and cried out for revenge. I planned how I could kill you, and had you been in my power, I believe I should have done it. Then as the long hours passed my hate gave place to a great pity for myself, and the beautiful dream that was broken—and I was so sad and tired that I tried to hope that there was some explanation that would excuse you and that it had not been your fault. And because I was very tired I gave myself the pleasure of dreaming that I still loved you, and was writing to you in the train. So then I did actually write a little letter in the train, but only for myself, to soothe myself, and of course I never intended to send it to you at all. Then I reached Zürich and found your letter waiting, telling me that you loved me truly all the time, and I was too tired to think any more about it, and I just believed it and accepted it without thinking any more. I had no time to write, but I wanted to send a message of love to you, and I remembered the letter I had written in the train, and thought I would send that, as it was true all the time, so I just posted it as it was.

There was my mistake; I should have written on it that I had received your first letter and that this was in answer to it—but I did not realise that you could not



know that. If you had not written the letter I got on my arrival in Zürich, I should never have posted my letter from the journey and of course I should never have written to you again. I was stupid enough to fancy that you understood that. I see now that you could not have known that my letter written on the journey was an answer to the one I received at the end of the journey. Sometimes I am very stupid.

I hope you will be able to understand this. Dear, I cannot help trusting you, though even now my intellect tells me that it may be very foolish of me to do so. Dear, I told you yesterday how very, very much I love you. We must talk again about some things; if I am to marry you I must be made more sure about some things, but my love, my love, I love you without being sure of anything except that I love you.

MERTYL.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, June 28.

**D**EAREST of all, although I wrote yesterday, I cannot help writing quickly this morning again, before I go to the College to pack my things.

Your letter reached me this morning. I was really longing for a nice LETTER from you, as I felt that I have not got such for a long time. But I am sure it was

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simply due to your misunderstanding about my letter of June the seventeenth. I forgot also to tell you that when I wrote "I am ready to write oftener," my heart was really full of sweet thoughts and anxiety, which I could not express, because my letters may be dropping into the hands of others and not reaching you.

Beloved, *bitte Dich*, do not be irritated with me, please, please, for the love's sake. O my love——

Yesterday, late in the night when I passed our accustomed way through the woods, I stood at every place where you stood often at the trunks of the trees, and at the corners where you waited me coming after you, and I came up and held you and kissed you, and yesterday night I kissed my hand, at those points, imagining you were there.

I kissed your letter many times, dear Mertyl.

KENRIO.

P.S.—I start on the third from here, and on the morning of the fifth from Bonn, because I will avoid night journey.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, June 30.

I HAVE received two letters from you just now, on the eve of my start for a few days in the mountains. I think perhaps that it will be no good to write

from this expedition, as the posts are so bad that you will already have left England before a letter can reach you.

Dear, the hours simply crawl by, I am in a fever of haste for them to pass. I have almost forgotten what you are like. Yet it is also true that I know every line of your face so that I can never forget.

Dear, you are just learning a little bit now what I shall be feeling for the next two years. Think of me going to the woods for two years without you. You find a few weeks long.

Darling, my love, my dear, dear Gatte, my heart is so weary already waiting for your kisses. This may be the last letter you receive till you come here; I fear it may be so, as the posts are so slow. If it is, beloved, remember that it carries with it love so great that it is impossible to be put into words.

My darling, till in Zürich, auf frohes Wiedersehen.  
Schlafe wohl.

MERTYL.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, June 30.

**B**ELOVED heart,—Deine Briefe (if I can call it so; it is to my mind you and your person) reached me on this morning.

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All the circumstances under which we were unhappy are quite clearly to be understood, dearest, dearest heart.

O my love, Mertyl, Mertyl, my heart began to beat with supernatural melody, hitherto quite unexperienced, since I got your letter of the 27th this morning.

Oh, ich möchte mit dir verschmelzen, fuse together and melt together, and I care not of the issue, but a diamond of love would it be. My love, my love, nothing can be more beautiful. Sweet, sweet, you say you even intended to kill me. Oh, it is sweet to me. Love me, hate me, kill me, bitte Dich, do what ever you like, if you only do with any purpose or feeling. I surrendered my life to you. If I am to die now, I wish either to be killed by you (be it by your hate, your revenge, or any other feeling I will die with great happiness, if I only knew before my last breath stops that I was slain by you yourself, by your own hand) or I wish to die with my body in your arms and my lips on yours.

Your flowers were so sweet, the petals red, deep red, were our symbol of love, and were very soft as your lips. Dearest, Beloved Heart of mine, there were no flowers and no letters which were ever been kissed so many times as I did with yours. Detached petals are covering whole surface of water of a wide vessel, and the sweetest scent fills the water and the air around me. Two of the flowers are by my side close to me; while writing this letter just now, one petal came attached to my lips when I called your name and kissed the flower. I don't know how many times I already kissed them while writing till here.

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Dear, dear, dear, we must talk as you say and be quite sure, and we will be, I should think, still higher in the beauty of love then. But, beloved heart, nothing can break our love any more: we passed even ice and fire. There is nothing so strong, so beautiful.

O my heart, Mertyl, Mertyl, meine Gattin—Gute Nacht.

KENRIO.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, July 1.

MERTYL, I got up just now and kissed your rose—deep red and soft. After being kissed, the flowers dropped, as if they were waiting for it before they may drop.

I know I wrote you late in last night, and I am writing already again. I cannot omit writing to you just as I cannot omit breathing. Beloved, beloved, our love entered into a new phase, a singular melody is experienced in the beating of my heart. Oh, it is beautiful, but terrible. Is it not terrible to love so much as we do? Nationality, tradition, vanished in the light of love, as the ghost vanishes in the light of day. Reason is no use, even the Ego seems not to be at home, I have no power to resist such a love, all is gone but the love—love—love—nothing else is left behind. "Veil after veil shall lift." Love, love, love, so simple and pure I don't

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know now whether it is even beautiful, maybe it is beyond the range of beauty.

O sweet, sweet my Gattin, I love you, I love you, Mertyl, love me, kiss me, be with me, ewig, ewig meine Gattin.

Good-night.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

LONDON, July 2.

DEAR, I have been extremely busy and feel tired; to-day I was out all day, till my start I will be extremely busy, for I have so much to do, to prepare everything. There is still some slight confusion about my appointments in Bonn, so that I cannot yet tell you the hour I will reach Zürich. But I will tell you later. We must go to the woods together on the sixth of July. Ich bitte Dich, we must go. Dear, dear, my dear love. I hold you fast with my hands in thought, and kiss you, and kiss you, your neck and hands and feet, and your lips. Sweetest, sweetest, I go to bed now as it is late, 12 o'clock. Gute Nacht—schlafe wohl.

KENRIO.



[They spent ten days together in Zürich—that is, as much together as the claims of society and of their

work allowed. They spent many hours completing their joint production, which he left in Mertyl's hands for final finishing and publication. They managed to go several times to the nearer woods, and to spend two days in the mountains.]

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, July 17.

**S**WEETEST one of all the world. To make quite sure that you will get news from me on your first day on the ship, I am writing to you now though you left me only one hour ago. Your dear flowers are beside me as I am writing. It feels as though I am rather stupid to write to you, for it seems to me that I shall be sure to see you to-morrow, or if not to-morrow, the next day, to go on working at our book. And really it will be two years, perhaps three, before we even see each other's faces.

Oh my dear, it is true that there is no limit to our love, and one more day would have left us just as unsatisfied as before, but I would give so much for just that one day more, to spend only for our love. How much difference that one day by the lake made; subtract it from our lives, and it really does make a big hole. Dearest heart, I am too sad, and too tired to write you a long

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letter now; just one kiss on your lips and—Schlafe wohl.

P.S.—Dearest, I have been studying the lists of times the letters take to reach the various ports, and I am awfully afraid that you will not get any from me. However, I will try. I will write to-morrow morning, so perhaps you may have one at Port Said, but don't be too unhappy if you do not get any all the voyage. Dearest, it appears that I should have written several days ago to you, while you were still with me. But that would have seemed so foolish. Better to have nothing but dreams, dreams, dreams, of the glorious love that lies between us, till we meet and wake once more perfect in joy. I dream till then of you.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, July 18.

**D**EAREST, I have really no time to write to you; do you remember all the things that, for my work, must be done to-day? But it seems almost certain that you can get no letters at all on the whole voyage unless I write to-day. So to write is a necessity. I fear also that it is almost an impossibility that there can be a letter in Japan for your arrival. So, sweetest of all, it may be that this is the last letter that you can



get till the end of August in Japan. If so, dear, remember this brings with it love enough for all the time, love so great and trust so strong that even if I never wrote for a whole year it would not alter it.

I could hardly get up this morning, till I felt that I must work, and must show myself at the College for the sake of the world. I slept very well—it could hardly be otherwise after two such nights of such work as the last two. The roses were by me all the night, and were so strongly sweet, and they were the first things to greet me in the morning, and were the only things to receive my kiss.

Dear, I hope that you found roses from me, waiting for you on the ship, and that it is possible for you to have them by you. There is no news to tell you, because there is no time yet for anything to have happened. Professor Blumenthal is coming to Zürich in ten days; he will be sorry to have missed you.

Dear, I have simply nothing more to say, except that I love you, I love you, I love you, but I could say that for ever, and you would be tired of hearing just the same three words repeated all your letter through.

I think of you most as you were lying on the grass with your face looking up into mine. When you called me "Wife." Ah, some say it is unlucky to use such words before marriage. But they are so sweet, how can I help it? My husband, sweet husband, dearest in all the world.

Auf Wiedersehen.

P.S.—In going over that part of the text you have

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with you, and are to post from Suez, I want you to notice whether some ideas are not repeated too much. It appeared so to me at one time.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

GENOA, July 19.

**D**EAREST Heart, your telegraph reached me last night at twelve o'clock. Danke Dir herzlichstens. It was awfully kind and sweet of you. At the same time I got a telegraph from Professor Blumenthal saying "Herzlichen Abscheids Gruss hoffentlich Auf Wiedersehen." He is so kind.

I hope my three cards from the journey and from here reached you in the meantime. I am now at the last hours before I this Continent verlassen. It is sad to part from the land where you are now. But we are both now at our temporary stay in the Continent, so it is not so sad as otherwise. Your ring, put on my finger, is now from this morning on my necktie, because there is a friend on the ship who saw me in London without a ring. I will put it on my finger while sleeping at night, and put it on the necktie at the daytime. Dearest, carry my brooch of the bow and arrows, at least at home.

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Your flowers, refreshed in the bath of water, are going with me into the ship which starts at 11.

With love and truth,

KENRIO.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, July 29.

**S**WEETEST, I have received the three letters and one post-card from you so far. Thank you so much for the cards from the journey. The time seemed so long to wait to hear if you had arrived safely. It was really very sad for me to find that no letters from me could reach you on the journey. I had not realised at all that I should have posted before you started. But, as you know, I couldn't have spared much time to write to you before you started.

I have been working hard. I went up the lake to fetch my sister, on Wednesday morning. Dearest, as always Nature had arranged sweet things for us, I did not realise the lake was so big and I had to cross it. We went in a steamer, and the waves in the middle of the lake were white crested and splashed over the deck, sometimes on me where I sat. It was just like the real sea, and it was so sweet for me to be there with you in thought. It was just when you were starting on Wednesday morning. You say you started at eleven, and it was

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at eleven I was there on my little steamer, and for an hour was dreaming that I was crossing the ocean with you. Dearest lover. Then I returned by the "sea" the next day, and in the meantime spent much time in small boats, sometimes alone, dreaming only of you, and sometimes with the Bulgarian, the American, and my sister. To-day I am working at the studio, but there are very few people there now. Herr Schmidt is as good as gold, and encourages me about the work.

Dearest, it seems already so long since you left me, so long that it seems only a dream that we were ever together. How sweet, how terribly sweet it was. I am now almost frightened at the sweetness when I realise it, and I realise it now much more than I did at the time. At the time, my love, our love, was so very strong that it made everything we did of sweetness, every kiss and touch seemed a perfectly natural, perfectly inevitable thing. But, dearest, now when I think of it, it seems not natural at all, but miraculous. How could such sweetness be between any two people, and between us. Child, friend, husband, how dear, how unutterably dear you are to me.

Sweet, really for my health it is good to have you gone. I have now time to sleep and rest a little. What with the work, and the sorrow, and the love, I was being worn out.

Dearest, sweetest, and best, every day the thought of you brings me sweetness and sadness, joy and peace and yet great anxiety. How very "anstrengend" it is to love so much. I am getting thinner and thinner.

Your MERTYL.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

The Ship, Genoa to Naples,  
July 20.

DEAR heart, the steamer will reach Naples at noon to-day, and will stay till midnight. I have finished all the urgent letters and post-cards for England, and the Continent, on this voyage, and when we get to Naples, I intend only to see that wonderful Aquarium, and then to go back to the ship, and work at our book. To think about our work, I am so very, very glad, because it is finished, even the present first part, and it is the result not only of our professional work, but also of our love. I suppose without the conjoint work of love, we could not get such a result as we have now. Don't you think so, Liebchen?

Many things seem unworthy to do now; when I smooth my hair, when I tie my necktie, I have no more any desire to be careful. They are trifles, not worthy to be done carefully as you are not there, and yet I do just the same, because it become my custom to do as you made me in such things.

After Penang I will have my cabin to myself. I do wish so much that you were with me. With my lips on your breast, holding you around with my arms, dearest and sweetest, O meine Geliebte.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

The Ship, Naples to Port Said,  
July 21.

**D**EAREST, when I got your two letters, one addressed to Genoa, and the other at Naples, together at Naples, I had not time enough to read them carefully, and to write a letter to you from Naples. So I trusted a post-card with a picture of nice sea waves to an Italian merchant, and stated that I had received your letters, and to my regret missed your flowers mentioned in your letter. I hope that card reached you. Afterwards I read your letter again and again.

Sweetest, I am very grateful to you for writing them, even in that very night of departure, as well as in the next morning. As you say, our dream of years set in, but it is the dream of reality, my dear Gattin.

In Naples I was very busy till six o'clock, and it gave a very curious feeling, with the ruin of Pompeii on one hand, with the clear silver white moonlight illuminating it ever as in the time of the flourishment of Pompeii and its menchen, and with red hot streams of lava of Mount Vesuvius, which look to us like artificial fire on the mountain, quite as red as blood even under the moonlight. With it all mingled the sounds of Italian music played around the ship by Italians (lower people) coming by boats, which had a singular power of reminding me of a theatre.

I am sorry that I could not see Pompeii itself.

As pure and sweet as the moonlight of the silver moon, as warm as the heart of Vesuvius, so will be our love. As "Musterhaft" (Pattern of Love), as the glorious arts of Pompeii, even after centuries buried unknown, will be admired later forever by generations of mankind. O heart of my love's Fountain.

Your rose and carnation which you gave me on the night of my departure scented my cabin even till last night, your ring is on my neck during the day, and on my finger during the night.

July 23.

Mertyl, I was working at our book the whole of yesterday and part of to-day. I am much afraid whether I could post it to-morrow, but it would be certain that I can post it the day after to-morrow from the Suez Canal—that is, one day later than we expected. The reason of the delay is that on leaving Genoa, I felt a little sea sick and I could not eat nor work. Then after Naples I had a degree of fever, which is quite gone off, so that in the evening I did a little work.

Mertyl, I felt last night for the first time that you are not with me, and I was very lonely, I kissed my arm and my finger with our ring, and fell asleep. I wished so much, as you mentioned in your letter, to have had one day more simply for ourselves, and our love, and to have gone in the woods with you. Moreover, I feel so much that it was a great pity that I was not quite well when I was with you, so I could not be so active,

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and give you so much pleasure as I wished to. Hoffentlich, I will be quite strong again when we will be together, and I will be able to give you as much as I wish. Dearest, you took care of me so much, during our Zürich days, I slept once with my head on your knees, I was led by your hands, you assisted me in packing luggages. It was everything so sweet of you. But the fact that you took care of me was already begun from the last year. I do not feel that I am quite apart from you, as I can write you so often from several ports, and also I heard from you, even just three days ago. With you it may be different, as you cannot write any more till I get to Japan, but you are able to receive news several times, dearest. Write sometimes, whenever you like, even if you do not post them, and post them together, so that I may get them soon after my arrival in Japan.

Dearest of all, my dear Gattin, I trust you constantly ; even if you do not write for a long time, I never doubt you. But let me know by writing from time to time that you are well. In case I don't hear for a long time, I only think that you are busy. I wish very much that you will have certain rest during the vacation, and that you do not work too hardly in the next semester.

Good-night, Mertyl, my love.

*July 24.*

So sorry that I became really ill ; I thought illness is gone yesterday night, but it is not gone, but the matter is not very serious. But I am so sorry that I cannot work, so that I cannot send the manuscript to-day, I



fear whether I could to-morrow from Suez. Otherwise it will be from Aden. Forgive me, dearest.



[The illness of Watanabe, which came with increasing frequency, is a factor of great importance in the story, for it is one which influenced them both consciously and unconsciously.—ED.]



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

PORT SAID, SUEZ, July 24.

DEAREST of all, I must not do any serious work this evening, as I am not yet quite well, and is told to be careful till to-morrow. So I will write to you, and tell you that your letter of the 18th reached me this afternoon. It was so sweet of you to think of it, and was wise of you to send *viâ* Naples. I am now writing on my sick-bed, and the ink I am using is that you bought for me in Zürich. Although the people are so kind to me, your few lines comfort and please me many, many times more. Your letter pleased me so much, the more so as I did not expect it, as I

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had already determined in my mind that I am unable to hear from you till I get to Japan, and also as I was ill.

My sweet wife, how can you be so sweet? It is so absurd that I have such a sweet person in this world. Oh, how nice and happy is the world.

Heart of my love's fountain, I waited for you, and then I met you, I gave my life to you, and now everything is for you directly or indirectly. My desire to recover my health is for you. Work as well as rest is for you. I feel your soft breath coming softly upon my face, and I feel so delicious. O Mertyl, dearest and sweetest, I love you. Dear Gattin, good-night.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, July 31.

**H**EART of my heart, I am beginning to miss you so very much. Sometimes I suddenly think of some detail of our sweet times together and then it startles me with a shock of fear. It was so sweet, how could it have been a reality that you kissed me so, my dear?

I think there is no moment when I forget you, so many little things remind me constantly of some detail of "ours," and often when I am with other people

my words may have quite another meaning from what one would expect.

I am rather stupid to-day, I think, and am so anxious about you that I am unhappy and cannot do anything. So I got out all your letters, and put them all in order of date and read them all through, every one. It is strange to read them thus, like a story, and also strange to see how our love has changed and yet remained the same. I think no one reading them through could see how very important our time in Zürich had been to us. In fact your earlier letters are almost the sweeter, but I feel as though our relations were greatly sweetened and strengthened then. It may be that there is now no need to write so much of love, as so much more actual sweetness lies between us, and so it is understood in the letter.

Dear, I observe in your letters from London you say how sad and lonely you are, you say "Remember that I am the one left behind in the old nest from which you have flown away," and again, "But you cannot imagine how lonely I am," "every day I am alone, and I have not so much Lust to work." Sweetest, now that cry is mine, I do not need to use new words. Are you not sorry for me? Dear, I remember you said once in Zürich, when I was lonely while you wrote some business letters, "poor Sweet." I loved that name. It sounds so often in my ears, and I fancy that you are saying it to me.

August 1.

Sweetest, I am so very glad that I have at last news

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from you. I am thankful that you are not seriously ill. I am glad they are kind to you, sweet husband; it pleases me that people like you, dear; it makes me more proud that we love so much, and that I am the only person you have loved. Dear, you don't know yet how fiercely I love you. Sweet, I long so for the physical touch of your hands on mine, and to look into your eyes. To be kissed. I sometimes long so much that I take a girdle and bind it tightly, so tightly that I can hardly breathe, round my waist, and then close my eyes a little and dream that it is your arms around me. It gives me almost the feeling. You know I never have worn corsets. I have always been scornful of women who did. But do you know, dear, this teaches me that this is why so many women like to have them very tight. Of course this is nonsense, but it is curious how one's feeling changes, and how one's own love brings sympathy for all sorts of unexpected things in life.

*August 3.*

I have been working hard all the morning. For the first time since you left I have had the desire to work. I have not been ill as you have after our strenuous days, but the effect of them has been to make me lazy. I have had no desire to do anything but to dream and to do a little sewing. Sewing is such nice work, it rests me and yet there is something to show for it at the end. Many people find it hard labour, but it is only a pleasure to me. You know it is the custom with us when a girl gets married for her to get

very many pretty new clothes. I have decided I shall not do that at all, I shall from now onward have all my things made very pretty, with the thought that they may be used after my marriage. I shall use them now too, so that there is more association with them. Even with clothes, I like associations, and the idea of a lot of new things for my marriage does not please me so much.

*August 5.*

Every one is leaving Zürich, and I am anxiously waiting for your letter with the manuscript, as I do want to get to the country for a holiday, it is so very hot here. Dear, it was very sad for me that you were ill just before Suez.

I read an American story to-day, about a man and his wife who were just beginning to get tired of each other, and then she began to study his profession and to help her husband, and they became comrades, and the whole of life became sweeter for them. But how much sweeter is our relation—comrades, colleagues from the first and to the last. Dearest of comrades, dearest, good-night.

*August 9.*

Liebchen. Not yet is the manuscript here. I could not sleep all last night, and I lay in bed and worried. It will make me miss seeing a friend I was to have met in France, and whom I may not see again for years.

Well, the post is very slow, and I suppose it won't make it any quicker to be angry with it.

*Love-Letters of a Japanese*

I spent yesterday in the woods, dreaming and lying under the trees. I began to make myself a little under-bodice, of soft white silk and lace; it is so pretty. I shall be sure to bring it with me to Japan, and then when you see it and say, "How pretty that is, Mertyl," is it not far sweeter that I can say, "Yes, I made it when I was thinking of you on your journey, when I was in the Zürich woods," than it would be if I must say, "I got it already made, with all the rest of my things at Peter Robinson's"? I like sewing in this way, it allows me to think of you all the time.

I must send this letter to-day, as I have too much to do to write more. I think it is really a very long letter.

Dearest, Schlafe wohl.

MERTYL.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, July 30.

**B**ELOVED, I am so glad to have had some letters from you; the one written between Naples and Port Said reached me. But I am so sorry not to get the manuscript. All my friends are going away, and my sister goes to-morrow. Then I will be left here absolutely alone, waiting for the manuscript from you. Dear, I am so sorry for the sake of our work that you were

ill on the voyage. You say it is nothing serious, so I am not terribly anxious for you, but I should like to be by you to let you rest in my arms. Sweet husband, you seem so terribly far away from me, sometimes I feel as though I had lost you for ever.

Recently we have had some very beautiful times in the mountains, and we even walked nearly all round the lake, and it is so big. I did not go to all the places where we were together—perhaps if I had been quite alone I would have done so. I was walking alone one short time while we were getting wild strawberries, and I came suddenly to the last place where you and I had been sitting the evening we finished our manuscript on the tree stump, and you had bent back the branches of a little pine. The grass looked still quite flat where we had been together, and the branches were still crushed back. I touched them softly for our sakes, as if I were some one in a dream dreaming of lovers who were dead. Dear, it is so sad to be a kind of ghost, haunting the places alone. You are going to a land that I have never seen, you can dream of the sweet future, but I have only the past: the future is so utterly unknown to me. You, alone, of it all do I know, and you are pictured to me here in the woods, in our rooms, by the lake, in London, everywhere, in the past. I dream, of course, of Japan, but it is of necessity all so vague; you know both lands.

Love, my dearest, I am so lonely, and so outside of everything.

Schlafe wohl, and soon be well.

MERTYL,

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

Near Colombo, August 3.

**B**ELOVED,

We come to Colombo to-morrow morning at four o'clock. I hope you get the registered letter with the manuscript.

This time my illness was only repetition of the last one, but since day before yesterday, I have no fever, and since yesterday other things are too in order. But I am to be very cautious this time. They did not easily permit me to write to-day, till I explained that it was not such a big one as last one (Manuscript), but in fact during the repeated illness I lost most of physical strength, and I fear I could recover it on ship. So I intend to go to a summer place soon after my arrival to Japan for about ten to fourteen days. It is a place I never went, so it is too a good exploration for the future of a few years for us too, dearest.

Now that I finished for the time being, and in the main, our work, I begin this evening already to long very much for you, Mertyl. Just now when I went out by the permission of the doctor, and up the deck, and I leaned on a light chair, I looked up in the starry sky, and fancied a dark cover of branches and leaves of the trees in the woods, through which those same stars sent their light upon us in the eve by the lake. When I looked on the moon, which shines very sweetly upon the waves to-night, I imagined the same moon shined sweetly from between the two towers upon us



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under the eaves of the dear little balcony. O Mertyl, Mertyl, I do wish to hold you tightly, and also to put my lips upon your soft rose whiteness, and to hear your utterance of Dear, Dear, Kenrio, intermittently slipping out from your lips. Dear wife, the heart of my love's fountain.

Gute Nacht, Schlafe wohl.

KENRIO.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

ZÜRICH, August 8.

**B**ELOVED Kenrio, I got the card from you on Friday, telling me you were sending the Manuscript to France, and I have hurried my departure and will leave at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. I could not think what to do at first, when I got the news, but I will follow as nearly as possible the original plan. I will go straight to Normandy to get the Manuscript, and give up the various places I meant to visit. It is the last chance for it this summer, for otherwise I cannot do it before October. So I must travel burdened with all the things I had hoped to send back to England. Oh, Kenrio du dummes Kind, I think you should have known that I should keep my word and wait here till that work was finished, or if you did not think so, why

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did not you say in your last letter that you would send it to France, instead of leaving me languishing here alone and in the heat ?

Sweet, I should explain all the reasons why you should have done differently, were you here just now and I could talk to you ; but it is done, and it will be very long before you get this letter, so I will leave it. Dear, I have not written to you for rather many days, and I have many things to tell you. One of them is such a new thing, that I love you ! But now I must prepare for my journey to France.

In the train toward Nancy.

Sweet, there is of course no news since I wrote last night. I may perhaps hear something at Nancy as to where the manuscript is, for I telegraphed to the address you said you sent it to. I shall give up Paris, I think, and go straight to Normandy, as it may be important to be there even only one day sooner. Dear, I have been thinking about our future a great deal lately, and one thing I fear is that I shall not be enough alone. You laughed at me when I said that I should go away alone sometimes, after we were married. But you know I really think it must be so. It is part of my character that I like to be much alone, sometimes for days together ; I fear that it will be so sweet to be with you that we will both get out of the habit of loneliness, and I am sure it is very good for our characters to be much alone. Sweet, then at other times I want never to leave your arms, to have your lips always on mine—but the desires change, and so it seems that

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we will get both kisses and loneliness after my desire. So perhaps the matter will arrange itself very well after all.

The train goes so badly that I will not write any more, it will be too badly written for you to read.

Beloved, I dream that we are hand in hand, lips on lips.

Good-night.

PARIS.

I stopped a day in Paris after all. I have got the manuscript and a letter: they were sent back to me from Normandy. I am so sorry about your illness and the terrible heat you are suffering. But it seems almost ridiculous to say so, it is so useless, and all will be so long past before you get this letter.

Tommy Smith is here in Paris. Dear, I must tell you, so that you will understand in the future. He used to love me a little, but I thought that he had quite stopped it, for he wrote to me so little this year, and about trivial things. I am so sorry, but he took the opportunity of meeting me here to ask me to marry him. He did it quite suddenly, with no sweet words, no sweet look, just simply said that if I did not he must always be lonely. I was so sorry and so surprised. I have always been rather cold to him, though I have known him for years, and he has never said or done any sweet things to me: he was not always nice even. Yet he cried a little when I told him that I liked him as my fellow student and comrade, but did not love him one little bit. He says I may change. Poor boy, I was not in a position

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to kill that hope effectually because I could not tell him that I was betrothed to you. I could not even tell him that I was betrothed to any one, for it would not be good for you for him to remember it afterwards. I said to him certainly that I should never change, but he is rather obstinate. Dear, do you remember speaking to me about giving friendship to a man who loved me after we were married? The case has arisen already, for he asks for my friendship. I told him it would be better not, but he begs for it, and is unhappy, and we have so little friendship between us it will not harm. Indeed I hardly rank it as good friendship even, it is only studentship together. How can he dare to dream he loves me? He has no idea of the meaning of the word, I believe.

Dear, I am afraid that men always love women if they have friendship at all, even if it is so little that I hardly call it friendship. You see, sweetest, even you did not remain my friend, even though at the beginning of our friendship you swore solemnly that you would never fall in love with me. But for your love I am so glad; the love of other men makes me sorry.

I must be a little kind and friendly with Tommy Smith—for a little while at any rate; in a year or two he will love some one else. His love cannot be like ours, for he does not know me very much, and I have never shown him my sweeter side; that is only for you, my husband—to every one else I wear a mask. He said he thought I did not love him, but that he must ask me if I could not. I see I must post this immediately, and

fear even so it may not catch the mail ; if it does not, forgive me. Dearest in all the world, my husband, good-night.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

Near Singapore, August 11.

WE arrived just now at Singapore, and I am now going to see the Botanic Garden, as it is rather well known. My health is getting very well and I began to take usual food from to-day. Doctors were extremely cautious, so that it took long time. Indian ocean was rather calm and cool so that it was very agreeable.

I posted twelve pages \* (large pages—double this size) of notes and remarks about our book last night by registered post and addressed to London, because I thought registered letter may not be given to any other body in France or Germany, and on account of that it may be forwarded several times following you on journey. And such following may cause difficulty to

\* In editing the letters I have left out all the notes and business arrangements which entered so largely into the correspondence. In the case of Watanabe, it is no unusual thing to find from three to a dozen sheets with elaborate and detailed notes, many of which arrived too late to be of any use to Mertyl.

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catch you. I think we must do next for our work. . . . Don't tell this idea to anybody, it is highly dangerous. Never tell anywhere to anybody.

In case we succeeded in such extraordinary work we will be certainly greater; even a little I do hope to be greater—and I do wish, mein liebes Herzschen, to be great with thee together. The above is an imaginary scheme in my fancy, it may be impossible—but remember, dearest, my dear, our great love is nothing but the result of fancy—it was less than fancy at first—an impossibility, and yet the fancy grew by-and-by and was realised and became a reality. On my side I fancied an imaginary friendship with a noble-minded, learned lady at first—it was the beginning, and one day it happened that “that was settled” mysteriously. Oh, it was the nature that led us in such a delicious and mysterious way and joined us so tightly that we can never be separate again. Beloved, there is no force which can separate us mentally—my sweet, sweet wife—dearest of all, and all of devoted. Even in the midst of the terrible heat of Red Sea, when my comrades on board said to each other that they could not breathe (it was so hot, you cannot understand how hot it was, I will tell you details later) my thought came so often upon you, Mertyl dear. Everything which may serve association awoke my thought upon you—woods, sea, rocks, sunrise, sunset, stars, sky, even ink, soap, table meals, ladies, dresses, music, rings, ribbons, almost anything. Oh sweet, sweet association and memory—dreams and the reality of the delicious times and sweet, sweet hours you gave me. Ah me. Beloved—dearest and sweetest Mertyl,

till the next post, with kisses and kisses and love so great,  
Schlafe wohl.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

NORMANDY, August 18.

MY Love, I have been working since eight-thirty this morning till now, and must write a word to you for my soul's rest before I go to bed. Sweet, I feel sometimes so grateful to "the nature," so humble that we should have been given the great, rare, precious gift of love—love so perfect that it is unutterably precious. Dear, I wonder how Tommy Smith can dream he loves me? We do not meet in more than one or two common points, how then could it be love? Even if I liked him enough to marry him, as we stand, it could not ever have been *real* love we could ever feel—perhaps a little better than the ordinary "soul's poverty of two that they call Marriage," as said Zarathustra. Dear, have you ever read any of Nietzsche? With my lips on yours, dreaming that your hands hold mine, I go to bed to dream of you. Schlafe wohl.

August 21.

I have been meaning to tell you for some time, and will now. I have been very cautious, but have succeeded in turning the conversations often at home and

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in society of all kinds on to such subjects as divorce, the marriage of English with foreigners, and so on. The result is that it appears that all the instinctive feelings I had as a consequence of my training and the "atmosphere" in England are justified. However, fortunately, the fact that you are Japanese will not matter so much in the eyes of the people as I feared. Few people who matter at all will object to it and it will not make me lose as much as I thought at first. I am truly glad. But on the other hand, about the question of divorce, everything is much worse than I even feared. To us in England (I see it often in books, and papers, and in stray little things everywhere) the very idea of divorce is a disgrace of the deepest type, even to the pure one of the two. Many people also think it an impossibility, and that if two are once married they are for ever married, and that even if they do get a divorce and marry again the second marriage is no true one. Legal it may be, but it is not before God a true marriage.

The feeling is awfully strong in me, and every one here, and I feel that I cannot possibly bear it, that you are to be divorced, and thus laid open to the criticisms of every one—that hurts me even only as your friend. So, dear, as you say that in Japan it is all quite private, and people do not consider it so much, please do not tell your English, German and American friends that you are divorced. For myself I know the circumstances, which in your case were all quite exceptional, and I count it that you were never really married because you never loved, and that now while you were away she went to another man. I understand, but we cannot



explain this to every one and I cannot bear that any one in the world should think of you as an English man or woman would think of one who had been divorced.

So please do not make it public at first, not till it is absolutely necessary. I live in the hope that Nature which made us so closely one will bring us together again without forcing me to bear that cruel pain. In your nation I know such a feeling is not so strong, and to me personally it is not so about your special case because of the peculiar circumstances; but I am so made that honour, and good report, even among strangers, matter to me very much.

If you do not understand this please ask me further—and at any rate try to respect this feeling. In the future if it is necessary I may be strong enough to bear it—now it is not, and I cannot.

August 22.

Heart's dearest, I have just realised that it will be too late for your birthday if I do not post at once. I am in such small country places that I do not know when to send. I am so sorry, it may be past the time of your birthday when you get this. Also I have no present to send you, as I am in such tiny villages that there is no opportunity for buying anything, and I have nothing with me. Darling, do not be unhappy that I send no present on your birthday: circumstances have made it impossible for me to get anything I like, and I don't want to send you what I do not care for. Sweet, the sun sets here just about the time it rises with you; I will give it my kisses and love for you,

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and the first rays that touch you on your birthday will be my kisses.

Dearest of all the world, I hope more than I can say that the new year will be for you a good one. The first of very many sweet and happy years—oh my love, my Heart's Delight, all Heaven's blessings on your life.

MERTYL.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

SHANGHAI, August 18.

**B**ELOVED, Sweetest, and Dearest,  
I hope that you will get this letter soon after your return to England. Wie geht Dir? My sweet, sweet Gattin. I could not hear from you long since, and so I begin to wonder how you are—you with whom I am to spend my future, with love so great as it ever could exist in man's history, and to be blessed with delicious hours, days, and years, and ages, and to be great in Art and all with you only, and for you, and to be "Ours," dear half. I do wish to see you and hold you tightly, and put Mund an Mund, Herz an Herz. I dream of you very often days and nights. It was a clear moonlight night yesterday evening. Dear, you will remember the moon shined upon us on the balcony from between two towers of the church

in Zürich. Dreaming of those dear little rooms, of the lake with the song of the Opera singer, of the woods, of the clear water of the lake, of the stormy night of Wallen See, of the moment you transferred that ring from your finger to my finger, saying "this is mine," I went to bed and having called your name, and said good-night, I fell into sleep. About five o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a strong wind through my windows, which cooled me down, and I found the things upon my sofa wet with salt water, as the sea was rough and the water jumped in a little; closing the window I slept again very well. My health is now getting very well. On account of getting ill on board I lost three kilograms, but I hope it will rapidly recover now that I am able to take all foods as usual.

Dear, I will write you again from Nagasaki, the first port of Japan where I arrive day after to-morrow. And post *viâ* America, so that I do not know which letter, this or that, will come to you first.

Remember that I will call your name every evening when I go to bed and before I sleep.

Gute Nacht, Mertyl, Schlafe wohl,

KENRIO.

P.S.—All passengers, so far as I can see, who embarked from German ports or Antwerp or from Southampton are so weary, or rather don't know what to do, and are simply waiting for the arrival to their destination. I am never weary with the time as I have so many things to do about our work, or books to read, and they are very interesting, and I learned

much from reading. I heard so often the people, Europeans and Japanese, complaining that there is no means of spending days—the world is so stupid.

At the end of my voyage I will write you a general account of it, partly because I should like to tell it to you in the thought I met you after my voyage, awaiting for my arrival, and narration of my journey; and partly because it may be useful for your later journey to the East.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

KOBÉ, August 23.

**B**ELOVED, I am ashamed to say that I got ill again since the very evening of the departure from Shanghai. But this time I am soon recovered, it was like a heavy shower; therefore I couldn't write from Nagasaki.

To-day, being quite well, I landed in Kobé, and took a fresh-water bath for the first time since my departure from Switzerland. I felt it so delightful. You know in the ship we cannot have fresh-water bath, we have all salt-water bath, and you must prepare special soap for the voyage, for usual soap does not dissolve in the salt water.

I really intended to strengthen my body on the

voyage, but on the contrary I was deprived of vigour during the voyage. I must go somewhere after my arrival to Tokio for recovery of bodily strength, perhaps for ten days.

This afternoon I came out of the cabin, the little cage, and in the open air, so to say on land. Now I am writing in a half-European room of a hotel. I took rest for a few hours after having long voyage.

Beloved, the sea between Nagasaki and Kobé is beautiful, and my cabin boy came to me and said: "Herr Professor, Japan ist grossartig. Diese wunderbarer See-Landschaft konnte man nirgends wo wiedersehen." Dear, some parts were like Wallen See, some parts were like Switzerland, but the want is the snow-mountains. And yet it combines lovely tone and charming configuration of so many islands and mountains, high and low, as well as the blue heaven of Italy. This part of the Japan sea was the first time for me; in the voyage from Yokohama to America we do not pass this part. My cabin boy, and the passengers to whom this part's voyage was for the first time, were all astonished with the charming scene. Its beauty is renowned, and yet I have not yet experienced it till now. We passed this voyage partly in the rain, and yet it was beautiful. I wish some day to repeat the voyage between Nagasaki and Kobé. The scenery is so beautiful all through over three hundred sea miles! I thought, I must come to Nagasaki when you are coming to Japan, to fetch you there and enjoy the same voyage, to spend a few days on land near Kobé, and then go to Tokio by the train, not by the

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ship, as the part between Kobé and Tokio is not particular by the sea.

The ink you got for me was so much useful, and served for me so much, and for many other persons, and I will still use it at the house. I must say house, not at *Home*, because I have no home yet till you are there, my dear love.

Perhaps I will use it only in my study, for I do not like that it may be used by other persons in my house. That good inkstand and ink is a memory of the last day in Switzerland.

Now it is time to return to the ship.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, August 30.

**M**EINE süsse Gattin,  
The first letter I received on my arrival at Tokio was yours, because one of the assistants brought it to me at the station at Tokio where I arrived by the train from Yokohama. It was registered, and he signed on behalf of me, therefore he was cautious about it and took care of it till my arrival. He and two or three others came to the station to look out for my arrival. I informed my arrival beforehand from intermediate port. He made a public announce-

ment about my arrival time, therefore they all came to the station. Although I was quite calm (apparently) before the people, when I received your letter at the station, in reality I was extremely glad of it, and pressed my hand strongly on your letter, and read it in the cab on my way home (my way to my house from the station takes three-quarters of an hour, but it costs only eightpence in rainy weather). It was raining when I arrived Tokio, so that the cab was quite closed.

Sweetest, Sweetest in all the world. You say you were in the steamer on the lake on the day when I started from Genoa. It was so funny that it coincided so well. I really started at eleven o'clock or a little later, so that we were exactly at the same time on the sea and dreaming of each other. You said that I have seen you under very unfavourable conditions when you had no time to take care of yourself, and therefore looked unhealthy and not nice. But, dearest, to me you were so very, very sweet—and so beautiful, and especially so when I looked at you that night by Wallen See, with your long loose hair contrasted with your rose-white skin. And also I remember vividly of your sweet beautiful look when I took picture in that dear little room. It is better that you will not be sweeter, nor beautifuller; if you be more so I may be killed with so much sweetness.

You say that I looked very sleepy in Zürich; I think if it had been not with you, I could not keep awake. It was your sweetness which kept me still awake in those busy days. It was also partly good for my health that I left you and got into the ship and

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take long sleep. I am only sorry that you got my last impression with sleepy eyes.

I know now as you said that love is very "anstrengend" especially when it is so great as ours. Great love requires great strength of physical system. As I know it is anstrengend I try sometimes to think of you less and to forget in a slight degree which is not dangerous for the love. But it is impossible because the sweetness is already burnt in in my heart—it cannot be changed in the least—the sweetness of you, the dearest, the very heart of mine, and the beauty of love. My dear Love, sweet wife, whenever I think of you, my body is at once in quite different tune—with a state of electrification.

I got another letter (undated, please do every time put the date) from Zürich the day before yesterday.

Thank you so much for the photos. Dearest and sweetest, I got very, very strong "electric shocks" at the moment when I opened your last letter and got the glance of your photos. I was alone, I gazed at you for one moment, and closing my eyes unconsciously I gave my thought and feeling or even all myself to you, and kissed you for a while before I looked at your photo again. The memory is so sweet, and you are so beautiful, sweetest.

The next time I will write further. Now listen what I say below—sweet wife. Meine Frau began to discuss about the matter of divorce at the first evening, from her side, because she understood a little from my letters which I sent from Europe, that we can part. She seems to be willing to part soon, although she cannot



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join with "him" at present. I met "him" too formerly. I made inquiry about law. It is extremely simple—therefore so far there is no difficulty, but I must speak with meine Frau more details and decide the question. She seems to wish to take the child with her. I will perhaps agree with it, though of course it belongs to my family for ever by law. Meine Frau will bring it up. I must however see her uncle and consult with him. He is her legal guardian. But I cannot see him as he is in another city. The things will take a few months till I can inform you definitely about it, and I hope I will be quite free before May next year. It may be much earlier.

I fear I miss the mail to-day, so I stop here. Dearest, the Only One, so terribly sweet, whenever to think of. With warmest kisses and love, from your

KENRIO.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

NORMANDY, September 1.

**D**EAREST Lover in the world, I received to-day your two letters from Colombo. The business one I will attend to in London, and for the other, thank you, Sweet. I was starving to have a letter from you, it is so long since you wrote, in July. It is now Sep-

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tember. I am terribly anxious about your constant illness, it is so horrible for me to think that you may be ill any day. Sweet, to love you is my greatest happiness, but it is also great anxiety and pain. I suppose that is why our love is so perfect. Life has always sadness as well as joy, and in you I find both—the Fullness of life. Dear, I think you know that I have had a holiday these last two weeks, and I have been thinking a little of all things, and a very great deal of you. I have felt more near you when I have been by the sea, perhaps because you were on it. I am so glad to hear that you intend to go directly to the seaside on your arrival in Japan. That means that you are there now; are you alone? as I am, and playing with the sweet waves? I think so much of the time when we can play together, racing along the sandy shores in the sunshine. I love the sea so much.

It has been so delightful to me to be alone all these days. I find that loneliness, particularly in beautiful places, seems to cleanse my soul, and helps me to see things in their true perspective. I find it is so easy in life to lose the true relations of things, little details crowd round one so and hide the grand simple beauty which I see everywhere so much more clearly after a time of rest and loneliness.

I have thought much of our love, Heart's dearest, and I see how strong and sweet a thing it has grown to be. Against my will you made me love you; oh, how I tried to fight against it! For, do you know, for long it seemed quite horrible to think of loving you, and yet I had to in the end. I could not fight against the nature

which made us for each other. Of course I always saw that we were friends—but how *blind* I was to the love for so long, even after many things you said and did. To dream that we could remain only friends! Once you said, and I said, that it would be impossible to vow to love each other always, such a vow cannot be made. But I feel now, dearest, that though that vow is impossible, it is equally impossible for me to cease to love you. It is easy to mix water and wine, but there is no natural means of separating them. It seems now it would be equally impossible and unnatural to separate two souls who have grown together as we have. That is, Dearest, of course, if you are really the character I think you are.

One thing I remember now you said in London, which I did not notice at the time. "After we are married and you know me better, there are many things in me that will surprise you." I beg of you for the sweet Love's sake, not to let that be; please tell me now all you can so that after we are married there will be no shock of surprise for me. It might kill my love, dear, if I found you so very different from what I think. Do not hide yourself from me, please tell me even the bad things that you know will surprise me—I love you so much, do not fear that it will be serious now—but after our marriage it might be very serious.

Beloved, perhaps you did not mean very important things—but set my mind at rest by telling me now. For I love you more than all the world.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, September 6.

SWEETEST, I spent these few days for arranging my room, and also largely for exact and grundle examination of my body by specialist to cure my weak point in the bodily system before I begin usual work, and also because it is very important for the future, as I wish to be quite healthy and strong by the time you will be here, dear, sweet wife. I am keeping the future always in thought and very often imagining the paradise of life with you, Mertyl dearest. I am almost certain that I shall be quite free by January or February; certain conditions prevent me to be free earlier.

I feel always so happy (blessed) whenever I think of thee, sweet Mertyl, and my physical person is mysteriously electrified till the minutest points. Oh, there is nothing so sweet and happy as the state of electrification due to you, Beloved.

There were only twelve days till to-day after my return, and I had to spend many days by paying visits, by resting myself, by making examinations of my body by physicians, by arranging my room and other business. I was very busy. I am getting well as regards my health now.

It is very hot just now in Tokio, about 90° in the midday.

Dearest, schlafe wohl, Sweetest of all, my Mertyl.  
K.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, September 16.

**S**WEETEST, I hope you got my last letter. I was on journey only for four days; the enclosed two post-cards are from my journey and are for you. My health is getting very well.

I got a few days ago your terribly sweet letter of 30 July-Aug. from Zürich. For the first time I knew that you have not left Zürich till then. I am awfully sorry that I posted the manuscript to you to Normandy. I fear whether it was returned to me in Tokio, and that it will arrive here within a week or so. Dear, Dearest, I am very, very sorry that you spent your time in Zürich chiefly waiting for the manuscript.

Sweet, you say that you dream often of the future, so do I, very often indeed. Dear, it is also true that we need not write very sweet words in our letters, and yet the sweetest sense is understood between us. Formerly the words—expression alone (or chiefly) was the sign of feeling. But now that we have enough of association and memory to understand each other, we need not want to force it to be expressed in particular words. But, dearest, sweetest, I want so much the touch of your hand, even once and very slightly. Oh, how sweet would it be, the moment when we meet again, a few years later. *You must be here with the summer after next.*

Now I pay attention to everything relating the

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arrangement of the house, especially for the house of foreigners living in Japan, because they have long experience in the European house in Japan. I find it is awfully inconvenient to have only bathroom in the Japanese way, and not to have water and toilet things in the bedroom. It is much waste of time to go out of the bedroom and to go to the bathroom to wash hands, etc. We must also take the hot climate into consideration. I feel that we must have a house built for us. But I will now only pay attention to the things needed and wait for your arrival, and then consult with you. Dearest, my sweet Gattin.

Sweetest, I remember very often that stormy night by Wallen See, and the first meeting in Zürich where we kissed and held us tightly.

Sweetest of all the world, Dearest, schlafe wohl. I will write more details the next mail. Dear, dear Gattin.

KENRIO.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, September 22.

**B**ELOVED Mertyl, I got your letter from Zürich to Normandy, and also yours from Zürich, and a card. I feel a little easier now that that the manuscript reached your hand, and did not return to me. But I

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am so sorry that my sending the manuscript to France, which was simply my mistake, not in the least my intention, caused you very much trouble indeed. It was entirely my fault; forgive me, sweetest.

I am very sorry for Tommy Smith. But very glad that you did not tell him that you are betrothed to me.

Now I must write some more business about our work. Sweet, beloved, I am dreaming always of your coming.

Good-night, sweet.



[The letters he wrote, apart from the "love letter" portion, were very long, but only of trivial and passing interest. In the number of pages in the whole correspondence, his letters greatly exceeded hers.]



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, September 28.

**B**ELOVED, I received your business note from Hongkong, with no news of yourself in it. And I had waited for weeks for the letter fearing that you might be ill. Dear, you said that you had not time to

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write, but surely in the whole week since Singapore you should have been able to tell me in a few words how you are. In England you wrote to me sometimes about nothing, even when I should see you the next day. Did you love me more then? I know it is more trouble for you to write than it is for me.

Then fortunately soon, I received a letter from Shanghai that told me something—a nice letter that seemed a little bit of yourself. I was so glad, for I was so hungry, starving for it. Sweet, I have desired to write to you far more often than I have done, for I fear it will not be at all good for you to receive so many registered letters, and you said that mine ought to be registered for fear of them falling into the hands of others, as the Japanese are so curious about letters. Even the number of letters I have already sent makes me fear that it is not good. Would it be better perhaps for you to give me the address of some post office near to you where I could send “*Poste restante*.”

The letter you said you would send has not yet arrived, so that it is not so quick as the other way.

I am back once more in my own home, and the sight of the rooms recalls you so closely to me, dearest. I spent more time last night dreaming over the fire than I should have done. It was bad for me, but the place was so full of memories that it was inevitable. There was the chair where you sat, and where I first was held on your knee, in your arms, like a child—where you first kissed me, where we loved and fought. Dear, the memories are not such undisturbed sweetness as those



of Zürich, but they were quite enough to keep me dreaming many hours.

Now I must tell you about our work. . . .

September 29.

Sweetest of all, your letter came last night from Kobé, and was a great joy and delight to me. Oh my dear, how I had longed for it! It came before I came home in the evening, and I just took it upstairs to lie with me unopened while I dressed, I could not bear to read it in a hurry. I read it first lying in a nice hot bath, then I put on the blue dress you liked, and on my finger the little ring, and came downstairs to sit over the fire and read it again. Then at night I put on a fresh white embroidered dress, and read it once more just before I went to sleep. So you see, my dearest, when you do take the trouble to write nice letters to me they really are not wasted. The opal you sent with it too is a very beautiful one, and I like it so much, there are lovely lights in it. I shall try to get it fastened to a very delicate silver chain with no setting on the stone, and wear it on my neck with the stone hanging rather low, and quite alone. The idea pleases me; thank you so much for it, *dear*. To-day I went over to our wood for half a day, and although I think it should have made me sad, yet your letter was with me and I must confess that I did not feel sad at all. I realised what you said, that in thought we are together all the time, and everything is so full of sweet memories.

I am glad that if you must be away from me there is all the distance of the world between us, for then it

means that while you are working my body is sleeping, and my soul is free to come to you and share your thought, and while I work you are at rest, free to give me all your mind. My own sweet husband, in our love we circle all the world and all time, and all sweetness known to the human race.

Thanks for the business letter, I will attend to it. . . .

Liebchen, schlafe wohl, deine

MERTYL.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, October 1.

DARLING, I spent last night in a very nice farmhouse, and am very pleased with it. I am now sitting in the woods, sometimes in the sunshine, but there are great grey clouds which rush across the sky, and cover the sun from time to time. Between them frequently I see the blue—so blue, as an Italian sky,—and dainty white clouds. The whole effect is very lovely; and I get charming glimpses of the hills beyond, and pretty woods, with a few trees golden coloured, and when touched by the sun, shining and beautiful. I hope now that for you too there are lovely places to go for rest on Sundays. Dear, that you were ill again at Nagasaki worries me—you are so much sorrow to me, as well as so much joy.

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Sweetest, I listened carefully to what you said to me about deine Frau, and I am glad that the matter will not be a great trouble to you.

In the letter I wrote to you, with that piece in it about the feeling of people for divorce, what I said there was only from the point of view of the outside world—between *us* all will be quite right, you understood that I hope, dear. I shall be glad when the matter is settled and done with.

October 9.

I received two letters together to-day, with the photo. Thank you. I like the photo, as it shows the beautiful line of your face on the right side, my dearest, but I should like one with you looking at me, Sweet, right into my eyes. If you have one that you could spare to me like that, send it, dearest; the other does not give me *you*.

I called yesterday on Mrs. Thompson; she is terribly longing for her husband to come back—you had heard that he was away for three months, I think? They write to each other every day, all the time. I have often wished to write to you every day, but it seems no use when I dare post so seldom. Dear, we have so many difficulties in our love. So it must be the sweeter and the more ideal, and when I dream of you, and think of you, instead of writing to you, you must realise that I am thinking sweet thoughts.

Dear Kenrio, Adieu.

MERTYL.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, October 12.

**M**Y heart's brightest star,  
Aller herzlichstens Dank for your best wishes from your heart for my birthday. I was quite forgetting my birthday, and remembered the latter only by the receival of your good wishes. Sweet, do not think of the present and the like; your kiss and love transmitted by the sunbeams of the morning I got your letter was the sweetest present from you. I kissed your name in your letter, and my own hand, in the dream that it was your lips. Although two days later than my actual birthday, my thought on it was first awakened simply by your congratulations. Nature is always waiting for you—Dearest. Oh, my sweet, my beloved heart.

I am rather stupid not to be certain of your birthday. Please tell me in the next letter.

I was just beginning to be anxious of your whereabouts and health when I got your most sweet letter from Normandy. I have not heard before for comparatively longer time from you.

Dear, dear, I wish I had more time to *write* now, so that I could write more details of my longing desire for you—to touch you and to have you, to hold you fast. I wish also to describe myself “*seelich und Korperlich*,” everything about myself of nowadays, because I like to tell you everything of my heart and body and envir-

onments, as I am yours and not mine. My soul and body both are simply devoted to you. Dear, whenever I take walk and see nice place; whenever I see nice thing, I always think to show such to you after two years or within two years. I am always thinking where to take you, how and where to live (mit Dir, my heart), how to arrange the room, what to plant in the gardens; all is waiting for you, O Sweet. I am sorry that I must stop here just now and post; I will write again in five days. Please forgive this short letter. With warmest kisses and love, white and rose red, dreaming lips on lips, heart on heart, I go to bed. Dear, dear, dear.

KENRIO.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, October 13.

**S**WEET, your letter of the sixteenth has just arrived, and I am sorry that you had such a short time of rest; you must not cut down your holidays so much, dear.

It is good that you note all you can about houses, and the ways and duties and characters of servants. I had intended asking you to do this, for I shall have to depend so much on your help and power of speaking.

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At first entirely, and even afterwards, when I have learned the language, I like that you should know most things about *our* home. Dear, how sweet the word home is to me now; it means your arms, and the house that will shelter us both.

I was in our woods the other day, and it seemed to me almost that you actually stood there in the dark parts, holding out your arms to me, and I could almost feel your kiss on my lips. It was so strong a feeling that it made me cry. Dear, I think when we meet first, the summer after next, that I shall be horrid and cry, if it makes me only cry to think of it! Not miserable crying, however. I think tears of joy have quite a different flavour, don't you?

I was reading again some of the "Dreams"; they are very fine, and I have on the pages some of the remarks you put on the margins. I thought about the last one very much yesterday, it is the one you marked with your special approval--do you remember it? It is the one that says "In the lower heaven sex reigns supreme, in the higher it is not noticed, and in the highest it does not exist." I was wondering, oh my Sweet, if our friendship has led us from the higher heaven where I did not notice that you were different from me to the lower heaven. For now I like to feel the tickle of your moustache on my neck, and I am so very glad that you and I can be married and live together, and that it pleases both you and me for you to kiss me. Dear, all the physical things of kissing and love are so sweet and holy to me in my love for you. I wonder if it is really "the lower heaven"?

Perhaps it is only for the physical things that we are in the lower heaven, and our sweet and perfect friendship, growing with its roots in our lower heaven, is in itself independent of sex—for there we are just two intellectual souls, and that is our higher heaven. And our highest heaven is the purest part of both of us, that still loves, but impersonally.

We must have all the heavens in our love, not only the lowest. Dear, all are so sweet.

Do you remember how much I was against any question of sex between us at first? I think it was the thought and desire on my side for us to be only and always in the higher heaven—the desire to have only the purest and best with you. But I see now that while our bodies are so sweet and pure, and while we have them, we cannot live *only* in the highest heaven. And where love is pure and strong who shall say which is the highest heaven? Dear, in the lower we may be in the higher, it all depends on the quality of our love. Dear, pure sweet husband, how much I love you.

I got a letter from Tommy Smith, poor boy. Yet from him the love is not great, like the love you give me, for he has no meeting point with me. He is still rather unhappy, for he thinks he loves me, but I am only sorry, not really unhappy about him, because he does not know what real love is—that perfect meeting and fusing of two. I have never spoken to him of even the coldest friendship, he is so very unsympathetic to me, and he is quite young enough to love a dozen times.

I have been reading a good many stories of lovers—novels—they interest me so much now; but I find in

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general that the people are awfully stupid and do not take any care to guard their love by really understanding, and so few seem to be *real friends* as well as lovers. Dear, dear, dear, we must show the world how perfect a thing love can be when two are completely united in love and life, heart, brain, and work, and everything.

I noticed in one book the saying that the perfect relation of age between husband and wife was for the wife to be half the husband's age plus seven years. You are now thirty-seven and I am twenty-four, so I am just one year younger than the perfect age for you. It is a stupid little thing, but I am glad that we are so nearly right. Liebchen, I like that everything should be perfect for us.

Dear, I have been thinking over whether it is good to let people know that at once on your return to Japan you had the question of divorce at home. Perhaps it is good, and I must cancel what I said in one of my letters about my feeling so much against people knowing you are divorced. For of course if your Frau does not die (and we can hardly hope or expect that) it will be absolutely necessary for people to know that you are free, and they must also know that it was *from her side*, and, if it is possible, also that she is married to the other person. When I wrote, so much fearing that people should think of you as divorced, I expressed only my strong natural feeling, and half secretly longed that your Frau should not harm you by continuing to live. But it was not right of me, we must face the facts; and I agree that you are wise to let the people know some-



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thing from the first. I so much wish that we could speak of it and consult together.

Dearest, dearest, I hardly know how I shall live till the summer after next. Write as often as you can. Sweetest.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, October 29.

**B**ELOVED—It became a physical and mental necessity in me to find time and space to write to you, to send a message from my heart. It is a breath of a starving heart. For last few weeks I had always lost the occasion of writing you, dear heart; when I felt and wished very much to write there was no time. Sometimes I was disturbed by visit, by the presence of people by me, and when the mail is there I am obliged to write about business and our work, because it may reach you too late even for the proof sheet. I have also many professional duties. But to-day the weather being fine and being a Sunday, the recollection of the "unvergissbare" Excursion with you, Sweetest, in London as well as Zürich struck me, and my patience for doing other business, visits, etc., broke, and I run out of the town, taking half an hour's electric tram-car, which runs quite as quick

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as "Bummel Zug." I reached a field and woody place. I found a nice place to sit in grasses and in the sun. Around me there are some tiny flowers of autumn smiling by me while writing to you now, dear love.

It is really great pity that we are so far apart and we cannot write and hear the answer sooner; it is terrible to wait so long. It was the beginning of September when I wrote my first letter from Tokio, and I don't hear yet at the end of October.

I take every occasion to explore nice place for convenient excursion from Tokio, as I don't know enough of it, because partly I had simply no time for excursion before my start for Europe, and partly because the suburbs are changing so rapidly nowadays during my long absence. Tokio is indeed a big place, near the sea, so that we have no mountains or hill by it. It takes at least two hours till we get to a hill; I intend to go there next Sunday in case no hindrance set in. My purpose of exploring is not only for my own excursion at present but chiefly to get thorough knowledge of the suburbs, and to take you everywhere, where it is nice "für uns."

Dearest, every time I see a nice place for dwelling I think we ought to live in such a place—just out of town, very calm and pretty place with fields very near. Whenever I see pretty thing or convenient accommodations for household, I pay attention simply "für uns." And I wish very much to be together soon—but when I think closer, it cannot be sooner than two years after. I mean it will be just very good if you come

the summer after next. It will be vacation, and I will take you everywhere and we will be together as often as we like. At first you will have no acquaintance among English here, so that it will not matter that I act as guide everywhere.

Dear, I am taking note of the plants of the season, which we ought to plant in our garden. I found already a number of them. Thus you will be here in the summer after next, in the Christmas of the same year we will be betrothed in public. We will be married in the spring, the time for true love, in April or May. And then our life, ideal and happy, private as well as public, will begin. Oh, our happy day and night, Du und ich. Du bist meine, und ich bien Deiner, Sweet Half.

Dear, it is time for return tram, as the sun is already low and being cold. I stop here just now and give my kisses to the lovely tiny flowers on my side with thought of you—the Sweetest of the world to whom my future is entirely devoted.

Dearest, it is just after midday lunch now when I am writing again to you, and it is on a nicest seat in a large garden where I am sitting and we will sit together very often after two years. Before leaving the seat, I greet the "hellen Sonne" now shining upon me, and trust it to reflect my herzlichen Gruss and love upon your windows to-morrow. The seat where I am is faced below towards the landscape garden, and in the sun. My back is covered with a number of rhododendron bushes each about seven to eight

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feet high, and is under a big Scotch fir. In the landscape gardens below I overlook a lotus pond, everything is calm and sweet, but you are not here, and so "the birds do not sing," my dear Gattin.

Sweetest of all—You asked me in your letter what I meant when I said "you will learn more about me after marriage." I slightly remembered that I said something like that, but I do not remember what I meant by it, neither by what occasion it was. If you remember exact occasion when I said, I may recollect exactly what I meant. Dear Half, I think it is impossible that you will find anything that will overturn the purity of our love—there may be things which were unexpected to you; I think the most important factors is that I never loved any person till I met you and slowly entered into love, which grew irresistible and fatal (I don't know the meaning of the word fatal, whether its use is correct or not). I repeat it as many times as I like with truth and conscience.

I know I liked many persons, and yes, I loved my Aunt, but even the latter was so small in comparison with our great love. But I must say that I was once married and have a child, although the marriage was an error and the child a misprint, having been never accompanied with love. In other word, the marriage was not real in its true sense; mentally I was never married before. And yet I cannot say that I never touched any woman's body, but I can say with truth that I never kissed any woman with the true idea and

conception of kiss—as you know, I did not know properly how to kiss, as I never learnt it from childhood. I have not kissed even my mother, as it is not our custom.

On my age of about twenty-eight or more I liked woman, and could distinguish which woman is beautiful. There was a stage in me when I liked woman and they were agreeable to me, and it was to think now a dangerous stage and yet I never loved none of them, they remained only as agreeable to me, they never entered in me and could let me love them. In the meantime my knowledge became advanced, and the thought of danger overcame. So I remained curiously enough comparatively very much distant from women, although I have been loved by some of them, the people tell me. In Europe too, although I came more in contact with ladies, and once I liked, yet I never loved them. One of the reasons that I never loved them might have been that I am married, and there was no tendency to marriage again in my early days in Vienna, as I did not know up till then enough of the occurrence with *meine Frau*, so that I had no idea that I ought to divorce her. But the chief reason is certainly that I never met a lady whose melody is in accord with mine. No one else could so well exactly fit half to half as we do.

Oh my dearest, sweet wife. I repeat here that I never kissed any woman with love. The true meaning and idea as well as mode were first copied from you or reflected from you, dearest. *Meine Braut* and *Gattin*. I never loved any other lady. In comparison

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with what I learned between us, I knew nothing before about love. Sweetest of all, oh dear half, you created love in me, your hand-touch began to propagate in my body like an electric current, you were the first whom I kissed with the full sense and soul of the word. You are the first whom I began to love, and love and will love for ever. I cannot do otherwise any more. Even my bodily constitution seems to have underwent change "für uns." Everything of you stimulates my body and soul, and keeps me happy, and anxious. Without you I shall be a dead mass of blood and bones, the burning fire is only kept by the oil of love you drop. Bitte dich, love me for ever, dear Mertyl.

KENRIO.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, October 30.

**S**WEETEST, best Beloved. I was in the woods yesterday and it was gloriously beautiful, the trees in exquisite colour and the sky so blue. I thought it like Japan, at least like my idea of Japan. That is one thing that often gives me pleasure, the thought that in Tokio I shall get more sunshine than in London.

I have at last found out the secret of that book,

"Mad. de Maupin," that I spoke to you about and that you asked me so urgently to get for you. I ordered it more than once, and was told at the shop that they had not been able to get it; then I ordered it again at all costs, and after a month was told that it has been suppressed from sale, and it will be impossible to get it again. Therefore I send you mine, dearest, but I must explain about it a little. I had torn away the first chapters directly I read them, because I thought them so horrible. So you cannot ever see it complete! Still, for you it does not matter, as all the part I *did* like is still there. It begins when d'Albert the hero is writing about his desire to find a perfect woman. He writes to his friend, and the book is nearly all in the form of letters from d'Albert to his friend, and from Madeline, the heroine, to hers. Thus the story is often repeated, so that you hear both sides of it; then finally it is in the usual style of narrative.

Dear, do not imagine that in all things I approve of Madeline, or would do at all what she did—only she is very (most unusually for a book heroine) "sympatisch" in many things, and her idea of love is a little like mine—and also very much do I like the feeling for beauty in the book. Then too, dearest, I read it for the first time last spring, just when you were beginning to speak to me of love, and it is the only book that I have read that speaks so openly about things of the body. It added a good deal to my instinctive feeling of delight in my body, so we owe it a good deal! Please read it as soon as you can, marking all

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you like, and return it to me, and I will bring it to Japan with me and we will read it again together, Dear. Of course you must realise that the story is of times long ago in France, so that many customs are different from the modern ones—even in France, and more so in England! I was terribly shocked with parts of it.

November 4.

Dear, why oh why do you not write? You have missed two fast mails, and I am too unhappy to write to you.

I am glad that fate has allowed me the knowledge that you are alive and presumably well. I chanced to go to Professor Nigel's room this morning, and saw that you had written to him. It is now sixteen days since I had a line from you. I only hope that you have written, and your letter got lost in the post; it is too cruel to believe that you would be so careless as not to write.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, November 7.

MERTYL, it is a lovely day, free from clouds, just as yesterday. It is too lovely for sitting indoors and to work, and I long for the autumn after two years when we will work together, kiss, and come out into the garden after lunch. Dear, my present work is very engrossing; I am thinking of an enlargement of the scheme when you come. Sweetest, my comrade and Colleague. Dear, how happy we are to be such, as you said once, that you read in a novel that a wife was always unhappy for a long time, and then afterwards she took the same profession as her husband, and then they were very sympathetic to each other. As regards us, we met from the first as specialists in the same branch of knowledge, as comrades, friends, colleagues, Braut and Brautigam, and then we will be wife and husband, oh, how happy we are.

Dearest, I must return to work. Good-night till tomorrow.

KENRIO.

Dear, it is to-day not a fine day, rather cloudy and cold. I remember I put down in my letter in the last mail, in the last lines, "The burning fire is only kept by the oil of love you pour." I felt the sentence is not quite right, but I left as I put down as I could

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not change in a proper way. What I mean is this.—The activity of my life is now kept with regard to you; without you the activity of my life will cease; the burning fire of my heart and life is kept by the oil of love created in me or bestowed or produced in me by the stimulus you give. There was also mingled feeling that love is reciprocal, one of the reasons I love you *so much* is that you love me—although I love you even if you do not love me.

Dearest of all, I asked to myself “what would happen with me in case dear Mertyl died, just now or before the “*frohes Wiedersehen*”? I came to the answer: it would be a total catastrophe of my life—I am not sure even whether I may continue our work for the sake of you—I would be so lonely that I cannot be active in work as well as every other thing. My life is then gone—no desire, no longing any more—no hope further. I may either die with despair or become a monk (buddhistic), I don't know further what will happen. My Love, the *first* and *last*, dear Mertyl, be cautious of your health and also do not dare any dangerous act in the town as well as in excursion or journey, by the train, and by occasion of embarkment of ships, etc. Be careful to avoid every occasion of danger of any chance—“*für uns, für uns.*” I will be so too.

After having met you and known you, I find every other body so imperfect and so much different from me. Sweet, it is so odd and mysterious that we meet so well in so many points. Oh, my beloved one, I love you, I love you, and nothing else so much,

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dear Mertyl. In thought of kissing you I return to work.

November 12.

Liebchen, During last three days I missed the time to write. I got to-day your letter (registered) for which I was longing. Now I know how and where you are. I have not yet posted these letters of several days, as I thought it may be too often to write to your house consecutively. Post to me three times in the month, and don't register in general unless the letter contains very, very important affairs or any special things. It is better to register at most once a month, and the remaining not to register. They are quite safe, and then they escape the notice of the people, but registered one attracts notice, as I find now. I shall wish to hear every day from you, but, Sweetest, we must be extremely careful not to be noticed by the people. I will try in the meantime to find out other address for me.

Dearest, how are you? I am rather afraid that you have worked too much and had too little rest. I fear after effect upon your health may come.

It is one of the finest days in autumn, with bright sunshine with clear blue vault, the entire sky within our eye's sight is *absolutely* free from clouds. Autumn is a season with us in which we have the finest weather, although spring is milder and pleasanter. The autumnal air is very pure—whenever I enjoy the pure air I am very sorry that you are not yet here and we cannot enjoy the nature together. Dearest, it is a

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great pity that you are in the dusty air of London. Bitte, gehe öfters ausser der Stadt! Just now I am sitting upon a bench in usual place in the garden, under a Scotch fir. Dear, dear, I long very, very much to touch you, to take walk in the garden with you, to sit here mit dir, and to kiss you.

Dear, I forgot an important thing in my last letter to tell. Meine Frau wrote to her Uncle once with regard to my business but with an erroneous reason. Therefore the Uncle replied very simply and said, it is a very important matter, do not utter such a thing without full consideration. Then I wrote myself to him explaining the erroneous and too simple reason for parting which she wrote to him, and saying we considered thoroughly, but for full settling of the matter we must be together (Uncle, Frau, and myself), and oral discussion is necessary, as the writing is very insufficient. And I said I will explain the exact reason first when he comes to Tokio (he intends to come, as he has business regarding some of his property in Tokio), and I asked the date of his coming. He answered and said to come at the end of November or in December. So we are waiting for his coming, when we will discuss the matter. I hope I will be free in January or February. I am not certain that I may be free earlier than that. To be in haste is very unfavourable for me, so I am obliged to wait till then.

I found she is terrible indeed in many respects, I cannot enter into details now as it takes long time to describe. The poor thing is the misprinted child,

Meine Frau schläft in parterre, und ich schlafe im ersten Stock. She has double so much reason to be divorced than I supposed.

Dear, you were once anxious that I learned to kiss, and therefore whether I kiss and love any other person, while being lonely without you. Sweetest, do not be anxious, I have not kissed even my small misprinted child yet, in any manner. I will not kiss any lady or woman. My love to you is not so small and weak that it may be partaken by others. All my love has arisen by your stimulus, and exists in the mental as well as physical sight of you—without you there is no love of the kind in me. I keep all my loving kisses for you till you are here; I imagine already from now where and when it will be that we will kiss again—in your cabin of your ship arriving the first port of Japan, or in a hotel, or in a garden, or on a deck of the ship late in the night in the Japanese Inland Sea, or in Tokio? I learnt how to kiss properly from you, and it was only for you, and “für uns” that I learnt it, I myself and kisses are yours and of nobody else; I was born for you and waited for you whole of the life till now. You stimulated a bird silent for many long years, and considered by the people to be dumb, and let it cry and sing with an unheard melody. Du, sweetest of all lives—oh my dear wife, Mertyl.

I am very glad about the feeling of the people about the marriage with foreigners. But I am awfully sorry about the opinion of yourself and of the other people about divorce. I understand it quite well as it ought

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to be, after the tradition in Europe, especially in England, and I never think to hurt you with this feeling.

But with even to put my case under exceptional circumstances, marriages in Japan is ninety per cent. never "love-marriage." It is simply household marriage, or marriage for physical convenience, and then in many cases love arises after marriage between wife and husband. Therefore we never think of the terrible feeling of divorce. The law permits the divorce, whenever wife and husband agree to be divorced, if they are above twenty-five years of ages. They send signed writing of divorce to the office of the town hall, with additional signs of two other persons (woman, or men), as the proof that the wife and the husband are actually divorced, and no mistake of report or writing is there. This proves that marriage as well as divorce are not at all as sacred, or crime with us, because they are mostly till now not love-marriage. Although love-marriage is considered nowadays equally right, it was, and is even now among peoples in the country, considered *immoral*. It is difference of tradition. If one marry with person in abroad—one must be aware of the tradition of the country. Then you will find not at all bad even in usual case (not to speak of such exceptional case as mine). But people in England and others does not know enough about it. I may come again later to explain *in full*.

Sweetest of all, I must close here to-day, it is getting dark. In closing I opened my locked case and took out your photo. Kissing your photo—

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signing my name—with kisses and kisses and great love. Oh, my dear Mertyl, my whole body aches with love.

KENRIO.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, November 16.

DEAR MERTYL,—  
To-day, on making inquiry to the chief post-office by the telephone, I was informed that the departure of a mail *via* America was just published this afternoon. And the post will close this evening, also I know that the next approximate date of departure is twenty-fourth inst., so that it may be too late for Christmas to be with you. Therefore I decided this evening to stop in and write to you, and to come to you before Christmas in thoughts and to spend Christmas with you. I am alone now writing this letter. With you it will be just early morning, but you will be in bed still lying and dreaming. I am alone here, but I am coming to your room in thought, to give you my kiss and say good-morning.

Sweetest of all the world, and beside the world, your letter just arrived this morning, and a card. My Sweet Wife, I never felt such strong sweetness before

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from your letter, as I felt from this letter and also from the symbol card.

Dearest, dear, dear, even now while writing this letter, I feel a flow of ether through my whole body propagating its sweetness to every end nerve. While reading your letter this afternoon, I was struck with thrill of sweetness, and I noticed, strange to know and to feel, great rises of physical depth of breath in me, my heart swelled with sweetness. How could I imagine even I loved you already, such influence of you upon my physical part a year ago. I never dreamed in my life before I loved you that any one in the world could influence upon me so much—and only a few pages of a letter. Oh, my dear sweetest! My betrothed and my wife.

I hope "Du und ich" will be here on the Christmas two years later; till then my soul while sleeping is with you, working, and yours will be with me while working as you say. You found delightful fact.

"K. I. M." How singular it is that even our names were arranged "von selbst" in such a way! Dear Mertyl, love joins me to you. For Christmas, I am very sorry that I could not find any special present to be sent. But I love you, I love you, I love you, meine süsseste Gattin—take K. I. M. as my mental present for Christmas. Kenrio loves Mertyl. I enclosed a small piece of green jade. It was a "paar" consisting of exactly the same piece of the same shape. I keep the half and send the other half to you. Perhaps you could join it to the silver chain with which you



intend to hang my opal. You may have better idea. My half (green jade) will not be used till you are here, because people will notice that we had something before our marriage. The half piece will wait till it will meet again with another half which I send you now, that is till our marriage (official).

I am very glad you go to our woods. Go as often as possible: that will be very good for your health. But avoid any danger even upon the street—*Bitte Dich*. Oh, is it dream or real? How could it be real—so sweet, so dear. I cannot express my sweet, strange, mysterious feeling with a little sad colour which contribute yet so much to the very sweetness.

Ich wunche Dir von Herzen die "Frohliche Weihnachten" und gluckliches Neu Jahr. I will be with you on Christmas Eve with my lips upon yours, my hand upon your roses of white, "Herz an Herz." And at last you will sleep upon my knee, till next morning, and get up with my kisses.

Dear, dear, dear, dearest,

Deine Gatte KENRIO.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, November 17.

**H**EART'S dearest, my Lover, I got to-day your letter of the twelfth of October, as well as two cards—*After four weeks of silence.* Dear, perhaps I was foolish to be so terribly unhappy when you did not write for so long, but I do not think you can realise how awful it was for me. Fearing you were ill, even dead—cross with the P.O. for losing your letters or angry that you should neglect me—or broken-hearted because you had no strong Lust to write often—every hour my mood changed, but all were unhappy and last night worst of all: Late in the night I was every moment angry and broken-hearted, crying, calling your name, and sobbing so much that I had to cover my head right under the clothes for fear the people might hear me. Dear, it sounds foolish perhaps—but you do not realise what it is to be a *month* with no word when there is the possibility of a letter every four or five days.

Now, sweet, it is better, but I fear the results will remain for some time. I have got *very* thin these last two weeks (perhaps through so much crying) ; I can see very much difference in my arms and neck and even my feet. Now I am much too thin. Dear, if you do not want to have an ugly, thin wife you must not leave her to cry alone for a whole month.

Now, it will be about Christmas time when you get this letter, so I want you to be happy, dearest lover.

Go to some place if you can for a few days where you will have time to dream of me and our sweet future—I will do the same if I can, tho' it will be difficult for me to go from home, I fear. Beloved, on Christmas day I will think every moment that we are together.

What words can I send with my good wishes for your happiness to you, my friend, my husband, my heart? I cannot put into words all the longing for "Glück für Dich" that fills me, Sweet breath of my life.

I have tried to get you a nice Christmas present, but cannot. I wished to get something that you could use every day, and that was small enough not to send as a big packet. I think that you have not got a real silver match box for your pocket? I do not like this one, but it is impossible here to get a really beautiful one. Forgive, that it is not beautiful. I have not had your initial put on it, for now it would not be good to do it, and after our marriage it will be K. M.-W. nicht wahr Liebchen? So there is a clear space in the middle of the box—the mirror of the future!

All happiness to you always.

Deine MERTYL.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, November 19.

SWEET Heart, I am home to-night from rather a big lecture, after which I was taken home to tea by the secretary. He and his wife are quite simple people, but so *real*. They are spiritualists, and were talking of it (I am always very interested, even where not convinced), and his wife is very sensitive to spirits and people's characters. I was, of course, a complete stranger, but we liked each other immediately. She told me that everything I do in my life will succeed (so far that has been true) and it is a pleasant thought even if not necessarily true! She also said that the man who is everything my heart desires is not yet born, as I set my aim so high—but that I will marry wisely and well, and that my marriage will be one out of the common in its perfection. She said I had not thought yet of a definite man to marry (which was silly of her). But I let her think that for fun. It amuses me so much to hear people's views about my possible marriage, and I dare not hint at the truth, that thou and I are one. Dear heart, that is known only to us, how sweet!

But that she said that she saw in me a strong, old, wise spirit that would make all I touch a success, pleased me even while I do not actually believe it. It helps toward success for the people around to expect success, does it not?

She also told me that people had seen me and told her

I was beautiful ! I was so awfully glad, for no one here has told me that, and I feared I must be ugly in their eyes. For your sake I wish that people find me a little beautiful, good, distinguished—all that is splendid, so that men and women may think you are to be envied. I want to be able to give you far more than most men receive, just because I love you so. Therefore my desire is so strong to be beautiful, clever, wise, all that is good. It is not only a selfish desire, Sweetheart. At the same time I am not desirous of artificially changing myself, for only natural character is any good. Therefore if I am horrid, I can only be sorry, and wish I were not, and try to *grow* nice. I can't *pretend* to be nice, even when I see easily how to pretend. So that sometimes when you find horrid things in me, you may say "Why do you show me, instead of hiding it?" Dear, remember then that I desire to be sweet more strongly even than thou canst desire it for me. Darling lover, sweet, sweet husband, I love you so much that I don't really know what to do with desire for you sometimes. Dear, we must take every care and wise precaution to keep our love *always* so strong and pure and sweet. I think it would hurt me more to love you less, or for you to love me less, than it would for you to die. And that you know would probably kill me.

Dear, I think it will be about the New Year when you get this letter, so I want to greet you on the very first day of the year, to greet you with good wishes and my love, to kiss you on your lips and eyes. Sweet, I wished very much to send you something as a sign to you every day of the year of my love. So I made you a

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Calendar, there I have painted in each day of the year. I hope so much that it will bring "Glück zu Dir." It is not so pretty or so well done as might be, but I am so busy just now (and always!) that it seemed foolish to spend more time over it. Do not therefore criticise it as a finished work of art!

I am afraid that next year will be rather a sad one. We met two years ago; this year and last we were so much together, but poor next year is quite desolate. Please write as often as you can, I am so full of desire for you, and anxiety when I do not hear. The few months you have been away have looked so terribly long, I am sometimes very much afraid for that next year.

I cannot have so much actual pleasure in planning the future as you have, for I do not know anything of Tokio, and so cannot arrange to bring the things for our house, for they might not "passen." Please tell me anything about household things or personal dress you think I should bring. Please also tell me accurately the temperature of the seasons, as I want to know what kind of clothes to wear.

Dear, once more, Good Luck in the New Year!

MERTYL.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

Tokio, November 18.

**S**WEETEST, it is again a lovely day and it is just the season for autumnal colour of maples and other trees in this garden. I will send you some of the leaves, as deep and red as our love. It is also the day when the admission to the Crown Prince's garden was given to higher officials, for the chrysanthemum culture in his garden. It must be splendid; I got also admission ticket, and I can go with my wife if I had any here—dearest—but I have no *Lust* to go, as I have otherwise much to do and chiefly as "Du bist noch nicht da." This reception for his chrysanthemum garden takes place every year. We will go there after a few years.

It is most pleasant season to make excursion, and I intend to go out long since. But I cannot to-morrow as the Emperor is coming back from his peace-fest before the tombs of preceding emperors, and we are going to the front of the palace to greet him on his way home in the afternoon.

In the morning I will be here again in the garden, as it is lovely, and working a little while and sitting a short time in the garden in thought your soul is working with me and sitting with me.

Dearest, my bodily weight is still increasing, and I weigh just to-day 107.5 pounds. Now I have navy blue clothes, blue one which you liked. I believe I was

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never so heavy with this dress while I was in England—even Vienna it is very doubtful whether my body was so heavy. Soon it will surpass 108 pounds and is certainly beyond record in last ten years of my life. I think the change of air from Europe to Japan contributed partly, and the fact that I do not overwork as I did in Japan before my start for Europe contributes greatly. Besides formerly I was not at all happy, as I was alone and poorer than I am now. Now I have one—my own—love and meine Susseste—beloved; and I am not alone in thought, although we are apart so far from each other. Every thought of you makes me happy.

On the other hand I know love is "anstrengend"—my hair is still decreasing. I am very sorry for you about it. I am very much afraid you will find me in worse state about it after a few years. I am taking care of it, but I do not find any good water yet in Japan for the hair. I find hair water for dressing, but not one for the growth of hair. I hope I will find it later.

I wrote to you once that I will send you a general account of my voyage, for it may help you much for your coming. But I think it is not quite "zweckmassig" to write about it now—it will be better to give you my suggestions about voyage just before you are preparing to come. I keep all important notes with myself here. So I will write to you later when in need. I am now going back to work, trusting my herzlichsten Gruss to you to the sun shining upon me, dear Mertyl.

Your KENRIO.



November '22.

Sweetest, I enclose two small envelopes with flowers and leaves; they may change colour during transport. But they were once pressed, so that the change will not be great. Autumnal colour of leaves with us is mostly blood red. You must look at the leaves against lamplight (direct, strong light) or direct bright sun. When we sit under the tree and look against the bright sun the whole tree is so red as "ours" and mixed with green part of tree they are so lovely.

It seems to me that an article by an English priest (minister of church?) appeared in London *Times* about the character of Japanese, and the purpose of the article seems to have been for preventing the inclination of the marriage between English ladies and a Japanese. But an antagonistic article appeared a few days after which was written by the writer of the London *Times*. I have read the above fact in Japanese newspaper (in Japanese). So far his judgment seems to be based upon what he saw or heard among Japanese merchants. But merchants are, except big ones, the people whom we never trust. It is quite different with English. Our tradition is quite different. You know we had "Bushii," "Farmer," "Engineer," and "Merchants" in feudal times, and the merchants were regarded as basest class. For other points too he seems not to know anything about tradition and origin of customs and usages with us and also the purposes of the customs, although he was many years in Japan.

I think we will write some day several articles in

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leading newspapers in England stating the real state of Japan. Among them we may put things about marriage, divorce, love, etc. But I will not state my name. It may be supposed to be an English traveller having good acquaintances. You must correct the English!

It is the most difficult point for foreigners to understand tradition and usages, by judging anything only from the present. The same thing may have quite different meaning in different countries.

Dear, I must close here now. I hope you had merry Christmas and will have very happy New Year.

I think the jade piece I sent last time may be used for brooch or for chain, as I thought last time. Sweetest of all, all that I wish just now, is that we could be together for Christmas and the New Year, and touch even one finger.

I remember vividly how sweet it was when your fingers touched mine on the first of January last year, when we were before the fire in your house. It was so sweet even at that time when love was not so strong as at present.

Schlafe wohl, susse wife,  
From KENRIO.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, November 29.

**D**EAREST of all—I forgot to say in my last letter that your flowers reached me a week later than your letter of information about it. How sweet you are to send white Carina and our roses. I am very sorry, however, that they reached me in bad condition. The box was broken at the mouth end, and the Post Office added a notice (piece of paper) that it reached Japan in broken condition. They added a strong Japanese paper to the mouth instead of lost lid; the contents showed the forms of flowers, reminding their original sweetness and beauty, but they were quite moulded and were very soft to yield to every pressure of finger, so that I could not even preserve any part of it. Carina was strong enough but parts of flowers were no longer to be seen. But after all they arrived to me, till I touched and examine with my own sense, and I thought when my fingers touched them, that these flowers were taken care of by my sweet wife and were touched by her own fingers and I touch them now. Meine Süsseste, meine herzlichsten Dank für die Blumen !

Dear, send your letters and other postals *viâ* America ; the postals will reach me a few days or a week earlier than *viâ* Suez. The latter takes 38 to 41 days till it comes to my hand, but the former requires only 29 to 38 days, generally 30 to 35 days—even a few days' difference will make much für uns. Also they may

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reach just after I wrote or when I am just going to write ;  
when such happens it makes great difference.

December 3.

Sweetest, my own, I just received your letter, and danke Dir to write me so many things and news. I want to know everything and to hear anything from you. The sweetness of your letter raises my heart's beating, and whenever I get your letter there is a mixed feeling—a kind of raised anxiety for nothing, and sweetness and love.

The "uncle" is not yet coming. I am rather glad, as I cannot talk with him just now. I wrote to many persons in abroad that I met trouble in the family, so that the writing delayed so much. I thought that it will be probably good to let them know from the first and then they will remember in the future.

Dear, how sweet of you to have called my name in the woods and dream of my kiss. Oh, dear, dear, my own, do not forget that I am calling your name in my bed before sleeping very often, and sometimes many, many times, and it is so sweet to me to do so. It means almost a sweet touch with your body and soul. Dear, dear, dear, Süsseste Mertyl—Schlafe wohl.

Your husband,

K.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, December 4.

**B**ELOVED. I have just come back from a most delightful lecture on Japan—and am more full of longing for you—dear—than usual. The lecture was by a very old friend of my Mother's, and I spoke to the lecturer afterwards, who remembered me as a little child and was interested to see me. I spoke of my intention to travel round the world and go to Japan, and he said if I told him before I went he would give me some good introductions. I shall certainly do this because I feel very strongly how important for the honour of our future together that I should be well known and respected *before I marry you*. For the same reason thou must also become known to the English in Tokio *before you marry me*. So, bitte, Liebchen, try to know some of the nice and important English as soon as possible. Then when we marry they will not think it terrible but will say "Yes, I know him and he is really very nice." So our marriage, even though unusual, will be honoured and a little bit understood. Dear, honour is very important für uns.

Please tell me at once if you did not get a letter for Christmas from me with a little silver box; there have been a number of very clever thieves at work lately and a series of thefts of registered letters just a little while ago—so I fear it may be possible some of ours are lost with the rest.

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Dear, sometimes I wonder how I can live so long without you—then sometimes I almost fear to marry you, people all say how badly the women are treated in Japan—and I sometimes wonder if a day will come when you forget (even for a moment) that I am I—and you expect me to do things as a Japanese woman might, and not as an absolutely free English woman does. Dear, it is cruel to be so far away from you just at this very important time—bitte, write to me as much of your thoughts and feelings as you have time to do.

Dear, I have your opal mounted and wear it on a little silver chain, für uns, sometimes at night. Liebchen, Liebchen, why do I love you so much?

December 5.

Dearest sweet, I have just got your letter of Oct. 29–Nov. 3. Danke dir. It was partly very sweet, but I wonder why I did not seem to feel you in it all the time—I think you used some words of English not quite rightly so as to give me a little sorry feeling. It is true that it is *very* schade für uns that we are so much separated. I do not quite think with you about my coming to Japan, at first that you can act as guide—but things may change so that there is no need yet to discuss details—but I feel that we will need to be *more careful* before we are married in Japan than we were in Europe, as our whole future will then depend on our wisdom for a few months.

Dear, please tell me a little about deiner kind, du hast gar nichts gesagt. Tell me of your feeling for her; is she pretty and sweet? I am very sorry that you are so

busy, dear ; you must not work too much ; I know it is bad for your health—also rather bad for us because you cannot think of me sweetly if you are too much tired with work. I am very glad you are even a little better ; take care of yourself for me, you are mine you know, Sweet, and you must not spoil my property.

Dear, you say to me “you created love in me”—but it is also true that you created love in me. Do you not remember how often I felt and said sometimes how terrible and strange, and yet sweet it was to be touched by your hand and your lips ? I knew almost nothing of how sweet love might be till your hand touched mine, your lips touched mine. Dear, how often when I am alone I actually feel your lips, not only dream that I feel them—my dear, my dear, it is really awful to have to be away from you so long.

Bitte, tell me all about your life in Tokio that you can—so that I can feel that I am now living with you. Dear, will it not be sweet in every little detail to live as we will live, always holy and sweet, yet happy even in little things. I think often of the little details of our home, and what I can bring for it—but of course I know so little of the circumstances that it is chiefly only fancy.

Dear, did you receive a letter written when I was on the coast of France telling you of my strong feeling of the impossibility of separating us ? That letter crossed with one so like it from you.

Sweet, we could really write to “uns” all day. I read about the Brownings ; they wrote two or even three times a day when they were betrothed, but they were not so busy as we are.

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Schlafe wohl, sweet Gatte, my dream and delight;  
the distance seems to have cast a veil over your face  
and I am lonely.

Deine Braut.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, December 8.

**B**ELOVED Kenrio. We have had such very lovely  
sunsets for the last few days, and such a clear  
beautiful moon. It was full to-night and was so very  
sweet it reminded me of the woods, and I thought how  
delicious it would be if you were here and we could go to  
the woods to dream together. Dear, Life has so many  
wonderful and interesting sides, but none so sweet as  
that where thou and I dream in each other's arms in  
some sweet wood—*I love you*, dear—and that love con-  
quers everything. Though I must acknowledge there  
is a fight sometimes between my love for you and my  
love for my work here in England—my prospects here  
are *so* good. But with my Love's guidance, which I  
must follow, perhaps there will come also good pros-  
pects for work in Japan, and work of a more world-wide  
interest. Though I fear an artist will not be much  
wanted in Japan! Dear, I must come back to Europe  
every two years to show people I am alive and happy,  
and to learn the many things Europe has to teach.



At the end of your last letter you said " Everything in you stimulates my body and soul and keeps me happy and anxious." Bitte, dear, tell me why " anxious " ? Sweet, I have so much writing to do just now that I cannot write a long letter.

My book is nearly finished—but in England we do not often get money out of making books (only some people for novels), chiefly glory or abuse is our reward. It may be only five pounds I get, for our publishers are very bad. But I do it for other reasons than money-making. The drawing of the illustrations was sheer joy. I think it *may* be thought good—and that is something.

December 13.

Sweet, how perfect and delicious our marriage must be—dear, it must be altogether flawless. To-day to a very nice woman I said (she had been talking of men and marriage), " I will never kiss any man but the one I will marry—and he must never have kissed any other—we will teach each other to kiss." She said, " You will never be kissed or kiss then, for it will be impossible for you to find a man who cannot kiss." I smiled, and thought *I have kissed my husband*, and the first kiss was horrid, for he did not know how to do it, but afterwards the memory of it was sweet, for it proved he had not known—we have taught each other to kiss. Oh my dear, dear, dear, my own.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, December 14.

**S**WEETEST of mine, I am very sorry that I am extremely busy just now, and I missed the quick mail of yesterday. One of the people belonging to the publisher came to me on account of my manuscript for the revised edition of my book. The additional drawings are not yet quite complete. They will be ready on the 14th inst and will be published on the 25th inst. Unless the book will not be ready by that date it will make much difference to me. If the book be published later than the end of this year the number of copies to be sold will decrease from two-thirds to one-third the ordinary number which would be sold in case it was published earlier.

The publisher came last night and discussed some important features, and it took from eight to half-past eleven o'clock. Otherwise I could write to you, yesterday evening, and I wished very much to do so; alas, I could not. Do not think that I consider the book more important than our love. Listen, dearest;—for the book, if I missed it, it will not come out in due time, and the consequence is that my income for next year will be reduced till two-thirds or one-third from this book. It will mean decrease of fifty pounds or more. It is not large, but it makes a difference to my whole income for the present, and the result is that I will be still very poor when you are here. I have finished my

part of the book, but I am not yet free from this business. He will bring the second copy to me to-night, and I will go through and return to-morrow morning. On the sixteenth I will be quite free from the book business.

The same was the case with our combined work, and the letter "für uns" during my voyage to Japan and also after my arrival, before I sent the last improvement with regard to some small matters in that work. I mean I was obliged to write more our work than about "für uns" because I feared whether any improvement, rather important as it appeared to me, which may add not a little to the quality of the book or to its manner of considerations, may reach you too late after the proof sheets. And if we miss this time, it will not be soon in future that we may express our views in our second volume. I mean, there were things for the work which will be printed or published soon, for which my additional notes should reach you not too late, while "für uns" we have time. But I was always irritated whenever I had to spare what I should have liked to say "für uns" on account of the business. It is and was really pity that we cannot write as often as we wish, partly prevented by business, and partly to prevent any wrong conception of us, which the society (people) may get from our frequent correspondence.

I cannot be silent to you of what I have done, therefore I will tell you. I was really busy and I was obliged to work one evening till four-thirty in the morning for the book, and till one-thirty one evening, and till one o'clock one evening. Otherwise I could not finish up in due time. For many days I have even not been

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in the garden. Yesterday evening I just went out a little in the garden, and then I could not help going far in the garden to the place—the nice seat—from where I wrote often to you. I feel whenever I go there I am nearer to you, and I could not leave the seat; I sat for a few minutes, kissing my hand in the thought that I am kissing you, that my lips are upon yours. I feel that I am with you, nearer to you in that seat, because the seat lies so calm and undisturbed and overlook calm nice garden, and is protected from behind.

I got your letter this morning. I am very glad that you go to the woods often. It is very good for your health. Do as often as you can.

The Uncle meiner Frau is expected this evening—I think he will stay till January. I may speak with him in a few days, or it may be that we talk after a week or two. Everything is crowding together. I am glad that one of the pressing things, the book, is nearly now going to be over. The next thing to attend to is meine Frau or another piece of work—of course meine Frau Geschichte is the most important. But I hope I may be lucky to finish up all three in tolerably good condition.

Heart of my heart, you will excuse me that I missed many mails to write to you—everything is für uns. None of these three things purely for me alone. We must do our best for *our future*. There may be a mail *via* Portland very soon, but it is always uncertain with regard to the date of departure. I made telephone inquiry to-day at the chief post office, but they say it is uncertain. The departure of this letter may delay.

At any rate I post this to-day. The next time I will write more, and may be able to say something of meine Frau. I wish to write my own answer to some points in your letter last but one.

Sweetest, in thought that I am holding you, oh, how delicate and soft you were when I put my hand upon you—and lips upon lips. Schlafe wohl. Meinige, Meinige, Süsseste in der Welt, my dear Mertyl.

KENRIO, YOUR HUSBAND.

P.S.—Thank you very much for the trouble you paid for the novel; I am waiting for its arrival.



### *From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, December 18.

▶ HAVE received a letter from you dated Tokio Nov. 6-12, and at the same time a post-card. Danke Dir, my Sweetest. The letter gave me so much pleasure, and I love to think of you sitting in your beautiful garden, thinking of me. Sweet—as you say, how happy we are. Only, dearest, “happy” is rather a feeble word—“blessed” is too lacking in life—I don’t know a word—perhaps joyful. I love you so strongly, so livingly. I cannot answer your letter just now, I am going away.

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to-morrow. I am in despair about our book. The publishers will not print it soon, and will not tell me when it will be done; all is in the uncertain future. A rival publisher says if only we had given it to him, it would have been out in January.

I often thought it would be better to send letters to you without registering, and will do so now you say so, but I always sent them registered up to the present as I thought it was your wish.

I will answer your letter next time. Oh, my Beloved—I long to be held in your dear arms, and lay my cheek against yours. You said in your last letter “Bitte, love me.” Dear, I say “Bitte, love me very much and for ever.”

My lover, good-night.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

*TOKIO, December 17.*

THE star of my whole future—On the twelfth it was four-thirty when I left my work, and I could not help going into the garden to the seat where I feel to meet you. I went a little in the garden toward the seat but I found it is getting a little dark in the evening (it is so in winter in Japan) especially in a little

darker weather. Moreover I feared whether I left my double locked box (für uns) unlocked, although it is put in the drawer, which is also locked up, therefore I returned from the garden again. On the way I took a red flower of Camellia japonica in my hand in memory of our deep love. Having entered into my room again, I examined the box, but I found it quite locked up. But I opened it and found your picture waiting for my kiss. I felt your presence and kissed with the real thought and electric feeling. I left the room. Meine Frau was not at the house, as she went to look for the arrival of the Uncle.

Part of the book proof was brought by the publisher—I corrected them. They are to be corrected twice before printing, and I am still engaged with that trouble till to-day, and it will last till the twenty-first or twenty-second inst.

*Listen, dearest.* In the afternoon the Uncle came to me with his family, and I received them. (They stay in a hotel.) Then we began the question in the presence of meine Frau. At first I explained the event briefly, then I left them with meine Frau and retire into another room. When I told the events the Uncle was seemingly astonished and his wife cried a little as she felt the shame of her (the Frau's) behaviour. During my absent they asked many things to meine Frau, and having consulted with her, they fully acknowledge that I have the right to part with her, and the wrong behaviour of meine Frau. Then they called me again to come to them, they asked me whether I could bear her, as she will fully

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improve her mind and stop her relation with Mr. X.—for the sake of my misprinted child. I answered, it is no use any more to do such thing. Her love is certainly very deep with him—I cannot bear the feeling that she and he will break such a deep friendship, and yet she will live with me. I may meet many times with him in society—I cannot bear the hearing that their precious friendship was broken on account of me, while she and I will live together. Then I explained a little details of facts I heard and observed since my return. By the time I was left with the Uncle alone. He is a venerable man, we talk several things. Then we took supper. Then he asked me to think once more, and to pardon her for her wrong conduct, as there was no so-called immorality. But he completely realised she was awfully wrong. The Aunt asked her why she has not asked them before beginning her friendship with Mr. X. again in my absence, and that they had at once stopped her to continue her friendship again in case they knew. It was wrong to begin without asking it to them. (It ought to be in Japan still at present.)

Listen—my own.—We saw the Uncle three times and after consulting in very good order, he accepted my proposal with great appreciation of my being correct to propose divorce. Meine Frau confessed many things after this acception of divorce by her Uncle. She was awfully wrong, although there has been, I imagine, no so-called immoral conduct.

Curiously enough, and very stupid and ignorant enough, of meine Frau, she did not understood her



being wrong of her conduct especially very lately. But after having heard the opinions of the Uncle and his wife, she asked me great pardon, having fully understood her wrong point. Later I will tell you more. To-day I can say a few lines.

She (meine Frau) told me after this divorce question was determined among us, that the Uncle and his wife praised me (Kenrio) repeatedly about the manner of expressing the details or chief points of concern. They say I was so noble and managed this question so well to ascribe any crime or great shame to no one concerned in this event, although she was so very wrong. The Uncle and his wife told to meine Frau, "You ought have much more respected him and loved him. His manner is excellent and was so noble not to express any single word or being angry, although it is clear that he must be angry. Even I myself (the Uncle) will propose the divorce in this case. His skill and ability of treating such affairs so excellently and expressing everything so smoothly and round about, yet having full reasoning, cannot be expected for a person of his age. His manner is one of the old experienced man." Such was his words. So I hope you will be content with what I have done. We are going now to divorce her legally. It means to get a copy of the list of the members of my family and her family from both town halls, and then to write a paper of divorce and sign (she, I, and two other persons). This is the whole process. But it is now going to be the end of the year, therefore the Town Hall may have greatly to do and no time to send to us those copies very soon. Probably in the middle of January I

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will be *legally free*. Free, free, free, for you, dear own, my sweet wife, to whom my whole life is devoted.

Dear, dear, dear, oh my dear—

Wait for the information of my being legally free—  
Schlafe wohl.

KENRIO, YOUR HUSBAND.

[The reader will notice in these and succeeding letters how often Watanabe repeats the details of his account of the proceedings, and also the minute care with which he records points which often appear trivial. This extreme carefulness regarding detail is very characteristic of the man, and also of his race. —ED.]

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, December 24.

**M**OST dear, Your presents and also your calendars arrived in very good time, some days before Christmas. Other people got theirs too. Sweet dear thoughtful one, they gave much pleasure to us all. I

am very glad that you sent also to other friends; I am always glad that you write to them often, so that they will remember you very vividly.

I have now three letters of yours to answer. Your Christmas and New Year letters arrived within a few days of each other. I will go through these letters, and answer the points as they arise.

Dear, I am well, but not *too* well; it is true I wanted more holiday than I got, the term has been long, and London is no real holiday—but I am quite well, do not be anxious.

It is so nice to hear of you being in sunshine and clear air; it will be a pleasure to me to live always in clear air—mit Dir.

You say (dear that you are!) that you have not even kissed your child. Bitte, kiss her if you have “lust,” it is quite right that you should—but I am glad that you are saving all your kisses for me when I come. By that time I shall be starving for kisses—so terribly hungry that you must kiss me very gently at first, or I will die—as a too hungry man must be fed very little at first. Do not work too much, please be very strong when I come, so that you can take care of me. I should like that so much.

Dear heart, you say you thought what would happen if “Mertyl died.” I have thought of the same thing about you, and it is most cruel torture to imagine that you must die, even after thirty or forty years. Sometimes it is so cruel that I cannot bear it.

I know a little of how I should feel, through the unhappiness I felt about the “Zürich Geschichte”—

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and recently, the cruel misery you gave me when you wrote no letter for a month—now when all seems well I can hardly understand how I could have been so unhappy. I think we do not realise how dear anything is till we lose it—that is what I fear a little about our marriage—will you love me so much when you see me and kiss me every day? Heart's Beloved, your letter says you are coming to me in thought for Xmas day—to-day I am waking and writing to you, you are still dreaming. I picture you lying as I saw you first on the mossy bank of Wallen See, and now I dream that I can come softly into your room and kneel beside you, and bend over you, and gently kiss your lips—and you wake and touch my heart with your hand, and hold mine and sleep again—oh, my Sweet, there is no word so deeply sweet, so strongly tender, as the feeling I have for you—you my own.

Your Christmas gift of the green jade I like very much, chiefly that you have one too—dear, could you have a small silk or silver chain and wear it on your neck, quite hidden by your clothes? as I will. I do wear your opal, lying all day on my breast, quite hidden—but felt by me every moment.

In closing Du sagst: “. . . strange mysterious feeling with a tinge of sad colour which contributes yet so much to the very sweetness.” Liebchen, bitte sage mir warum “sad colour”? I did not know there was to be any sadness for you in our marriage; tell me what it is, dear.

Thank you for the calendars, and also for the photograph of the Japanese room. It interested me very

much, and there are points about it which seemed to me very good indeed. At the same time, just as I find the usual European room far too *full*, with many ugly and useless things, so I find the Japanese room too empty, with too little beauty of curve and colour, and too little comfort. I will have the two ideas combined, plus what is original in my thought, and I hope *our house* will be very simple, and sweet, and very beautiful. Dear, you said in one of your letters that it is a pleasure for you to plan where we shall live, what to plant in the garden, etc.—of course my ideas cannot be very definite, but it is too a very great pleasure to plan little things for our house—*ours*; dearest, where thou and I will live in perfect beauty and rich blessedness of love.

I think it is very interesting what you say about the paper in the *London Times*; I will try to get it and read the articles. In any case, even if I cannot, I think it an exceedingly good idea that you should write independent articles on the subject. Please do so as *soon as ever you can* and send me your writing. Do not trouble at all about the English grammar and composition, only write your ideas as they come to you in English or German, just as you like. I will rewrite and make it up in a suitable form for publication, and try to get it accepted by an editor (I may fail in this). I think if the editor wishes it, it will be better in many ways to have your name, though it is also good without it. I will transact all business concerning it merely as your agent, and the editor will think me a man—it will be absolutely safe. Please do this as *soon* as possible,

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because much is being written now about Japan and it becomes more difficult to write originally. Also people will not always be so keenly interested as they are now when the whole Western view of Japan is one rather of astonishment and curiosity. So do not delay. It may make us some money, too, and help us in travelling to Europe later on.

Danke Dir recht herzlich for the white and red flowers. They had kept their colours very well. I am reminded by them of an experiment I tried with you to send living red roses and white heather soaking them in mercuric chloride. You never speak of them, and I sent them a very long time ago. Had they gone quite bad and made you sorry when you opened the box? Forgive me, dear, if it was no pleasure, but only horrid and bad. I tried, for I thought perhaps the experiment might succeed.

Dear, I thought of you the whole day yesterday, and dreamed of you last night; which was rather strange, because I have very seldom (perhaps only twice before) dreamt of you while asleep. I do not dream, while sleeping, of those I love—chiefly I dream of the sea, nearly every night of the sea, or else of trifling, stupid things when I am about to wake.

You were very clear last night, with your blue suit and your smiling face. Dear, but you did not kiss me. When I am only half asleep, and dreaming, then you come to me always, and often very vividly indeed.

Dear, if you were to prove yourself less than I think you, I should kill you.

But—you are what I think you, and I am living with you in thought and loving you.

Your MERTYL.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

Christmas Eve before Sunset.

**H**EART of my heart—I am sitting on pebbles by the sea shore three hours from Tokio. My feet are only a yard or two away from the maximum reach of the sea waves. Yonder I see beautiful clouds, pink, white, bright and dark, over the sea and behind the mountains. The brightest red rose clouds are just shining from the setting sun, which will shine upon you very soon in the English morn and greet you with my deep red of love, and with the pure white of flashing waves. The waves approach me and retire; when it approaches it brings their sweet message from you, and when it retires it brings my message to you. The waves move to and fro from me and from you. The wave swells like the pulse of our love, and it sweeps suddenly very big—seemingly without cause, just as it is so with our love. One day we love each other less, other day ten times more, although the love itself is perpetual.

The sun is set, it is getting dark, it is now beginning to shine upon you through the window, when you may

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be awakened from dreams by the beam of Christmas greeting from your husband.

In the Inn by the shore.

Mertyl—Having got dark and cold, I returned from the shore into the Inn, and took bath and dinner. Especially this morning I took the green jade ring and the green necktie which you gave me in London. I wore the navy blue all the month of November and December, and to-day. While sitting on sands and pebbles by the waves, I took up your ring and wore it on my right hand finger as I did in Zürich. This is the first time I wear the ring on my finger in Japan, although I used it often on my necktie. I will wear it only to-day and to-morrow while on my journey. I kept it on my finger even in the bath this evening. Just now while writing, I took it off from my right hand finger and put it on my left hand finger (ring finger) (in thought I transferred it on to your finger)—when I go to bed, I will transfer it to my right hand finger (in thought I got it again from you). Sweetest, I remember how sweet and noble it looked when my ring was on your finger. A ring which had no real meaning before began to be full of meaning, and so sweet, since you had it on your finger—the very white finger, with the bright yellow gold ring, with its small diamond.

Beloved, it is about a year ago when you asked me “how do you intend to spend Christmas eve?” with a sweet tint in your voice, and putting your beautiful hand on mine in farewell. It was too sweet and I lost



my common sense consequently. As the result I gave you very simple and cool common answer that I intend to go to a shore (Brighton) and we parted that evening. Having returned to the hotel that evening I heard your sweet voice and felt your sincere touch still on my hand and I could not even sleep well, as it was too sweet to me, then I went to the shore from where I wrote a number of cards. On the first of January I saw you with my sword ring on your dress. Your finger touched mine in the downstairs; oh, how sweet it was. Then we spent an hour before the fire in the upstairs and then we shook hands, meaning some kind of alliance of souls unconsciously. When I sent you the sword ring, I already thought of the idea of *ring*, it seems to have been partly unconsciously. But certainly I felt certain amount of the *sound* of the word of ring (*Es klang suss*) already when I sent you the sword ring. No, dear Mertyl—I believe the nature gave me such feeling about “ring,” quite untaught, and told me our future untold. Later, one day I signed “the future” in my letter to you instead of putting my name. I did it unconsciously, and yet I knew that I did. Some unknown force came to me and pushed me, to do so. I think I did several things which I never thought of, and never did before. I simply could not resist the waves of pure love—the love I did not even recognise at first. Everything moved smoothly by the force of unconscious love, while otherwise there was strong resistance of friction of my will for many things. Oh, my dear own—you and I were born for each other; we could not keep un-touching.

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While writing your ring shines to the left, as I can see the left hand side quite well.

Dear, you wrote once about the Schreiner "Dreams" and said that you did not recognise at first the difference of sex between us, and yet you loved me—the highest point of the condition of soul. And now we are married in soul—that whether we were in the heaven before and are now in the lower world. Dearest of all, it is quite true. With me too, I never dreamed the difference of sex between us capable of having any result upon our relation of friendship—I purely dreamed nothing more than friendship. And yet we are married now in soul. We entered once in the highest love of no-sex. Dearest, it is most correct way of loving, and it is quite correct way we followed, that is the course we unconsciously took.

According to higher Buddhism, one must be once "enlightened" when one's soul gets "inspired" or gets purest and most correct organisation and view—then one must act in the lower world with this inspiration. No one can act in the highest world, because it is ideal and not real. In the ideal state one can exist ideally, but cannot act. Action is only manifested and practised in the lower world. In the ideal higher world, there is nothing *to act upon* as everything is *ideal* (non-existing); in the lower world it is manifested in innumerable variety of real existence and then one can act upon it. Our love is constructed or was generated ideally in the higher state, and is to be *experienced* and *evolved* in the lower world. The result will add again to the higher world, they are correlated to each other.

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Beloved, we and our love must experience and evolve, day by day, night by night.

Dear, dear, dear, I will now transfer my left hand ring (your hand) to my right hand and sleep with it on my hand—dreaming of you, kissing your lips in your picture, which I brought in the locked box. Dear, dear, I spent the whole evening with you. I am with you, Dear Mertyl, through the night: Herz an Herz, Mund an Mund, eines Atmen. Oh my dear, how sweet is the world. I forget even my existence, but sweetness of love—I love you, I love you, I love you, Mertyl, Mertyl, my dear Mertyl. Schlafe wohl.

KENRIO, HUSBAND.

Temple of Buddha, December 25.

Dearest, I started from Tokio yesterday afternoon to spend an evening—Xmas Eve—with you in thought—and with you alone without any disturbance of other people—in a seaside inn.

As I was extremely busy last few weeks on account of the book revision as well as with the “parting—geschichte” of meine Frau, I could not have pursued a piece of work which I should have been doing. I could not do so much as I expected—I did only one-tenth as much as I could do, even with the materials sent from the church for the design.

Having just finished the matter of the book yesterday morning and sent request for the copy of the legal list of members of the family of meine Frau, as well as my own family to the corresponding Town Halls, by

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the registered letters (I must wait for a number of days till they send the list to me), I left Tokio on the very day. I am so glad that I was able to leave Tokio for a few days just now and to spend even one eve—Xmas Eve—with you in thought.

I am staying in a Buddhistic temple, and the air is very sweet round the temple, it is also by the sea—four hours from the seaside I stayed last night. After having finished bath and supper I went out into the garden, it was dark, but I saw Venus, which gave me the sweet recollection of the wood which is closely associated with our love. A big moth is flying against my window; I never thought before that any lepidoptera can live in winter and be active, although I knew some of them survive in winter. This shows that the climate is mild here.

Beloved, your ring is now while writing on my left hand, which is kept touching your picture on my table on which I am writing. I am sorry that I had not your picture with your fingers—I am looking at your picture and your ring from time to time while writing—oh my dear, dear, my pulse swells with love, every pulse in several parts of my body. The picture I have on my table here now is the one I took in Zürich, and was sent by you to me in Tokio. I like that one best, because that one tells me full meaning of love. Dear, I suppose you are in London, and, dear, I felt last night and this afternoon so much of you. Although we were apart so far from each other, yet we spent the Xmas Eve together. Dearest, Xmas Eve began to have sweet significance to me since this year—my dear heart. Oh,

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my precious one dear wife, schlafe wohl, Mertyl, dear, dear, dear, dear.

KENRIO, HUSBAND.

I transfer the ring to my right hand and go to bed with it dreaming of your kisses.

*December 29.*

Sweetest, I am sorry that I have not posted this letter (Xmas—to-day) on my journey. I knew before my start that there will be a mail which will start on the thirtieth inst, as I saw it in the provisional list of mails advertised in the Post Office. After return from journey I found that the mail started on the 27th. It is the first time I knew that a mail will start three days earlier than advertised date. Usually there is only one day difference of the advertised date of departure, and mostly starts later than the advertised date. But there may come another which may start to-morrow. Also there will be a mail from the second of January, therefore I post this letter to-day.

At the end of next month I will remove, and then I will make a gum stamp stating my private address. You will use it for letters (stamp in Japanese), then I wish to have news four times a month. I wish also to write very often, whenever I think something to tell you, but I cannot, because you know, four pages take up just one hour or even more for me to write; sometimes five pages take up one hour and a half or even more. Formerly when I was in Vienna three pages took up more than one hour.

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I got the book "Mademoiselle de Maupin." I took the latter with myself on journey, but as I had proof sheets of my book to read on the train, etc., and as I was also busy, I could not read it much. I wish to continue and finish during the vacation. Dear, I forgot to tell you last time what was arranged about my child. After several and complete considerations I determined to keep it with me. It was my best I could do, although it will be certainly more agreeable to have none after our being together. After this, my own determination, we found that meine Frau CANNOT take the child with her. Later I may arrange differently when you are already here.

I got the list of family members of my own family from the Town Hall of my native province. But about the list of my Frau, there is something wrong, so that it will take still some time till I get it. During the month of January everything will be finished, and I will be *ganz frei für Dich*— meine Geliebte.

Beloved, I hope very much that you had merry days from Christmas to New Year's day. *Schlafe wohl*, dear Mertyl.

KENRIO.

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*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, December 31.

**S**WEETEST, I write in my room, because it is so calm and no disturbance is there, nobody else being there; and I can dream of you and write best here or in the garden. I got your registered letter yesterday morning. Heart of my heart—Danke Dir herzlichstens for your sweet Xmas present. I like it very much, and I will carry it with me a little later after January, when I will be alone (free). At first before reading your letter I read your pencil writing on the paper used to cover the white silver box, and found that your lips touched the mirror of the future. I could not help to kiss it several times at once. Dearest, the dull surface on the mirror will be the print of your kisses and of mine, and will be the marks of the longing desire, when we were kept apart so far. I found K. L. M. Dear, dear, how sweet to look at your hand engravings thereon. Dear my own, I have been so sorry that you were so very much unhappy having no message from me, your husband, for a long time, you say four weeks. Forgive me, forgive me that I have not written oftener. But in my notebook I find that I wrote a letter dated Sept. 25, then Oct. 18, then cards on two later days. You received the last three together. Unfortunately my letter of twelfth reached you too late, together with the cards. I know also that it was not frequent enough to write, but you must know that it does not mean that

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I have no strong lust to write. I have lust to write every day, but I cannot. I often hate that I cannot write at once whenever I wish to write, and when the occasion passed I have another thought in my brain. It is very often that I desire very strongly to write to you, and yet I must take caution, and I stopped my desire, and call your name softly and it becomes the end—that is substitute to write.

By that time (Sept. and Oct.) you know it was just after my return, and I was very weak, having been ill on my journey (voyage) and yet having great responsibility to make our book best. I was weak and could not do all things to be done quickly and in order. I had to write many letters and cards for various businesses, to pay many visits, and make new arrangement to accommodate myself in new societies, to have troubles at my house, and to attend to my daily work. I had not much time, and I must even now spend one hour a day for my health's cure, which is necessary für uns. The circumstances shortly after my return did not allow me much time, this is brief explanation. I often spent by that time only half an hour for my cure, though doctor proposed one hour. Under such conditions I thought I did my best, but it was the thought when I was weak after my return. Now I know that I really wrote so little—forgive me, my dearest one, I will not let you wait so long any more. In case I am busy I will write cards, so that you know I am well.

1. My letter arrived too late to you.
2. I was weak and had too much to do, and consequently wrote little.



3. I have not intended to write very often before because you and I were telling to write twice or thrice a month, and at most four times to prevent the people's suspicion, and you were afraid once even of the notice of your hostess. At any rate I have been so very, very sorry that I caused you so much unhappy weeks and caused you crying, and calling my name, oh my dear wife, even under a cover to prevent people hearing. Dear, dear, dear, if I have been with you, and I could come to you, I had held you tightly and kissed you and taken you on my knee and kissed you and asked you to forgive me, and you will kiss me and forgive me.

Oh, how happy I am in this world, to have one, the dearest, sweetest, and my own, who was crying every night on waiting my message—how cruel I was! Du, Beloved, verzeihe mich!

Dearest, the next mail after this will be the ninth Jan. Till then, we dream of each other. Schlafe wohl, dear Mertyl.

Deine KENRIO.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, January 2.

DEAR Mertyl—Yesterday I paid about twenty visits from morning till evening, and two visits this morning—so finished the New Year's Greeting visits (mostly only to leave visiting cards at the gate) which is customary with us. We pay visits to intimate acquaintances and also to the people of the higher rank than ourselves with whom we are concerned usually.

I got yesterday the official list of the members of my Frau's family (mine is already there); the request for those lists were made by letter to the Town Hall, they send them also by a letter registered. Now I must write an official paper, on which the divorce facts will be mentioned. If it simple mention of divorce facts, giving no reason at all, we mention that He and She are divorced *by mutual agreement*. (In case He or She do not agree and yet either of them wished to force divorce, then they are to go to law court.) In case of agreement divorce, we must have two other persons' signature ascertaining they (He and She) are really divorced (not pretending so or only nominally). I am going to chose her father and brother as those bystanders (ascertaining persons). The brother is not in Tokio, so that it will take about a week till we get his sign. I hope the divorce paper (writing of information) will be officially accepted before the fifteenth. She will prepare something for the child for future—dresses, etc.,

and will leave before the twentieth inst. or earlier. Then I will be *ganz, ganz fix und fertig* FREI! Then I will remove towards the end of the month. It was she who proposed the parting on the first day of my arrival in Japan in the evening. I did not understand quite what she intended. But I knew that she opened the question and not I, therefore I wrote once to you that she did so. At earlier days of my return she disliked me very much and proposed parting, then afterwards, after the uncle wrote to her as the reply to her request of divorce, that she ought not to do such things carelessly, and utter such words easily, she changed her thought and wished to stop—awfully stupid. When she wrote to the Uncle she mentioned something as the reason of parting, to the Uncle, but she did not mention anything in the least about her lover—of course not—therefore the Uncle returned such words as above mentioned. When the Uncle came to me and heard the chief affairs from myself in presence of meine Frau, he was astonished, and in spite of my saying that it will not be her crime, but there is only point which contradict as one's wife, so that I cannot live with her as husband and wife—the Uncle said--“ You (Kenrio) consider it not a crime, but it is her crime according to my view.” Although it may be tiresome to you to hear details about meine Frau-Geschichte I must tell you everything about this affair, because you must have right (correct) idea, in what way and under what conditions the “parting” took place, and in what position I stood in this matter. I have to tell you very much more by-and-by.

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Yesterday was the day, dearest, when (just one year ago) we sat before the fire in your house, and your finger touched mine—transferring a mysterious current throughout my body and soul. Then we went upstairs, and sat again before the fire, and your sister came and lighted the gas. I expressed my feelings in some way, that you are very dear to me. Then we stood, as it was rather late (about seven o'clock) and shook hands. *We* shook hands, the eyes of the each gazing at those of the other. The real friendship was secured among the silence at the very moment. So, my dearest—Mertyl—Mertyl—I was calling your name very often last night in my bed. Who could imagine that you and I are calling each other's name in both sides of the world? Oh, my dear, dear, dear, how strongly I feel just now when I am writing these few lines, that I am with thee, Geliebte. All sides of my breast (chest) press inwards; I feel something is coming from all sides to force into the seat of my heart—Heart of my heart, are you coming and holding me so fast?—my muscles of the upper half of my body is trembling. Sweet, Sweet, who could exert such sweet influence upon my body without touching a finger—Mertyl, Mertyl, and nobody else in the world of the past and future.

Oh, how sweet would it be when you touch me with your sweet beautiful hands and lips in the summer after next.

January 3.

Dearest—I have written in one of my letters that I will send you one of my photos, which is probably

what you meant. One time after that I thought it may be not good to send it because it is mounted, and every one can think that a photo is in the letter. Then afterwards I thought of other conditions—that is, my Frau knows where it is, and with what things together, as I never locked up anything at home. To prevent her suspicion, I must wait till she is gone. Dearest, I can of course make any other pretension that I am going to send it to some other persons, but it is safer not to make any pretension. As the affairs are going on very naturally and the parting was proposed by her at first, and also she was quite wrong, and it was appreciated by her relations as worth to be divorced, I should like to keep this line of idea among every one, she being quite wrong; I wish to be very correct. It was nothing but the natural sequence, and it was so arranged by Nature that we *must* join.

Dear, I am writing in my studio, which I like very much, because it is very calm, there being nobody else except I and the servant who makes fire and brings tea, towards the evening at four o'clock, then he comes to take off the fire, otherwise he does not come, so I like the studio because the thought is undisturbed in this calmness, and I can dream of you best here during the day, and in bed in the night. I feel the studio as if it was a home, because your pictures and letters are here (locked up in a box, and then locked up again in a drawer in my room which is also locked up in my absence when stove has no fire), while I do not feel my house as a home, as it is really no home.

But sometimes on my return to my house, from the

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studio in the evening, and on finding my little study and bedroom quite comfortably warm with red charcoals in the fire pot, I feel it sometimes quite comfortable (the fire is made by the servant maid) and I desire often that you were there in the room.

I wish so much then that you were waiting for my return by the warm fireside. And then I had held you at once, my arms round your waist and kissed you from heart, and you would have kissed me, and gazed at each other, and I would have touched your beautiful hands and feet, and said to each other "My dear wife, my dear husband, Sweet, dearest, dear heart, etc." How strange would it be by that time, when this will be realised. It may be even too sweet to bear for my weak physical being, although strong enough to bear and to enjoy and develop it mentally.

Sweetest, I have not worked at all yesterday in the studio, I read a few cards and letters I received, then I dreamed of you for a long time, and then I wrote the letter of yesterday and then I left the studio.

To-day I went to the man who writes official statements for the "Parting"—then I came to the studio and took lunch. Then I wrote this message to you. Now I will begin my work, and must do something.

Auf Wiedersehen—Liebchen!

January 7.

I have still unsettled question with my Frau, that is, she spent a certain amount of money during the years of my absence. She really spent too much, she herself

acknowledges that she spent too much, but I *will* return it to her. She is very stupid in many ways, and spends many hours by talking about several things these days, sometimes asking my advice. I do not like to be at house in the least. I like the studio best where your messages and pictures are.

Schlafe wohl, dear Mertyl.

Your KENRIO.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, January 8.

**K**ENRIO—My little study seems full of you, and our love, and almost the whole evening I sat thinking of you and reading your letters. You make me love you, dear, against myself; I had no wish at all to love you, even now sometimes I feel that I cannot love you. But when I am quiet and alone, I see you as you were with your head on my breast, and I love you; I see your soul as it is, strong, pure, and sweet, my mate, and I love you, I love you.

I must thank you for your last letter, and I will answer it.

I spoke of the flowers in my last letter and hoped that they would not be mouldy and horrid for you—poor Sweet—I am sorry you saw them so dead and messy—

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but glad you understood my thought and the love message I sent in them.

I hope that your busy time will not make you ill, dear, and I hope very much that the revised edition of your book will bring you in much money. We will want rather a lot to be quite happy, nicht wahr, Liebchen? We must have a very pretty house to shelter our beautiful God of Love. And we must come often to Europe to make our reputations and happiness grow.

I will write on a separate sheet what I think about the divorce; it is very important, and I think about it again and again till my head and my heart ache with pain. I cannot see what to do, there seems to be no escape for me from the unhappiness whatever is done. Her death (which only heaven can send) seems the only thing—and even that is not without a little unhappiness.

I have thought so much about it till perhaps I am more sensitive over it than I should be. After all the *chief thing* is your pure sweet love for me, that must be the conqueror.

Dear, I will not forget that you call my name before you sleep, and that it gives you happiness. You said in one of your letters "every thought of you makes me happy." I am so glad, dear, that I can give "Glück für Dich."

Dear, dear, kiss me on the lips, good-night. Your wife.

Dear! I have just realised that it is very unusual indeed for two people who are betrothed, even officially, betrothed to use the terms "wife and husband" to each other. And we are not even officially betrothed!



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Your last letter gave me a feeling almost of surprise when you signed "Your husband K." And yet though we have only kissed, as our marriage vows and marriage deed, I feel that we are truly wife and husband—but I do at last realise it is unusual! But we are altogether rather unusual, so I suppose we must be content with that, and enjoy it. My husband.

I have much to do, and have "lust" to work, for the time goes more quickly when I work, and now it is the dreadful year in which I shall not see you even for a day. I hope there will never be such a year again, for even if I travel sometimes without you, or you travel without me, it will not be for more than a few months that we will be apart—so this lonely year will never be repeated.

If I were very rich I should come to you for a few days this summer. Ah, but I am poor.

Schlafte wohl—dream of me.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, January 17.

**B**ELOVED, it is about half-past four in the afternoon, and I just came back from the studio to my own room, but I cannot find anybody in my room whom I wish to kiss. Dearest, how I long to kiss you after

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coming back from the studio; if I knew that there was such a reward as kissing you after working, I could work with much more pleasure, I suppose. Just now I am getting very busy, and many cards and letters sleep on my table waiting for answers. Sweetest, I got three letters from you this afternoon, Mertyl; how sweet of you to make a calendar for every day of this year, and with your hands. I got it safely. Dearest, it is so very sweet, that its sight and thought of your own make touches certain sense in me, and I feel a kind of tickling effect in my thorax and heart. I like it so very much, Sweetest, you make such artistic sweet things. Pictures and letters are both so pretty.

It is all so full of meaning, but only "für uns." Nobody can appreciate it. Dear, how sweet it is to have mutual understandings unknown to the world.

Dear, I am sorry that I could not be legally free yet. It will take still a few days. This evening I am going to call at her real father to get his sign as one of the certifying persons.

It is already after five, and I am very sorry that I cannot write even a small part of what I wish to say, and also answer your letter to-day. I will write you as soon as possible again. Dear, dear, sweet Mertyl.

From Deinem Brautigam.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, January 18.

**B**ELOVED heart—It is now nearly five o'clock in the afternoon and I came back from the studio, but I *must* write a few lines to my real Gattin.

Last evening, having posted a letter to you, then once returning to my house, finishing dinner, I called at Frau's father, and got his sign (signature). This morning my Frau herself signed to the information paper of Divorce. (It is called information paper because it is information to the Town Hall.) I attended to the Town Hall and showed this information to the officer of the Town Hall. Having examined every details of the paper, he found everything in the paper all correct, and he therefore made entry of this paper. That was all the process. It was about two-thirty in the afternoon of to-day.

This is the time when I became legally free, free, free, free, *free*, and I am free. Oh, my dear Mertyl, for you, and for nobody else in the world of the present and everlasting future. Dear, dear, dear—

Everything yours,

Deine KENRIO.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, January 22.

LIEBCHEN, I am so very sorry that I am so busy just now.

Dear, I have forgotten last time to tell you that when I got your silver match box and found two matches in it, I lighted one in the thought that it was your burning love to me, and the other in the thought that it was my burning love to you.

Dear, I will explain later the detailed reason why I kept my child with me. But to-day I will inform you something about her. I pity her (child) but am rather indifferent as far as love is concerned. Day before yesterday I had to attend a funeral of a relative of mine (Admiral Togo, as well as other Admirals were there), and there I met and announced to some cousins that I and my Frau were already parted legally. They were much moved with regard to the child, and the mother of my cousin told me that she may take care of my child in her family in case I wished, as it will be better to bring her in hands of motherly woman. I can I believe trust my child to my cousin and her mother, at least later when *we* are married.

Dear, it is just now, from middle of January to middle of February, the coldest time in Tokio. The water upon the street freezes in the night, and often during the day, and it is very windy, but not so cold as in London, and never so cold as in Vienna. In summer much hotter

than in London; you must prepare awfully thin dressing for the middle of July to the middle of September.

Dearest, I must stop here to-day,  
Schlafe wohl, dear Mertyl.

Your husband,

KENRIO.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, January 25.

**M**OST dear. I am now able to answer your two letters which came before I sent my last and which I had not time then to attend to, as well as to thank you for your card which arrived a day or two ago telling me of the long letter I am to receive. That letter has not come yet, but I have been pleased to think of it as coming.

Sweet, to answer your letters. I understand fully that you must be too busy to write while you are finishing your book. There was no need for you to spend so much time telling me so, for I can understand, and only wish you not to be too busy and damage your health. Also you have written me quite as many as we arranged. The time you hurt me so terribly by not writing was when you left me a whole month in November with not even a card to say that you were alive. That was

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awful and I could not endure it again. But, dear, I am not unreasonable, and if you write me one or two lines to say that you are busy then I am content. I realise your love is not less because it does not find written expression. I trust you, sweet, when I know you are alive and well!

Dear, I hope you will not often require to sit up till four o'clock in the morning.

Dear, could you photograph your favourite seat in the garden, and send me one, so that I know the place you feel you meet me? You know what it is like when I say to you that I am in our woods, so that I should like to see the exact spot where you go often to meet me and write to me.

About your Frau. You ask me and I answer. I am content with what you have done, and I trust you completely that you will do what is wisest and best and kindest—you, most dear in the world. I am very, very glad that you did everything so that they realised the truth, and that you did not give them too much pain. It must be a terrible thing for the Frau to love some one else and be married to you. She must be glad to be free. I am sorry for her, very sorry indeed, and I hope in the end she will get some happiness. It is strange how it has been her fate to be unhappy, and to do foolish things, and to get sorrow, and that all the time her wrongdoing should have really been working for your good. For, of herself she separated herself from you, just at the time when it was happier for you to be free. Not too soon, and not too late. Fate is curious.

My dear, it seems almost as though your legal mar-

riage with her has been the thing which brought us together. When I first knew you, I thought you were for ever and happily married, and that therefore it was safe for me to have a pure friendship with you, and then by the time when it was nearly ripe for us to love, then on her side she separated herself from you—never having loved you, and knowing nothing of me—and you and I were ready for the first, perfect, complete, eternal loves of our two lives. Yet, though happiness of such a rare, rich, kind is for us, I am so sorry for her.

I am glad, glad, to the bottom of my heart that you should be free; you chained yourself because of your love for your mother, and as a result of that unselfish action the chains did you a good deed, and are now falling off and leaving you ready to go on to your desire. I am glad you are free, for even though the chains did you a useful work, they are ugly, and you are sweet and should be free of ugly things. Dear, my dear, I feel now if we met for an hour I should like to stand as we stood, quietly, quite silent together, softly leaning cheek on cheek, but not even kissing.

About telling the people. I must face it. There will be much more to face when I marry you, for you are Japanese. Dear, I do not think I will be a coward. Love so strong as ours must win in the end if we are brave enough; the result will be worth a little sacrifice. Only it is so easy to be led by what "people think" and to become stupid and weak. My character is really rather exceptionally strong in some ways I think—perhaps that is why I am to have more of pain and more of pleasure than most people. The pleasure is so

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great that it is worth it all—if it will only last always. Dear, if the day ever comes after we are married that you love me less and are a little weary of me, then I think that I shall either leave you at once or kill you. So you see, it is dangerous for you too! Liebes Kind.

Do you remember in Vienna that you said that the highest peak was dangerous, as from there it was so easy to fall? I said it could not be dangerous, for only the noblest could ever reach it, and the very noblest could not fall. It is only dangerous for those who go half way and imagine they are noble and then fall before they reach the top. Dear, we will reach the very summit or die together, and on the top walk unafraid in the glorious sunshine and clear air. Thou and I, together. Does the world of little people matter very much?

Perhaps if we are very wise and act rightly the world of little people will come to think with us, that we were right to go beyond the small conventions they set. And the result will be greater than if we had listened to them.

Dear, the future is very sweet, full of work and play, of love and happiness. Thou art mine, I am thine.

My husband, the love of your wife will always be with you, while you are noble and sweet as you are. You have the power of making me love you—because your soul is the most beautiful I know, and I love beautiful things. Dear, do husbands always have such a strong power over their wives' bodies, even when they



are at the other end of the world? So often it is as though you actually touched me. I get a curious throbbing feeling through my whole body. You say you have it too when you think of me or kiss my picture. It seems as though fate were giving us everything delicious she can.

It is curious that I have no feeling from seeing your photo. Perhaps those I have are not good, and do not show you to me in the way I love. It is the thought of you that brings that feeling, or some one or some thing reminding me of you. Sometimes it seems to be spontaneous, when I fancy it is the result of your having thought of me in Japan, and thus brought my thought strongly to yours.

I was at a big dance last night, and had a very good time. I hope there will be dances for the English people in Tokio? Dear, you must learn just one dance, the only one I care for, and we will dance together when I come. It will be a pity if you cannot, for I will have to dance with other men—the one I like is the waltz. It is not rough or springy, so that it will not hurt you, but it is smooth and gliding. *Bitte*, bitte, if you wish to please me, try to learn that soon, and practise it, so that I will need only to give you the final lessons when I come, and we can enjoy it together. It is really a most delicious feeling if you do it well. But it may take you some time to learn as there may not be many dances in Tokio, so begin soon. Perhaps there is a dancing school in Tokio? It would be sad if we were betrothed and married for me to dance only with other men.

January 26.

Beloved, I have been thinking that though I have not yet heard from you that all the legal arrangements are finished, I expect that by the time this reaches you, that will be the case. I suppose therefore you will be living alone. I wonder how you will do the house-keeping !

Sweet, I wonder why your registered letter is taking so long to arrive. I got the card you wrote the following day some time ago.

My book is now at the printer's ; I have done nearly two hundred illustrations for it. They look very nice, but they say that they will be spoiled in reproduction. I am glad it is off my hands, it has taken nearly two years. But it will take several months more at least at the printer's. I fear they will not do so well for me as your publisher does. Isn't it curious, I heard from you that you were finished with your book just the week I sent mine to the printer's ! We are always "paired." Dear Half !

I send a slip from a newspaper, the phrases of which I liked as it gives a little of the feeling I have for you. It is from a story, where the man called the Captain is supposed to be able to see into people's hearts.

"She looked at him with such an expression that the Captain almost shrank from the beauty of it. With her eyes she told the man she was his child, his mother and his wife.

"The man drew her visionary form to his breast, and the dream children clung to him ; the place was filled with the odour of pure incense.

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"Then the Captain knew that he had seen the most sacred thing on earth; the love of a husband for his wife."

Dearest of all the world, more dear than I could have imagined had I thought of love without you for a hundred years, dear. . . . Here the servant came in with a box from you, and woke the dream of love.

*January 31.*

Heart of my love, Beloved, sweet, no name seems to be half dear enough for you, Kenrio. I have received your Xmas letter written from the seashore, and it has given me such happiness. As you say, though our love is perpetual, yet sometimes we love less, sometimes ten times more. When the letter arrived at the time I was loving less (I had been reading a book on Japan that made me a little afraid to marry you), but it filled my heart with strong waves of love—ten times more strong. Perhaps the strongest love I have yet felt for you. Dear, how terribly sweet and strange it is for us to love so much. Truly as you say, we were born for each other, we could not "go untouching." I am very glad, sweetest, that you were in a beautiful place, and thinking of me at Christmas. I felt you near me those days, remember. I like it that you wear and love my ring; I very seldom wear any ring, and only when alone with you. I should so like to be able to wear openly a betrothal ring of yours. Sad, that it is impossible. But there is certainly a compensating sweetness in the fact that only you and I know that we have kissed.

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Dear, what you say about Buddhism and our love is very good. The noble thought pleases me, that our love will not be done and begin to fade when we are married, but it must go on experiencing, and evolving (so that it will ever grow stronger and more perfect), ever guided by the "Enlightenment" for the whole of our lives. It is not a poor thing to fade so soon, like the love of so many married people.

I am glad that you like my picture; I have none of you that I like, and should love to have one. You say the Zürich one tells you "the full meaning of love." Why more than the others, dearest?

I did not know you took so long to write a page. I am so sorry, dearest, armes Kind! I shall love your letters more. Do not waste too much time writing, for though I love them, I am strong enough to do without if it is better for you. "Glück für Dich."

You do not speak of receiving a Xmas letter from me, registered, with a silver box; it should have arrived before Christmas. I am sorry that you did not have it for Christmas day.

Dear, I must stop, this letter is awfully long—nicht wahr?

Strong kisses on your lips,  
From MERTYL, your wife.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, January 28.

DEAR my Own, I feel so often, and it strikes me suddenly, when I go out of the door by this season of the year, that we receive really direct bright sunlight, and the sun looks so near to the ground, while you receive only indirect sun, which shines so dimly over the immense number of population in London. I feel it so very pity that you are not yet here. The sky is light blue here even in the night till dawn. We had snow a few days ago, and accumulated about four inches or more, but it lasted only one day. It was very pretty to see the trees and all their branches with it.

Dearest, I believe you cannot get any nice hat which may fit your taste in Tokio, also any ornamental things to be used on European dress, even for shoes. Shoes themselves are quite good. Sometimes we have better leather than in Germany. German shoemakers were often astonished with the good quality and strong work of Japanese shoes. But we have no embroidery for the shoes for ladies—not even a very small ornamental piece (silver or the like) which will be seen often with you. The shoemakers here have never seen such, and they wish to have (I brought back one for my child). If not for embroidery or ornament, our shoemaker can make all after any sample which you may bring. Therefore you must bring almost all sorts

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of embroidery things or ornamental things such as laces, any piece of silver or gold things used for dress.

As for rings too, they can mount in any way in case you bring a sample.

By-and-by I will tell you all things I may find not to be had here. In summer it is I think inevitable that you ought to have white or whiter dress. Otherwise you cannot bear our heat, although we will be generally away from Tokio in August.

February 1.

Sweetest, I am very sorry that I am just now very busy, and have less time to dream of you. Also it was the busiest day of the week.

Dearest, meine Frau will go away in three days from to-day. It was curious coincidence that she decided to leave my house on that day. With us it is just the day on the year (it differs one or two days every year, as the day is after old lunar calendar) on which people adopting old custom (only a small number of people now in Tokio) throw a large number of beans on the floor of every room, and cry "Demon out! Girl of Happiness in!"

Dear, I am anxious these days whether your letters are lost, because I missed two mails without getting news of you. But I hope to hear very soon.

Dear, I had to tell an intimate friend about the divorce. He was astonished, and said "Please tell me the reasons and cause. I must know them. Are you wrong, or is she wrong?" I was obliged to tell tolerable details to him. Also I tried to let him understand

completely that she was awfully wrong, and I had no defect, because she was really very, very wrong. Then he was again awfully astonished, and said she must have been out of mind, then he told his wife, and his wife expressed hate and anger towards meine Frau, and said how could I still keep her with me, after being legally free, even for one day. Please drive her away at once! Then my friend said "There was a case, and also may occur, that a man who was sent abroad got his new wife in abroad, and as a consequence he divorced his wife (old). Therefore I was anxious whether you (Watanabe) expressed the divorce, but hearing the details I am now content. You had sufficient reason to divorce her. It was really necessity for you. Shall I act as intermediary for you and get second wife?" (Dear, with us a third person takes a good deal of trouble to find a nice lady for a man whom he likes.) "I know several ladies," etc.

I never spoke more than facts for reasons for her divorce. But I was very anxious when he expressed about the example that somebody got a new wife in abroad, etc. I was never wrong, because she was wrong, and she asked for divorce before I loved you. And people may think that I was wrong also, in case your letter was seen by them. Then they would misunderstand my strictly correct action throughout, as the people may overturn the cause and effect, and take the effect as cause. Therefore it is very, very important für uns that we ought to be very careful not to cause any misunderstanding of the people.

I will remove soon, but please use the envelopes en-

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closed ; I do not know when I will remove as I do not find any good house till to-day. With us we can remove at any month, and at any day of the month. We pay only so many days' rent as the number of days. Your letters will be forwarded very certainly to my new house in case I removed.

Please seal all letters with sealing wax, and apply it in the middle, as people usually do. I must withdraw my former thought and ask as above.

I am sorry I must close here.

Schlafe wohl, my dear Mertyl.

YOUR HUSBAND.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, February 2.

**D**EAREST. To avoid the danger of missing the mail I posted one letter yesterday. But I find it will close this evening, therefore I am going to write another letter now.

In one of your letters you expressed your anxiety whether you may be occasionally treated badly according to the Japanese custom. I wonder why you are so much afraid of that ? You expressed more than once or twice, even when I was with you. The cause of your anxiety is probably the current opinion you hear,



and traditional custom of our country. With regard to the custom, I am very glad to notice that the people began to treat women far better than the state of things before my departure for Europe. The treatment of women in tram car, for instance, became decidedly better, the people give their seats for women, children, and old men, although not yet so well as with you.

Also the friendship between ladies, especially women students (of the private University—Women's University) and man-students of the private University became popular, so that there is a sign of improvement of the social life between ladies and gentlemen. Also there is a token that there will be a great sudden increase of Woman-scholar or student of the "Töchter-Schule" and Woman's University. The result is the increase of schools and the higher schools. Everything will get more or less new aspect and fresh colour—therefore the bookseller (my Publisher) is asking me to publish a new book specially adapted for women. I agreed to that and will prepare it for the next year; of course it must be published before the close of the year. From that we are tolerably assured that I will get a fair sum annually.

The reason why woman's position was so lower formerly with us is partly derived from the time of Confucius, and time of feudal system, but partly due to the fault of the women, as they were not high in intellect, as being not well educated in the school. Now women are raising themselves a little more than before. Under this circumstance, they will be certainly treated better in future.

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This is the general account to tell you what is the present direction of the current in which our customs is going to change, which will certainly be favourable to you, directly and indirectly. I know of course that you mean my own behaviour to you, not of other people. But the general opinion of the outside world will have certain influence on me, and make me *easier* to behave quite correctly toward you. That is I can act with love and respect towards you, just as it ought to be, in presence of other people, as it will be not so much against the world (in Japan). Moreover it is always true that I can and we can behave rather differently from the surrounding custom, because you are English and I am Japanese. People acknowledge the European custom and admit me and do not laugh at me to be very humble to you—my dear Mertyl. I have told you this fact already when I was in Europe while talking the customs with us. And also so far as my own inner side is concerned, there will be no reason that I may act impolitely to you, as I love you so very deeply and will never change in this respect.

Sweetest, trust me and be sure of it. In case I acted some impoliteness to you it ought simply to be due to my own ignorance (personal) or incomplete knowledge of the custom with you. In that case you will be so kind to your husband as to point out that my act is impolite and explain your custom—I will be grateful for that and follow yours. You will be my own, and simultaneously my teacher—Sweetest of all, don't be anxious any more for that. Dear Mertyl, why are you

so much anxious about it? oh meine Geliebte, meine Braut, Vertraue Mich!

To-day, having taken lunch with my friend, we came back together to the studio, and on the way (very calm places) he told me that I was perfectly right to have no dishonour on my side about the divorce. But it is, he said, great dishonour of the man (Mr. X.) as well as of the Frau, especially if the fact became known to the world. This will explain to you that divorce is not at all considered with us as immoral or base, for the man who had full reason to do it. But my friend's words, on several days ago, that there was the case in which a man was sent abroad and took another wife, and in consequence of which he divorced his former wife, and then the woman in abroad followed the man soon afterwards, must be carefully thought, and we must not be so foolish as to let the people think we were such. We must be very careful not to let the people think or even imagine such for us, and take the effect for the cause.

Dearest, I must stop, Schlafe wohl, my Braut and Gattin,

Your Brautigam, KENRIO.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, February 5.

DEAR living Dream, I have been reading a number of books on Japan lately, and one of them is so beautiful in some ways, and so curious (for the author had an Irish father, a Greek mother and became naturalised as a Japanese), that I must buy it and send it to you to read and keep till I come. I think in some ways he understood and loved your nation, and he must have been a Buddhist.

You spoke in your last letter of how our perfect strong love seemed to push you (impel you) to do things about which you knew nothing before you met me—you once said before I wrote to you you thought it silly to kiss letters, but that now you kiss mine so much. And again that nature taught you the sweetness in the word and meaning of "ring"—we were born for each other.

Dear, you know the Buddhist doctrine that the elements of the soul have many reincarnations in different ways. I feel as though thou and I were now possessed of soul elements which had been differently combined before, yet belonged to us, so that in me is part of your soul, and part of mine is in you—so that we are *really* part of each other, and the strong, sweet affinity must be the result of this—as you say, we were born for each other. I am glad it is so, glad, glad, glad, till I can almost weep for gladness and sorrow at the

wonder of life, and of you, and our love. Dear, it is so strange to be a woman and a man—to be alive at all is rather strange, nicht wahr? And so to love!

Dear, when I think of our love I cannot dream for a moment that it can ever do anything but grow greater, sweeter, purer, and stronger. "To add one more to the higher world." Dear, I am so terribly sorry for the people to whom love and marriage mean only a vulgar affection for a short time, and then dislike and quarrelling. What sort of souls can they have? It is sad, when the world is so beautiful.

Dear, last night I felt so awfully strongly how delicious it is to love, and to love you. Why so much last night? I took your photo (it is not very good, but it pleases me a little) to bed with me, and I am sure you smiled at me. Can photos smile, I wonder? I took your face and put it against mine, and you lay so with me, dearest. This sounds almost as silly as kissing letters. Do you think once more that it is silly to kiss letters? Do you still kiss mine? Tell me, sweet.

I do not always have lust to kiss yours, but sometimes I do very often, and lean my cheek against them and think that you have touched them much more recently than you have touched me.

My Heart, you say that all went so smoothly in your heart with our love, but that on the other hand was great friction of many things in your mind against it. Please tell me what things they were, and what you felt about it. Was it at first horrible to you to think of marrying me because I am English? just as I could not bear the thought that you are Japanese? I do

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not mind now at all that you are Japanese, except that many people will not be able to understand our love. I now think it *adds* something to our love, that though our thoughts and our training had been so far apart, East and West, as is possible, in this world, yet we come closer to each other than any one else either have met, and though everything should make it difficult for us to understand each other, yet we are in such near, close, perfect sympathy. Tell me, dearest, what it was you once felt against our betrothal. Do you feel anything now?

February 9.

Dear, I am sending you two photos I took long ago, of the English sea coast, and one of my little study which I remember you told me you liked. The photo is bad, but perhaps it may remind you a little. I rather like the one of the sunset—I think it is the best I have taken, but I do not know how to photograph. When we are married, you must teach me, sweet Teacher-Husband.

Dearest, it is just now exactly seven months since we were together in the woods by the Swiss lake, you lying with your dear head in my arms, and we were talking under the green trees together. Do you remember, Beloved? I remember so vividly the details of those days. Dear, in some ways it seems a very little time since then because all those days are so burnt into me, and my memory, and though the present days seem sometimes very long and dreary yet they are busy, and pass one by one, leaving so little impression that on

looking back I see only the days with you, and then a blur of lonely days, running into each other like a haze. Dear, as I am reminded month by month of those days we spent together everything becomes sweeter and purer for me. Life is so exquisite, so mysterious, so strangely sweet. I am glad we were together. Beloved, I must stop now; good-night, and all good angels guard you for your wife.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, 9 o'clock P.M., "provisional Home."

**S**WEETEST; I use the word home here, because the Frau has *left* my house, and I brought your letters and pictures into the house, and I feel now I am with you in thought and with your pictures. I have not found yet any suitable house, and I do not know whether I may find it within a few months. The houses are now very rare to be good, and found empty. To-night I cannot write many pages, and yet I should like to tell you that "she" is gone at last. Now I am alone, with my little daughter. She (little child) is quite as usual; and seems to have no longing desire for her mother. At the moment when she went out of my house, both the maidservants cried seriously, while the child was as calm as usual. According to the appearance (counten-

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ance) I do not think that the daughter is pretty, although most people say that she is lovely and pretty. I think I was accustomed to see lovely little child with very white skin and with lovelier appearance in Europe ; and therefore do not think that she is pretty. One fact seems to be certain, that she resembles me in her face very, very much, and has no resemblance to her mother. It is a general opinion of the people.

I am going to tell you why the Frau stayed with me, even after being divorced, in details later. To-night I cannot enter into that point, as this letter ought to be posted before ten in the post office.

At the last day, in the latter half of the day, "She" realised completely her wrong points, the wrong thoughts and deeds as my Frau, and greatly regretted that it was too late when she realised that she was in wrong way, and was in company with a base person (with "him," he is really very wrong), and she said that she kept a friendship a man whose moral standards and nobility of thought was in a different series (rank) than mine, his being very low, and mine in higher rank. She said further that she realised my noble-minded side, and knew me in the last day (more than fourteen days after the legal divorce) and it was too late. Her dreams were awakened, and she asked me to forgive her for her wrong thoughts and conducts and *crime* past ; she thanked me for my past kindness to her, and left my house, saying also that she was not a match to me, as my Frau, and hoped also to marry a man of a rank lower in social conduct. She decided also to break her friendship with Mr. X. and she did. She determined



to pass the future without any connection with our society, and she dropped any ideal side of pleasure or fame.

I was rather sorry for her at her last moment's remorse. (She was really awfully stupid and divorce was the result of her stupidity and ignorance of common sense and also greatly the result of her weak-minded character.)

There are many facts with regard to her, which are like nothing but that in novels, but I will write you by-and-by.

Dearest, my dear, dear Mertyl, who knows we are half to half, and so very dear to each other, with so promiseive a future? Sweet, sweet, my dear own, schlafe wohl. Your husband der Dich ewig liebt.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, February 12.

**M**OST Sweet, I have to thank you for two letters which arrived together I believe, but I was away for two days in Liverpool. It is curious lately that two letters of yours have arrived together several times. Dear, I fear that you have misunderstood me and think that I am asking you to write more often than the three

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or four times a month which we agreed to do. I do not ask you to do that; *I am quite content* with the three or four times a month, it was what we agreed on, and I have trained myself to expect (though of course for happiness three or four times a day would not be too much). But surely you see, dear, a great difference between *three* letters a month, and *no* letters at all. When I got no letter in four weeks it did indeed seem awful, and I thought you must be very ill or dead, or—unfaithful. I could not believe the last, therefore I felt you must be ill. As you explain, it was partly due to delay on the side of the post, partly that the mails did not fit, and also that you were rather ill and busy; I would kiss you and forgive you if you were here, as you say, dear dearest. I know it takes you long to write, I can live without many letters when I know that you are alive, and well. Dear, I trust you absolutely to love me, even though you do not write often; it is only that I fear so much for your health. I am glad, sweetest, that you liked the silver box, but very sorry that it arrived too late for Christmas day; the mail was due to arrive at the right time, but there is always a little delay. I ought to have sent it sooner—forgive me, sweet.

I am glad you kissed the mark of my lips; I wondered whether you would do that, and could not quite decide in my mind.

Now to business, the publisher says . . . this is only a business letter, I must stop now, and will answer your letter next time.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, provisional Home, February 15.

**B**ELOVED, I have been anxious through the last week, till I got your letter. It took forty-five days on its journey. Another letter arrived this afternoon which took thirty-three days *viâ* San Francisco.

Formerly I have read over my letter to you, and corrected careless mistake in words or meaning—because the omission of the word “not,” “no,” etc., will make the entire meaning just contrary to what I really mean, and yet such omission may occur in case I am in a hurry. But now I have so many things to do and have less time, so I leave my letter just as it was put down, and leave it to your understanding. In case you found any sentence which was very unexpected and surprising to you, please ask me, or try to find the real meaning by adding such words as “no,” “any,” etc. I have no one who will correct my English in case you will not, so please correct.

This evening I cannot enter into anything about my late Frau, or about my child, it will take much time to write. I have also to answer many things from your letters.

I was very glad you finished your book ; it will be very good you published some works, even if you may not get much money from it as you said. English publisher seems very bad in comparison with ours. Please send one copy after its publication.

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Dear, I hope to get very good returns from my books ; already they bring in rather a good income. I will supply all your expense after your arrival.

Sweet, I must stop here now, maidservant is waiting to bring to the post office, as it closes soon.

Dear Mertyl, please wait for the next letter für uns.

Deiner KENRIO.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO.

**B**ELOVED, I just returned from a meeting, and it is now about a quarter to ten o'clock, and I am just going to write to you a few lines, as there is a mail which closes to-morrow morning *very* early. I found one of my pictures of younger ages, it was taken 18 years ago, and I enclose it here, as you may be interested with my younger features. On the other hand the eyes, the mouth, and other part resemble very much my little daughter, except the nose. Her nose is much lower than mine ; everybody says she had no resemblance to my late Frau, and was a little photo copy of mine.

You said in one of your letters that the higher your position, the more my honour will be, so too the higher my position and honour and also favourable views about

me among English in Japan, the more favourable for you, at the time of the marriage. It is quite true, and I will try as soon as the chance and my time permit to be acquainted with the English circle in Japan. But the most important fact für uns will be my professional position.

Dear, you ask whether I could wear a silk or silver chain round my neck and over my heart sometimes. Yes, I can, my sweetest! Nobody will know it, and especially when I go out for excursion without anybody else, sometimes I can also sleep with it at home. Dear Mertyl, I wish very much that I was given one from Thee. Dearest, it need not be any good one in the quality—but only thing is that it was given to me from you. It will do even quite ordinary threads twisted by yourself—mit Deiner Hand. Please do not think that I am so "unverschämt" to say as above and ask for a present; I cannot help saying the above to you because it is so sweet to have one from you and wear it sometimes and sleep with it. It is so sweet even to imagine to have one over my heart. Oh, my dear own, how sweet you are to think of this idea. I may hang my green jade, the half of that I sent to you—I must say, *do not* spend any larger sum of money for that chain.

I must close here, it is too late; I will sleep in thought by your side, holding you fast. Oh, my heart aches with sweetness of this thought, the soft soft rose of white. Oh dear, dear, dear, schlafe wohl.

Deiner KENRIG.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, February 21.

TWIN soul, I am full of wondering at the curious things and beautiful things in life, the chief of which is our love and all it means. First I must answer your two letters. Beloved, you say there is no one there to kiss you after your work, *Armes Kind!* I know how sad that is, I have missed it every day since you have been here and then left me here alone. But think, dear, after your hard work, that my spirit is with you just then, and kiss my picture, as I kiss yours. Dear, there is one good thing about this separation for us, it will teach us a little how precious we are to each other, and when we are once more together, and perhaps wearying a little, we will look back on our loneliness now, and perhaps value our kisses more.

I am so glad that you like the calendar, and understand its meaning. I was careful to make it "*für uns,*" and yet at the same time so that you can have it openly in the studio where the people may see. I hope you will be able to use it. Do you see all the allusions in it?

You say that you fear that it will be tiresome for me to hear so much of the *Frau-Geschichte*—no, dearest, as it exists and as you are blameless, it is best that I should know, so that I have reason as well as feeling to support my conclusion that you are perfectly right, and to give me assurance that she herself and not you in any way was the cause. I could not bear to think

that any one might blame you, so it is better that I have the knowledge of the facts. Though it is true that it takes your time to write, and mine to read what is not für uns. I am very glad you did not blame her much, and that the saying that she did wrong came from her relations and not you. That is as it should be, for you are in the right and so can afford to be generous.

You speak of our meeting on the New Year's day last year, also you mentioned it in your letter of Xmas day. It seems to have been much remembered by you, dearest. It was sweet to me too, but I think not so sweet as it seems to have been to you. I was not thinking then at all of more than very good, ideal friendship. It was some months afterwards before I realised at all how exceedingly precious you were to me. Do you remember, much later on in the year, in my study, you asked permission to kiss me, and I would not give it? Even then the thought of your kissing me was horrible on one side, although by that time I desired it on another. Even the moment when I was betrothed I felt a great fear that I was making a mistake. But I could not help doing it! It was the same at later times, although it was delicious to me at the time you kissed me, it was horrible afterwards. It was not till later, and then at Zürich, that I loved you perfectly, and trusted you with not a shadow of that feeling. There were several stages in our relations—as my friend in Vienna and London, it was only a pure delight to me to know you, and love you. Then when I began instinctively to feel that you wanted more than ideal friendship, it was at first horrible to me—then I began myself to wish for

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more, and that too was horrible to me—then both your wish and mine for real as well as ideal sweet friendship grew—for me these were times of great mental agony. Do you remember once I said to you (when we only touched cheeks gently) how restful it was to be beside you quietly, silently touching, after the storm and fury of desire for you when I was alone in the evenings? The great love fought and struggled with my traditions and upbringing—giving me great pain, the effects of which I could never completely get over in England. Though when we were together, after our betrothal, I forgot it in the sweetness. Then the great love conquered, and now it must always be our guide. I have now very, very seldom regrets, and they are not about deep things, chiefly about superficial things in society, which I do not mind when I think deeply about them.

As you say, who could now think that we are so very much to each other—everything, so that if one of us died, then the life of the other would be done. Before we met, I was content (no, I was really happy) in Art, philosophy, and friendship; and you were content (happy?) with Art, philosophy, and general friendship, and yet now Art even itself could hardly exist if you died. Dear, *please* take every care of yourself for me.

Dearest, what do you mean by saying when we are together "it may be too sweet to bear for my weak physical being, although strong enough to bear and to enjoy and develop it mentally"? Surely it will be good for your physical health that you are mentally happy?



I am sure it has a great influence for good on the health when one is happy, and there is no more cruel anxiety about the many troublesome things which now separate us. I think it will be good for me, and I hope too so much that it will be good for you—when I am there to take care of you and kiss away your unhappiness. Why do you fear for your “weak physical being,” dearest? Tell me.

Dear, I think perhaps that if you were here now I might hold you so tightly in my arms that it would be dangerous for your health! But if I knew it was really dangerous for you, I would kiss you softly, like a little breath of spring wind. My dear, my dear. You have not told me any more about your book; did you get it done in time? I hope so, after all your work.

That card you sent is not at all pretty, but it is a symbol of things which are. I sometimes regret that Japan has learned to do ugly, vulgar painting in colours, like so many of the things I see everywhere, called “Japanese.” Her own old art was so much more delicate, and refined, and a thousand times more beautiful. I fear that many of the lovely things and refined tastes of your nation are being lost, and modern Western things which are ugly are replacing them.

*February 19.*

Dear, do you remember, soon after we were betrothed you wrote me a tiny letter saying that you took up your pen to write but knew not what to say—just to send your love, “that is all, Beloved.” I feel like that to-day. I have no real news of importance, and

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I long for you to be near me, I want to write, and I can only say "Beloved." You come to me often in my day-dreams (never when I sleep), yet at night I often wake up and feel your hand on me, your lips on mine, and see you as I saw you and did so intensely love you, when you were asleep that hot afternoon with your head on my knee, and you held my hands in your sleep. You were then so beautiful and noble-looking, how I loved you! At the same time I felt that you were my child; I often feel that, it is curious, nicht wahr? when you are really so much older than I, that I feel so strongly that you are mein Kind, mein liebes, liebes, Kind. Perhaps that is because I taught you to kiss!—a thing children learn from their mothers—at least in Europe. I am *glad* you learnt it from me—Du, Kind, and husband of my soul. Ah, am I perhaps too your child? and your mother, but chiefly your wife. How sweet thou art, love always your wife.

I have just received your letter. That you are free! and it has all come from her side. Ah, I am so thankful. And you have no blame at all. I will answer these letters soon. They are sweet and precious to me, my lover.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, February 24.

SWEET, I received your letter and am sorry that you are so busy. You say your relatives offered to take charge of your child, but you thought it better to wait till I come and we wished to live together uninterrupted. Now, dear, there is only this thought—just now when the child is very young, and is left by its mother, they are sorry for it and inclined to be kind, and also the child is young enough to be happy with them. But later on it will be older, and also probably they will not feel so kindly towards it, and also may think that it is my fault that it is sent from you, and they will think me cruel perhaps, and have no more desire to have it; then, too, for the sake of the child, I almost think it would be better with them. How can *you* manage it? And even if you could I fear it would suffer from growing up without the influence of a lady, which is rather important in forming the character of a young girl. Of course if you love it and desire to have it with you, you yourself will teach it much; otherwise I should imagine it might be wise to let it go soon to the cousin. But of course, Sweet, you only can judge what is right to do, I only say this because it is my thought. It is very likely that as I do not know all the conditions I may think wrongly! Only just consider what I have said before you decide.

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I have received the first batch of our proof, but they are so slow with it.

February 26.

I received a few more pages of the proof to-day; it is irritating receiving it in such short pieces, as I cannot check the references to the pictures, and cannot get an idea of the proportion of the whole. But I am doing my best, and if it is bad, forgive me, dear, and do not remain angry with me for more than a few days.

Dear, it is rather curious with my love. It seems to change every day, like the sky above, and the colours it sends down to touch a strong mountain peak. The rock is there all the time, but the appearance of it varies very much. So my love is always there, but its aspect changes very rapidly. Sometimes I am absorbed in my work, and think of you only as a colleague; another time, when my love is awfully great, I may feel toward you as I did before we were betrothed, a deep, strong, sexless (or rather above sex) love, which cares for your soul so infinitely, and your body so little. But then sometimes I feel almost all body, such an intense desire for you to kiss me, to lay your hand on mine, and at such times I miss you most, because of course it is impossible to satisfy that desire at all. When I love chiefly your soul, then I feel you are near me in spirit, even though we are actually so far apart. But my body is so lonely!

Dear, dear, I want you so very badly to-night.

Dear, dear my husband, sometimes it is too delicious to believe you love me—are you *sure* you love me? I

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sometimes feel it cannot be real; how should we have such sweet happiness and so many people have none?

Good-night, sweet half of my soul.

Schlafe wohl and dream of

YOUR WIFE.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, March 2.

**B**ELOVED, I have been correcting proof, and I hope very much the result will be good on the whole. I wish you were here to go over it with me, and also to kiss me and laugh with me when it is done.

It will soon be the spring, and I shall go away for two weeks to the coast of Cornwall, and get a holiday by the sea. I shall dream of you there, and you will lie West of me, for Cornwall sticks right out into the Atlantic ocean. But in the three weeks that remain till then, I have an awful lot to do, and must not spend much time writing to you.

I hope you will have at least a month's holiday in the spring, as you had so short a time at Christmas. *Bitte*, dear, take great care of your health; you do not tell me how you are—I hope much better.

Everything in the city is so gloomy and ugly, and I have not had time to go out to the woods for some time.

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Dear, dear, when I am in the midst of the ugly city, I see only in my brain and heart, you, and us in our sweet and lovely future—in a beautiful home in sunny Tokio, where every hour of the day is made delightful with our deep, true love. I think you and I in our love must have reached the greatest blessedness possible in life.

Beloved, Your MERTYL.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, March 12.

**D**EAR, dear Mertyl, I got another letter as well as that long, long, sweet one, and I have many things to answer, but to-night I can write only a few pages, informing you of only passing things, and special news.

I am just now very busy; it will last till about ten days, and then I will have a little time to write to you further details of many things.

I am not yet going to remove, as I cannot find any adequate house. Probably I will stay here for the present, and I am keeping almost all furnitures with me. The house rent is tolerably cheap in the present house; it is about two pounds monthly, and I have *ten* small rooms. I live with my little child and two maid-servants; no conspicuous change in the essential features

of the house took place since the leave of the stupid Frau. Till lately I had after-business about the matter, and it was very troublesome. I have also had to make new cushions, new cover for bed (for guests), and to make a little change of regulations (daily) of my house for servants, etc., and to determine the daily lessons for servants, as I left everything untouched before the leave of the stupid Frau. One of the maidservants has to prepare every evening a certain kind of imitation of European food.

Dearest, one of my most important friends is coming for a year to stay chiefly in England and France. I am very glad that he will stay in England, and you will meet him and may become acquainted a little. But do not say that you are a good friend of mine, it will be sufficient that he will know you, and not that you are my friend, because he may misunderstand the development history of our friendship. Also, I am very glad that he will have this visit to Europe, because he will have more European idea after his return than he has at present, and our marriage may probably be seen with him with a great pleasure, by the time when our marriage may be realised, although he may not have pleasure in it at present before this visit to Europe. At any rate it will be easy enough for me to persuade him to have a great pleasure in it; it will only be easier for me in case he spent many months in Europe, especially in England. With us friendship between ladies and gentlemen is still rare, but he will realise such friendship in Europe, and get better idea during his stay in England. I hope I will be able to ask him to act as the intermediary for

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our marriage, as it would be better to have a regular (or formal) intermediary after Japanese custom. You said we ought to marry after both customs, once after English, and once after Japanese. Then, the Japanese will say that this important man arranged our marriage and our marriage will appear fair to the minds of even old people here, who regard love marriage as not to be right.

I must add here to prevent your misunderstanding, that I myself is bold enough to face all the difficulties and a little disagreeable feeling which may arise among certain class of people here. I think it may arise for the present, as they are so stupid. On the contrary, certain class of people will admire, and envy me very, very much, that I am married with a beautiful lady, body and soul. Even the stupid small people which may have certain feeling against it, will learn finally that them were stupid, and that we were so wise and happy to be a pair. I am certain of it.

Dear, dear, dear Mertyl, my own, I am sorry that I must stop here to-night. It is ten, and I have still something to do. I trust this letter to the maidservant, who is quite trustworthy.

Dearest, even among the busiest hours, I dream of you so often, and recollections of sweet, delicious hours and seconds dash into my heart, which sobs with impatience, being unable to come close to its real half.

Dreaming of holding you tightly round, with cheek on cheek,

Schlafe wohl, sweetest dear,

Ihr Dich ewig liebender KENRIO.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, March 13.

I RECEIVED your two letters from the Inn, of January, together. Danke Dir. It is unfortunate that they took rather longer than usual to come to me, and then there is no mail for me to send an answer by for some time still. So I fear it will be a very long time till you get a reply to those letters. I am sorry. Fancy, now it is the middle of March, and I am only answering your letter of January. It is *horrible*, being so far away from each other.

I am glad the Frau Geschichte will soon be over ; it hurts me a little and it must pain you that you married, even legally, one who is so unworthy. It must be absolutely forgotten and cleared away before we begin our real life. I often feel that these years are a dream, and I am waiting to wake and *live* with you.

You say that you have not had a letter for a long time. I am so sorry, armes Kind ; I have always written fewer than I wished, because I thought it not good to write too often. I hope you had not too long to wait ; do not be anxious, I will telegraph if anything is very seriously wrong. I will make arrangements in my will (a sealed packet, only opened after death) that you are to be told at once if I die. Do the same for me, please.

You say you have less time now to dream of me ; perhaps for your health that is good. I, too, am so

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awfully busy just now that I have not really time to write, and am neglecting other work. But I have been so long without writing, that I *must*. And I long for a quiet time to dream and feel you near me, dearest, dearest.

I am very glad your friend understands the state of affairs, and is nice to you. I think people will not think anything of my coming (in connection with your divorce) as it will be so very long before I am with you. I think there is no danger for them to get a wrong idea about you. I may sometimes be a little wise, though I like best to be perfectly open, and not wise at all.

Dearest of all, you say you wonder why I fear so much about the question of your treating me according to the Japanese custom. Dear, do you not understand that it is not *you* I fear, the sweet you that I love and trust completely? Dear, *you* have my "unbedingtes Vertrauen." It is that I fear the thing that may be stronger than you, the tradition and heredity given to you by hundreds of your ancestors—which may influence you unconsciously. But what you tell me about the changing of the customs is good, and will help. It is also good that we may be sweet and nice to each other without the people being too astonished. Of course not kissing in public! Though many people do that, I should dislike it as much as you could. We must be alone, or only with wild animals and plants to be really happy and have sweet realities together. Dear, I remember how softly and gently you touched me sometimes. I do so long for it again, oh my dear.

All last week I did not long for you at all, I hardly

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even cared if we were married, and I had no desire to write, though I had time. I think it was the reaction of the awfully strong wave of love of the week before. Do you remember, in my last letter, how terribly strong was my desire? It was too much for the strength of my mind to bear, and so it stopped loving you, and was unconscious of love, like a swooning creature, and now I am waking again, and with me the love, grown even deeper and stronger. Will it kill me some day?

March 14.

Dear, I have received your letter of the beginning of February. I am so glad "at last" it is settled, and you can have peace. My blessing go with you, Ever-Dear. I hope the God of Happiness will enter and remain with you.

Dear, I cannot write as I would wish, as I am so extremely busy, with proof, and meetings and lectures and a hundred things. Forgive me that I cannot write to you the things I have to say to you, my heart's dearest.

I must thank you for sending the photo, though I do not like it a bit, it is not a bit like you. If you were like that I should hate you instead of loving you.

Deine MERTYL.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, March 14.

MERTYL,—Dear—I posted a letter two days ago, but I hear that the steamer does not start, therefore I am going to repeat very essential points in my last letter.

My friend is coming to Europe, probably for four or five months in England. I am very glad in one way, but on the other hand it is unfavourable for me.

I am trying to let the people here know, that I am free, because if they do not know, then they may be surprised with your marriage. And then they will associate our marriage and her divorce together, as they will know the marriage and divorce simultaneously, and may think or imagine that the divorce was the effect of the marriage. But if they know now that I am free, the interval between the two events will be about two years or less, and they will not at all associate the two events, so as they will not misunderstand.

With us divorce is a thing quite right, in case a wife was very wrong, or conducted herself wrongly, as it was really the case with meine Frau. And then the people express great sympathy to the husband, while regarding the Frau with disgust. On the contrary a man's (husband) honour will be much hurt in case he was wrong, and simply forced to divorce his wife, and then the people express sympathy with her.

The conditions become a little modified in case there is a child between them, that is, people much hesitate to divorce any one (wife or husband) for the sake of child. But I did not hesitate to divorce her for the sake of child, for I thought and think that it will be injurious for the child to have such mis-minded (want of common sense) and wrongly conducted stupid mother with her. The child *may* imitate and get such Characters from the mother. The people of Frau's side, as well as the intermediary, apologised to me about her, and asked me to pardon her for the sake of the child; the *child* is thought to be very important here, in case there be any between the pair.

For the reason that the people must know that I was quite right, they must realise how wrong *meine Frau* has been, therefore I am also trying to let a few of the people know the real state of things with her. But yet I am not mentioning the name of her lover, as it would be serious to him; he may tend to lose his post, as he was really wrong.

My book was published about a week ago.

You said in one of your letters that we ought to come to Europe every two or three years, but I am not certain whether we could, because I could not so often leave my work, and also the expense is great. You must think we must have beautifully arrange living here, and happily—it costs much. But I am tolerably certain we can visit Europe every five years. We must, dear, we must. Of course I will make my best for you. Dear, we will consult each other and make our best, and go

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always the best course we think and we can. Dear my real half, sweet Mertyl, Schlafe wohl,

Deiner KENRIO.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, March 19.

**B**ELOVED—I have done so many things since I wrote your last letter. Several big things in town, and then I went for a couple of nights to the sea to see friends. I went for a walk by the sea, and gave the sun and the sea my greetings for you. The sunshine was really lovely and clear, and for several hours there was not a single cloud in the sky, and it was all clear blue. I dreamed of you and Tokio my home, and lay for several hours in the warmth of a real sun. To-day I am at work again, and very busy, and in a few days I hope to go away for a whole month, as I want very much to get a real rest, as I am not so fresh as I was when I returned from Vienna. The air of London is not good for beauty, and I do not want to be too ugly for you, so that you say "You are not the Mertyl I loved—go away." Liebes Kind, it is still a *very* long time till we meet, not till the summer after next. Horrible.

Ach, liebes Kind, it is so long since I hear your voice

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that I am almost forgetting its tones. Altogether you feel unreal to me so often now. Please do have a nice photo taken of your face and shoulders, and send me a copy. I have no good one of you at all.

Schlafe wohl, dear dream-husband,

DEINE BRAUT.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO HOME, March 20.

DEAR Mertyl, As I am awfully busy and a little ill since three days, I cannot be sweet to you just now. Yet I love you, it is a fact as clear as sunlight. And I will love you for ever. It is a supposition or belief; but it is a supposition or belief which is like that the sun will set this evening and will rise to-morrow morning. People may not be able to see the setting and rising, in case of rainy weather, and cloudy weather. But the sun set and rise! So is my love to you, and will be, dear Mertyl.

I became ill on account of the extreme business. It is not serious; do not be anxious.

Dear, I will write and tell you when I tell our friends in Europe of my divorce; till then you must not tell them that you know. I cannot write much to-night,

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as I am not quite well. It is a mail day, and I post a few lines.

Dear my own, your KENRIO.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, March 23.

**S**WEETEST, I received two letters together from you last night. Danke Dir. I was glad to get them, for though I heard from you ten days ago, it seems so long between letters, when I compare what it might be if you lived near me. I am glad to hear that your book is going so well; it is splendid, the way your publisher treats you. I wish I could write in Japanese!

I am sorry that you should have still to trouble about the stupid Frau. But I feel it is far better for your personal feeling for you to do everything you can for her, even though she has no legal right to it. Dear, I like you to be generous as well as just. Beloved, what you say about taking care of me after I am in Japan is so awfully sweet of you. D  ar, do you know it made me cry, when I read it, it is so sweet to have some one to take care of me, and provide things for me. It is so many years—since I was a child—that any one has done that for me. I have been so long “selbst  ndig” that it is strange, and rather sweet to depend



on you in that dear intimate way between us. Dear, after we are married of course I will provide a share of the money for *our* home. I should be unhappy not to.

Thank you so very much for the photo of yourself when you were a boy; I like it very much indeed, and it really pleases me better than any other I have seen of you. It is not very like you though, as I know you—but he is a dear boy, and I love him. Are you jealous? I kissed him and laid my cheek against him, and he loved me so much he pressed himself so tightly against my cheek, that I did not need to hold him against me. Then I took him to sleep with me, and pressed his lips against me. I was almost afraid to do this, as he is too young to see a woman, but he smiled a little and kissed me. Dear, are you jealous?

My sweetest, you ask me for a chain to wear near your heart; your request gave me such a strong feeling of delight—I enjoy so much doing anything you ask. I am sorry I cannot send it to-day, as I have been too busy to get it, and also I wish to wear it first for three days and three nights, and then to send it to you to wear till I come.

I had often thought of sending you a ring, but you have our Wallensee ring, and also a man cannot wear rings for mere ornament as a woman can, so I did not send one. But, *liebes Kind*, I will send you a chain. How can you suggest that you are “*unverschämt*” to ask—it is the greatest delight to me when you ask for anything. The kisses I liked best to give you were those you asked for. According to our tradition it is the man's part to ask—the woman's to give or refuse as she wishes,

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according to the request. And on the other side, the man's part to give, and the woman's to refuse or accept according to her feeling. I know with us two, we are both man and woman each of us, so mixed and completely fused—but it pleases me when you do the man's part, and ask, even if only for a kiss.

Schlafe wohl, my sweetest dear.

MERTYL.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, March 23.

**S**WEETEST of all, I am now quite well, and was at work as usual. And in the gardens to-day, and having found gorse in blossom just now (you once said there will be no kisses without this flower). Now the flower reminded me very vividly of the sweet days of our wood, so strongly that I became impatient to see you, together with this flower, and I hated to have no kiss notwithstanding the presence of this flower. Dear, the garden is going to be fresh green, the buds opening, the flowers beginning to smile. Spring is the time for love, "I love you," I love you, and you are not here. Ah me.

Dear, my book seems to be in a good state of affairs; I have already sold ten thousand copies, the publisher

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is already preparing two thousand copies more. I am certain that it will not be all which will be sold.

March 29.

Dearest of all beings—Dear, forgive me that I am writing so little. With my lips upon yours, and arms around you, oh my sweetest,

Schlafe wohl, sweet wife,

Yours, BRAUTIGAM.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

SEASIDE, April 2.

**B**ELOVED, I am now by the seashore. I have come to stay for a rest at a little village four miles from Hastings, and am now lying on the beach writing to you. The coast is not beautiful, but the sea always is. I am in a pretty scrap of the shore, in a little groove of the cliff which shuts out everything, except a strip of beach and the sea with a few flat rocks pointing into it, the sun is shining directly on to me, and is quite warm, though the day is not clear. The tide is going out and taking with it my warm message of love to you, my darling husband. I am wearing the little silver chain which I am going to send to you when I post this letter. I have kissed it for you, my dearest.

I am here alone just now, but my sister will join me

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in a few days. Dear, I wish you were in Europe or America, and we could spend our holidays together. Lover dearest, I am getting so fond of you !

April 6.

Sweetest, we have another bright day, with the sunshine very warm and sweet, but it is also very windy facing the sea, so I have come away from it. It is very peaceful, and I am here alone and the shore is almost deserted. The walk from my house to the sea is rather long, but through paths and roads with dear little woods, with large numbers of our sweet spring flowers, primroses and white anemones ; there are no red flowers yet, the spring flowers with us are all very pale—as my young life was until you brought the red, sweetest flower into it when you kissed my lips.

Dearest, I wish very often that we could be publicly betrothed, for very many reasons, though I know it is impossible. Another man I rather liked, in a general sort of way, in Vienna, an Englishman, wrote and asked me to marry him.

I am very amused with Miss Lucy the other day ; she was talking about you, and she asked me if I could imagine you with any feelings ! She said she thought you seemed so cold and impersonal that she believed you could never love, or hate, or be angry. How I smiled to myself. But I only said to her that people who were so calm in public were sometimes capable of great passion. I thought of the times you had been with me, when you held me so fiercely, and kissed so often and never enough. You did not look calm then !

Tell me, do you love me passionately or only just calmly? Would you take it quite calmly if I were to break our betrothal? I am sometimes not quite sure that you would not be quite calm if I broke it.

Dearest, I at least know that you are not always impersonal. I have read several novels lately—I like them because they teach me a little more about love, and I do not know so much yet as I want to. In two of them the story was practically the same, that is—a man and woman who love—and the man is married to another woman who is hopelessly mad, and therefore no true wife, but according to our law they are legally married for ever. The lovers despair, and the woman marries another man, just to kill her heart, and very soon *after* the mad wife dies, when it is too late, and the lovers have both ruined their lives. It is of course a stupid story, for people should never do such a wicked thing as to marry merely to kill their hearts because they love some one else—but when I read it I was almost frightened to think how nearly we had done that same stupid thing. Do you remember that evening in the woods when I told you I must marry some one else? I was so stupid only that one evening, but if we had been like ordinary people who have not the habit of discussing things calmly, our lives might have made a tragic story. I shudder even now when I think of the many dangers we have passed and how many more there may be before we are happy and safe. Dear, I beg of you always to remember these past dangers, and to discuss at once and completely any shadow or unhappiness that seems to threaten us. Perhaps I feel

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just now about this, because I have been reading so many novels, and in all of them the people misunderstand each other, and become miserable and even die through want of trust and truthful calm discussion. Best Beloved, I hope and trust thou and I will never be so stupid. Dear, I remember you wrote to me once "hold me close in your arms so that nothing may come between us and separate us."

Have you read any of that novel "Mad. de Maupin" yet? I wish you could. It is not so much for the story that I want you to know it, but for the many beautiful ideas Madeline has about love. I wish you could read as quickly as I can, it is quite easy for me to read a fairly long novel in a day. When we are married we must read together, or I must read aloud to you. Properly the husband reads aloud to the wife while she is sewing—but I expect that it will be that I read to you while you are drawing, or perhaps doing nothing? If you are doing nothing you will be able to kiss me sometimes.

Beloved, often sweet visions come to me of our happiness, and I feel you slipping into the room, and putting your arms round me and kissing me.

Dearest, I wish we could have one hour's talk even. I have worn the little chain for three days and three nights, and kissed it for you. Wear it sometimes in memory of

YOUR WIFE.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, April 5.

**B**EAUTIFUL Image, and dear most sweet one,  
I received your letter yesterday, in forty-two days after dispatch. I believe it is better to put *via* America on the envelope.

The message was extremely sweet to me, but I cannot write enough of it just now. I do not like to write any sweet thing in haste. I posted a card an hour ago, not to miss the mail of to-morrow morning. But I doubt whether this letter may reach you simultaneously, therefore I write a few lines repeating my message. Dear, dear wife, I am going to bring this to the office myself.

Schlafe wohl, dear Mertyl,

Your husband KENRIO.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

SUSSEX, April 8.

**D**EAREST, Before I left town there were great celebrations for your sailors in London; the people were so pleased to meet them. I am awfully glad that the political situation is so good for us. I

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think that had the position been that of ten years ago, I could not have dared to marry you, no matter how much I loved you. It is an astonishment to Europeans how quickly your nation has become practically a European one, in power and ways I mean, and I am sometimes afraid for the next generation. Will they have the moral character of you, and your predecessors ?

This reminds me, dearest, of something I forgot about at the time we were discussing even the possibility of my betrothal to you. And that is the question of my becoming, or not, a Japanese subject. I fear very much that I may have to be naturalised Japanese if I am to marry you legally. Please find out if that will be the absolute necessity, for it will be very hard, almost impossible for me to do that. I am English and I *cannot* throw that off. It is my pride, and the pride of every English-born person to be English—but perhaps (I sincerely hope so)—it will not matter whether I am naturalised or not. Will you please find out and tell me, dearest ? That is if you can do so without much trouble and making people suspicious.

Sweet, when I sat down in the beautiful woods where I now am, I had not intended to trouble you with that difficulty—but it has been troubling me a good deal lately, and I do not like to have things apart from you more than I can help. It is quite bad enough to pass over so many trifles because of the difficulty of writing everything.

The woods are exceedingly pretty just now, with the many flowers and the singing birds. There are such large numbers of primroses here, I never saw so many



in my life before, and they have a sweet scent as well as pretty colour. They are very much loved by us, and are not in general so common as in this neighbourhood. I am of course a long way from London, and believe I am the only stranger in this village.

I walked over to Hastings yesterday, and there were such numbers of people along the promenade and by the sea—all crowded together in the town. I think people are so stupid!

I lay on the pebbly shore for a long time, and dreamed of you and our very complicated future.

Sweetheart, I think it almost seems stupid to write often the same words "I love you," yet that is all we can do. When you were here it did not seem stupid to kiss you every day, often, because there was the wonderful personal touch. But letters are dry and horrid—but, dear, not your letters; I wait for them, and kiss them, and read them so often; the first time I read them I seem to see you, and hear you, and it is so sweet to wait to hear your words when I read them. But dear as your letters are, one touch and kiss would be so much dearer. I hope that you are away for a holiday too, and are in some country place with time to rest and dream. With me, and I expect too with you, love must lie dormant when we are *too* busy, and that is sad for the love.

I am going to press a few of the flowers that are all around me and send them dried. Armes Kind, I will not send a horrid, bad decayed rose any more. Dearest, dearest, I wish you were here. Tell me about the country now in Japan—have you many wild flowers? Dear, sometimes still I feel startled and astonished that

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I should love. Do you feel like that, or are you accustomed to my love?

The weather is so beautiful just now, I am quite brown with sunburn; you could not say I am "white as snow" any more. Liebes Kind. I like to get into so much sunshine.

I hope you are also by the beautiful sea. It would be nice if I could know that you are by the sea and dreaming of me to-day. Sweet, I must post this soon, and I hope it will catch the mail, and reach you not too late, as I fear you have had to wait so long for my last letter.

Dearest, beloved, every moment I am awake I dream of you, and think of you with such strong love, it seems almost to be stronger even than when we were together.

Dear, with your kiss on my lips, schlafe wohl,

DEINE BRAUT.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, HOME, April 12,

**D**EAR half, terribly sweet one, I have been on an excursion for three days; the journey was very pleasant and I felt it very healthy. There are some nice places to go for a day's excursion—I will take you

there where I have been this time, when you will be here. Just now in this letter I cannot enter into the details of this journey, and my sweet feeling für uns.

The total number of my book so far is thirteen hundred copies.

Thank you very much for the little photos you sent. I like the sunset one very, very much. It is extremely good; I will have it in my room at home.

The small piece of extract you sent from newspaper a few weeks ago was very sweet, I liked very much.

I am so very sorry that I cannot read "de Maupin" for the present, as I have so little time.

To make it clear to the people who will care for my honour and dishonour, that my former Frau was really wrong and I not in the least, I took chance to let them know, and realise that she was exceedingly wrong. All who heard of it realised that she was exceedingly wrong, and awfully stupid. Her remorse came repeatedly since she left my house, and she wrote to me three times, that she regrets so very, very much *that she proposed divorce at first*, and also that she did not realise my dignity and noble—as she wrote—character, and that she has been in an honourable post as my Frau. Also she called on the mother of my cousin, and asked forgiving her for her wrong conduct, and to beg me to marry her again. (Dearest, I hate her extremely, the more so when she begs such a thing.) But with us the reunion of a divorced pair takes place chiefly or only in a lower circle, not in the middle or higher circle. It is awfully stupid to think that such a man as I could do

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such a reunion, as it may occur in the base or lower circle—I hate her base blind desire.

She disclosed (confessed) all her wrong conduct to the mother of my cousin, and even named the gentleman whom she loved. I hesitated to mention his name to any one else. It was wrong and stupid to mention his name ; from her mouth, the name of one whom she loved once and now seems to disregard—it is rather immoral to mention his name from her mouth. She (my former Frau) also confessed her words, “ I will never regret that I leave your house, there will be no chance when I will beg pardon to you (K. Watanabe) and ask to reunite ” to the mother of my cousin. The above words were uttered by her by certain occasion only a few days before she left my house. It will be too long in this letter to explain by what occasion these words were expressed to me. In this way it became clear to the people (relations) that *She* was extremely wrong. I told my chief friend of her remorse by a certain occasion, to make it CLEAR that SHE was wrong. The friend thought (erroneously) that I have lust to pardon her, and to reunite with her, and he said “ In case you marry again with her, my house cannot intercourse with your family, and if your Frau called at us, my wife would not receive or see your Frau.” Dear, it was very good. He added “ It (in case the reunion occurred) will bring your honour to the bottom.” I liked his words very much, and answered “ I could now vow that I will never reunite with her. Please do not be anxious about it.” So it was very good.

But a little grave account came soon after. His wife

proposed me (a week after) to marry with a lady whom she knew—that is the custom with us, to propose from a third person who will be the so-called intermediary; it is a kindness of his wife for me as well as for the lady in question. I refused at once, although it was rather a little rude, *according to our custom*. Of course I mentioned several reasons which were quite true; and it was sufficient as reason. But they may not be pleased with our marriage, as I refused their proposal. But I trust myself that I am able enough to turn their mind finally to be quite content with our marriage. But I am not sure now whether he would act as our intermediary.

Dearest, my own—the twin half. I am to inform you a serious event (do not think I am ill—I am now quite healthy). I may not describe full details just now, and I cannot do in a short time—and I have other urgent business. I have also just been disturbed by a friend, and I took occasion to tell him that I am now free, and it was proposed by my Frau. I have not told him any details, I only suggested that one ought never to marry with any lady who failed in her love (as my Frau's case). I did so because this friend is just now in the moment to decide which lady to marry. There are a few candidates for him. With us, men have to decide. Also I hear that one of my students at the studio, on hearing of my divorce, suggested at once among his mates that my Frau's ideal was so much different from that of mine, and she was stupid, even as a Japanese woman, and that it ought to have been the cause. He and his future wife knew the schoolmates of my Frau, and certainly my

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Frau spoke of me and against me during my absence in Europe, among her schoolmates in Tokio.

Thus it became clear among people that it was she who proposed divorce, who has been wrong in conduct, not I of course. I will write you some day when I have time a translation of wrong words she expressed to me, which I received after her leaving me, so that you will have fuller knowledge of her wrong side, and will be convinced that I was quite right.

Dear, dear, dear Mertyl,  
Your KENRIO.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON.

**S**WEETEST dear, I got two letters from you again together yesterday. I am exceedingly interested to hear that your friend is coming; he is the one who was kind to you and whom you like so much, is he not? Because he is your friend, I hope very much that he will also be mine. I will be nice to him if I can and try to like him. Please tell me anything about his likes and dislikes that will help me to be kind to him. I hope that he will act as our intermedaiator. Of course I should like everything to be done so that all people will like, or at least realise, the fairness and beauty of our marriage.

But—what you say after this makes me a little sad. You say “I myself am bold enough to face all the difficulties and a little disagreeable feeling which may arise among certain class of people here”—then you add that others will envy you your wife, and your happiness. But I am so sorry that even a few people may have “a little disagreeable feeling”—I had imagined that such feeling was on the side of the English, that only I would lose friends on account of the marriage. I thought that the sorrow of that sort was only for me, and I used to feel glad sometimes (when I was feeling sorry) that it *was* only for me. I wished all “Glück für Dich,” dearest. I think also you said yourself to me that the Japanese would like and welcome me as your wife and be very pleased; I remember once asking you about it because I felt that if there was a feeling against it on the side of the Japanese as well as on the side of the English, then it would be better not to marry, so I asked you, and I am sure you said that they would be pleased, only they would not understand our *love*.

I wish I could speak to you now, it is so difficult to write, and when there is so long between the writing and your answering, it is almost impossible to say what I wish.

April 23.

Dearest, I am back now in London. My little room is so pretty, it has had a new paper on its walls while I was away, a very nice green. I like it much better than the old one, the only thing against it is that you do not

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know now exactly how my room is, while I am sitting here alone and dreaming of you.

Dearest, you who have gained my love against my reason,

Schlafe wohl, Sweet,  
DEINE BRAUT.



*From Kenrio Watanabe.*

TOKIO, April 18.

**B**ELOVED, My friend will start in a few days and take his way to Europe *via* America, and will probably be in London towards the end of June.

Dearest, I must stop here, bis Morgen, Schlafe wohl. Sweet, I got your letter this morning at home; this is the first time that I got your message at home, and it reached me safely. I feel it much sweeter and safer that I get your message at home. It would have been better and wiser to receive your letters at home, and if I had arranged so only a fortnight earlier.

The reason that I did not arrange to do so earlier was that the stupid Frau was here, and I thought it would be safer to arrange that first only after she is gone. But this, my thought, was not cautious and wise enough, now I know it, for it would not have been so serious if any of my relations thought of your letter even if they had opened it by mistake.



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I am very sorry that you are so busy, I hope that you will not make yourself ill.

Dear, day after to-morrow will be the general meeting of our society ; on account of that too I am a little busy. They requested me to accept the post of chairman. They knew always that I cared very much for the common welfare of Art, and of the Society, that was the cause. This will be an extension of my influence among the circle with us.

I gave to my friend a rather detailed account of my marriage and what my Frau said to me as well as what she behaved. Then I showed him a letter from my Frau, written to me after she left me, in which her remorse was clearly expressed, and also that she regrets that she proposed the divorce at first, and it was not proposed by me. And also that she looked on me as a kind of enemy as she had been obliged to marry me by her relations, and consequently could not marry " him " and that she was awfully wrong in her conduct towards me, and erroneous towards him.

Thus my friend has been surprised at the wrongness of my Frau, and at the same time he became convinced that she was worthy enough of the divorce and one could not do anything else than divorce with such a Frau, according to our traditions, and the custom with us.

Please wait for a week or more for the next letter.

Dear, dear, dear, my dear wife, your husband,

KENRIO.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, HOME, April 26.

**M**Y Sweet, to-night I should like to write you just a few lines before I go to bed.

Dearest, I got your letter yesterday morning in the studio. Dearest, your letter is too sweet to read, and there is something to penetrate my heart; oh, my dearest, my wife, you are so beautiful, so delicious, so sweet, and yet so sharp and strong as an iron weapon to pierce my heart, which resisted all kinds of weapons of other people before I met you.

Dear, my Braut, schlafe wohl.

Deiner KENRIO.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, May 1.

**M**AY! The month we were betrothed, when you first kissed me and made me so happy and so sad. Dearest, sweetest, it fills me with longing to go to our woods and see the places once more, but I cannot all this year, there has been no time. But I must go before May passes.

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Sweet, what a long, long year this year has seemed, longer than any other I have known—chiefly because you are so far away. We were so few weeks together after we were betrothed, do you remember. Dear, I do hope you will have written an extra sweet letter for me to get in May. For I am so lonely. Knowing that I shall be leaving England I have had no lust to make new friends, and those that I have seem so strangely separated from me because of the knowledge that I will leave them. Sometimes it feels as though I were planning to die, and knowing it beforehand, it seems to cut me off from the people round me.

I have been sitting over the fire dreaming far more than I can write—dearest lover, I kiss you on your lips and your eyes, good-night.

May 2.

Sweet, I must write you now as I will have no time later as I am going out to dinner, and I must post this letter to-morrow, as I only wrote you three last month, arnes Kind.

I think I did not tell you that I was visiting Mrs. Wharton. I wonder if you remember what I told you of them? She had been married for thirty years before he died, and I knew them for several years before that. Theirs was the most beautiful marriage I have ever seen or known, and when I first met them I realised how lovely their lives were. She told me, after I got to know her very well, that in all her life she had *never once* had to open the door of a room when he was there, never once to move a chair or get a footstool—this of

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course is only the outward garment of the inner love. Dear, I wonder whether you will love me so after we have been married thirty years? I am sure love so sweet and strong has a wonderful influence on people round them—of course they did not kiss or embrace in public, yet the atmosphere round them was of love, and it influenced and purified many people. I know they influenced even horrid business men who laughed at love. Dear, not only for my own sake, and for yours, but also for the whole world's sake, I hope and long that you will love me even more than now, after we have been married many years. Dearest, I believe there is nothing in the world so beautiful and so powerful as sweet, strong love—Dear my husband—love me always.

I think you are strong enough and sweet enough and pure enough to be a great man in love, my dreams of the future are so sweet—so sweet, dearest, good-night.

THY WIFE.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, May 7.

**M**Y sweetest, I have many things to tell you, for much has happened these last few days, mostly pleasant things, but I am too busy to write now. I am so *thankful* that your Frau was really wrong and herself

asked to be divorced, and that in the end our love will be free, to win its happiness.

Sweet, sweet, it is May, the month of our betrothal. I dream of you every moment, and long for you so much, Sweet, the curious throbbing below my heart has come to me several times this month, and I had not felt it previously for rather a long time. You, and the thought of you, are the only things that can make me feel it. Sweet, dear my husband—I wish so much that we could write more, our love is ever so strong as it was, even stronger, but our friendship cannot grow.

But to-night I am very busy.

Schlafe wohl, dear Kenrio.

DEINE BRAUT.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, HOME, May 10.

DEAR-MOST Sweet, I am beginning to be a little anxious of your message, not yourself, but of your message. I am afraid whether it has been lost or whether it fell into the hand of somebody else, in case it underwent the similar misfortune of being stamped so badly in England. I am beginning to be anxious because I have not received any message for two weeks, which is rather unusual with you. I should not be

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anxious if I have not experienced such misfortune of letter before.

Dear, dear Mertyl, how sweet even to call your name softly by my table, Deiner Name ! Having kissed your picture several times I am now to write a short letter.

Sweet Mertyl, my first and last beloved, do never think that I doubt in the least of our marriage, and am afraid of breaking of betrothal. We were born to each other, we were half to half, we must marry and fuse together, and we *shall*.

Schalfe wohl, dear, dear, dear, oh terribly sweet one, dream that I am with you lying by you, with my arms round you. Dreaming of thee I go to my sleep till to-morrow.

YOUR KENRIO.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, May 16.

**B**ELOVED heart, I received your long letter yesterday. Sweet, it is so strongly scented with that curious Japanese smell that I told you I recognised so often with things from Japan. Your letters do not generally have this smell, but this one is awfully strong ; have you kept it among books or papers, or in a special

box ? It is a very pleasant smell, and reminds me so vividly of you, dear.

Sweet, you write again many, many sheets about the bad Frau, but now I quite understand that she was awfully wrong and that your honour is clear, and therefore I do not wish to hear much more about her. I think, now, even to speak of her is both wasting our time and a little spoiling our purity. You see, dear, we have so little time in our short letters to communicate with each other, and if so much of the time is spent on such a bad subject, the atmosphere is not so sweet and pure as it should be. I fully accept your account of the past, and only wish now to outlive it. Please cleanse your mind and thought of her, and all her history, as you cleanse your body of the soiling dust of a journey, and come to me pure and sweet to kiss me. You had no sin of your own to soil you, but contact with mud soils the whitest hand. Dear, do you understand me ? I wish our relations together, our actions, our letters, our thoughts, to be perfectly pure and sweet. As you know, I am not afraid to talk on any subject when necessary, but when it is no longer necessary, then it soils us.

Dearest sweet, my desire is not to let sordid things touch us. Verstehst Du, liebes Kind ?

Is it not very soon for your friend to propose marriage with you to a lady she knows ? I am sorry she has done so, but in the time till we marry, she may forget that you refused, or change her mind and like me ? I hope so.

Yesterday I read again a number of your letters,

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written this time last year ; I am so very glad to have them, they remind me of little details I might have forgotten—have you got mine or do you destroy them ?

I am sending you my photo, which I have just had taken ; do you like it ?

Please, please, send me a new photo of yourself, with your hair as I like it and your eyes soft and sweet as they are when you kiss me. I have no photo that I like and you have so many of me. It is rather horrid of you, that you make me ask you so often for it, and wait so long. If you loved me very much you would do what I ask quickly, nicht wahr, Kind ?

The Azaleas are beginning to flower now ; do you remember how beautiful they were in the Vienna garden ? I love them so much, we must have many of them in our garden. I have been thinking much of our garden. I hope it will be fairly big, so that we can have plenty of the flowers we love.

Beloved, it is very late, and I am sleepy (that reminds me that I sometimes wonder if I will get enough sleep when we are married !) I must go to bed, and dream that you come in to kiss me, and bend over me and press your lips on mine—dear, dear, how sweet.

Good-night, good-night.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, HOME.

DEAR, dear, dear, I got your sweet letter and silvery white chain day before yesterday. I feel now easier, because I know now that your letter has not gone astray, or got lost.

Dearest, my Mertyl, I found the chain before reading any word of your letter, and found it endless (having no jointed point) as our love, and I kissed it several times, and put it round my neck, and kept it so while reading your sweet letter. How sweet of you to have it made for me, and to have it three days and three nights around your neck, and to kiss it for me. I will have it on my neck as often as I can, in memory of my first and last love, oh my love, my love. I love you, I love you, dear, sweetest Mertyl!

I am just writing to inform you that I got your letter and the chain of our love; I will write as soon as possible again, perhaps after a week or so.

Schlafe wohl, my dear wife, from

Your husband KENRIO.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, May 21.

SWEETEST, my Gatte, my Love. It is very late, and I should have been in bed long ago, but I received your letter, and, Dear, it was a very nice long letter, and that pleased me, for I like that you write long letters to me. It made me full of desire to see you, and come close to you, so I opened the locked box where I keep all your past letters to me and I read those you wrote soon after our betrothal, and before we met in Zürich again. Dear, they are the sweetest you have ever written to me, very much more sweet than those you write lately, and so many—nearly every day you had lust to write! I think it was partly because we were nearer and the post was quicker, now it is so discouraging to write any urgent or very sweet thing, as the answer is so cruelly long distant, three months sometimes. When I think of it, I am nearly mad with unhappiness, so usually I do not think, and try to remember you as a dream friend. The reality is too cruel. Please answer me, have you got all my letters? If so, tell me if you ever read the past ones, and if you have not done so, please try to find a little time to do so. I do not remember how mine are, if they are sweet or not, but I know they will remind you of details which will make us seem closer together. When I am most lonely I do it to yours, and it is comforting. Please tell me whether you had done so or not, before I mentioned it.

Dearest, I am angry that Japan is so far away from England; if you were in America or Europe we could meet in the summer, but Japan is too far. It is cruel! And all our lives it will be the same, and I will be unhappy that it is so far between Japan and England—it is horrible, horrible.

Gatte, Allerliebster, we *must* be rich, and so able to travel often. Perhaps I shall be able to write a book for the Japanese publishers (English ones are no good) so that we may have plenty of money.

Dear, another thing makes me unhappy (you will think me a very bad child to-night), and that is the fact that we must spend so much time writing business or semi-business things, and so have but little time for love. For example, you wrote me twenty-one pages (you good, dear child!) to the last letter, but it was nearly all semi-business. Yet it was very necessary that you should write it. I am angry with the Fate that separates us so far. I think round and round the subject, and there is no way out—I cannot alter the positions of Japan and England, and I cannot alter our nationalities, I will not even wish to alter our love, and so I must still remain angry! Another thing that makes me angry is that *all this year* I have had no time to go to our woods. I *will* go next week if I can; I have great lust to go in May, the month of our betrothal, though it will be rather sad to go alone, to all our spots, in the spring woods. You say “spring is the time for love” and last spring we were there together, with our love—and now I am alone. In one of your letters, to Zürich you wrote to me “You cannot under-

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stand how lonely I am " and you were to be alone only for a few weeks; dear, dear, I am now here where you once kissed me, and I have been all alone for nearly a year. Du, armes Kind, Du bist auch allein, aber Du bist nicht verlassen—and in the same spot where you were once kissed.

Gute Nacht Du, Susser,

MERTYL.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, May 29.

**S**WEET, I have received your letter, and will answer all the business in it. . . .

Love me, dear heart, for sometimes I am very unhappy about the future—I fear that I will not be content only to come to England once in five years! It is dreadful to lose all one's friends. But I always hope we will be really able to come often, and it is certain that I love you more than all my friends.

DEINE BRAUT.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, HOME, May 27.

**B**ELOVED, to-day being Sunday, I got up a little later than usual. Having shaved most carefully, and finished breakfast, I am in absolute need to write you a few lines, of my love to you, my dear Mertyl. Having been very busy the whole last week, I could not write you, even I could not dream so much as I would. Last night, rather this morning after five a.m., I dreamed of you while in my sleep. It is curiously very, very seldom that I dream of you while asleep. You said the same thing in one of your letters. In my dream this morning we were together in a summer place, in a room looking down over a wide valley and river, with glorious sunshine. I stooped and touched my lips upon yours (I believe you were sitting) very gently, like that we used to do at first; the gentle touch was so delicious. There could be nothing smoother or more natural than this in the world—just as it is so with our love. Then we held each other, pressed our lips gradually, and till the teeth touched, and while kissing we closed our eyes at first, and then when we opened our eyes, with our lips still in touch, our eyes were so close together as they could not be nearer. Your eyes were curiously enough quite black and white—not brown. Our looks, with eyes so close together penetrated each other, and fused together. I forgot myself and you, and that we were two persons. It was extremely

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sweet. Oh, my love, dear, dear, dear Mertyl, Mertyl, Mertyl, I cannot express my love of my heart by words. I wish I could dream the same again. Dear, dear, the whole air of my room and everywhere around me is now filled with love, and I dream of you coming near me, my heart beats quicker. I would merely hold you and kiss your image. Vision of my heart's Love.

How could the World be so sweet, as Ours, Mertyl, Beloved? I received a letter from you, and having found sweet flowers I kissed them in memory of my dearest, the sweet wife.

While writing at home to-day, the silver chain of love is around my neck. I will keep it so, the whole of the day, around my neck and hanging on my heart, as it just has been on you. Now, I must write some business about the book. . . .

With love so big, and my warmest kisses, Schläfe wohl, my own.

KENRIO.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, HOME, June 3.

DEAR, dear Braut, I got your letter of May the first this afternoon in the studio. I am very glad it did not fall into the hands of any other person, because there was mention that we were betrothed in the month of May.

You asked me once whether any spring-flower-forest or wild place is here. Yes, where we will go in the spring together; our primrose growing there is all deep pink, and they are very lovely in a wide "Wiese." It is less than half an hour by the train, and further one and a half hour's on foot to get there. Mertyl, dear, we will be there in less than two years. The beginning of May is the time to go there, maybe end of April. How sweet would it be to sit together among them, with love deeper than the deep pink of the primrose flower. I will put one of my arms round you, and one hand on your knee, gently touching your hand there in a bright sunshine by the river there. Isn't it sweet, dearest? The servant brought me a foreign post, a magazine, and on finding your picture in it I was struck with the shock of heart, as it so well represented your beautiful eyes, and the most noble features of your cheek and mouth; the memory and recollection was so strong that your picture and my mouth approached unconsciously and kissed each other with deepest love. Dear-most sweet, please get a real copy of this photo, not a usual bromide matt copy, but a shining, very smooth copy. Of course I do not like the smooth glittering one, but I want to make a very good copy of it. For a reproduction the matt surface is not good, while smooth copy is very good, as it reveals the finest detail although the reflection from smooth surfaces is not good for reproduction. Of course it would be best when you could get a copy in glass, that is a negative. I think your present picture is very good, though there is certain dissimilarity somewhere in it. I should like to have a good photo from

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the same negative. The zincographic picture is not sufficient for me.

I intend to get my photo, but I am too busy just now. I will be able to get one at the end of the month, or the beginning of July. Also, I intend to send something to you long since, but I have not time enough to attend.

Dear, Dear, I cannot understand how I can get such a beautiful and noble and sweet wife, Dear Mertyl. How could you love me? To think silently back to the days before I had met you, even back to my boyhood, how could I love a lady, however beautiful, noble, or sweet she may be. It is altogether a funny event, upsetting all my principles, usual habit and inertia since my boyhood, and yet developing so silently and smoothly as if it met with no resistance. Such a force must be awfully great. Dear, good-night, with warmest kisses.

To-day there was a reception for Mr. Satow, English Minister for China for many years. I met him to-day. He will come to see me with a lady, when I hope I may find chance to get English friends, so that I may be known among English people here. I hope very much you may have chance to see him, he speaks almost perfect Japanese language.

He will be able to give you some idea, not far from the fact I believe, on Japan.

Day after to-morrow, I am invited by the Prime Minister for an evening party for the wedding of their son, with whom I was together for some time.

I keep the English magazine on my table, simply because I can see your picture in it at any time I will, and no one will say I put it for that purpose on my table



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at home. Sweetest, I think you will be waiting for a message for me, as it is more than ten days since I wrote to you last time.

Dear, I have your chain just now upon my neck, I kiss your picture in the magazine (so I did last night).

With kisses and love so great, I say good-night, I say good-night, beloved Mertyl.

Your KENRIO.

June 11.

You asked how to be nice to my friend who is coming to England. It is rather difficult for foreigners to be liked by him, because he is a very simple person, and has a very simple thought. And also he refrains from anything awkward, or anything happening to be awkward to his character (troublesome things) and unfortunately it is one of the awkward things for him to converse with any foreigners. Partly because of his imperfection of the foreign language, partly because he is unable to acclimatise with the customs and manners of the country. Especially it is most awkward thing for him to be in the society with a foreign lady. Yet you ought not to be unusually simple, because you must be looked upon by him as a type of an English lady, not like a German, of low standard. But I know you can be simple and humble and yet very noble, that is the point in you that differs greatly from others, therefore he may be very glad to see you and converse with you. I hope it very much. If you are very extraordinary in many ways he may like you as an exception.

I must tell you, he does not dislike any lady, foreign

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or Japanese, but he does not care to be with them, because he can not be so simple in the presence of lady or foreigners. He is not a person of Gesellschaft, nor a *refined* gentleman, but a good-natured, very simple character. He is sometimes *very* angry with some people who has been impolite to him, but when the person really asked his pardon he forgets it on the whole at once. One thing which is best thing to do is not to argue against his opinion. He has no head to listen, he is not theorist.

Sweetest, I must stop here to-night. Good-night, my sweetest, good-night.

With my lips upon yours, and my arms round you,  
Schlafe wohl, my dear Mertyl,  
DEINER BRAUTIGAM.



### *From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, June 6.

SWEET, Why have I nothing nice to say to you to-night? I have been very busy all the week. I feel that if we were together I should have no "lust" to talk, but should just sit close to you, and kiss your arm. Do you remember the soft place I loved in the bend of your arm? Dear, do you ever kiss it in remembrance?

We have had at last bright sunny weather, and I am glad to live. Sunshine has a great physical effect on me; this morning after my bath, I disliked getting into my clothes so much, the room was full of sunshine, so I remained without dressing as long as ever I dared, but at last I had to put horrid clothes on and come out.

Dear, in Japan I know it will be hotter than it is here, and I cannot bear to think of you wearing woollen clothes like the patterns you sent. Of course you should have such for ordinary warm days, but for the very hot days, can you not have a suit of white or very light linen, that will wash easily, and keep you cool?

My soul is going to sleep, it is so tired of waiting for you, and for converse with you; letters round the world are the dry bones of love and are no true communion of souls. So I must sleep till we meet, it is too long to lie awake, and too unhappy.

Good-night.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, June 12.

DEAR—There is one point, dear, in which you dis-  
please me. I am awfully sorry to mention it  
by letter, for it is so easy to misunderstand by letter,  
and therefore to be unhappy or quarrel. But please

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think if I were by you, I would gently kiss you, even though I am finding a fault in you.

It is this. You do not seem to remember what I say in my letters, at least you do not answer them carefully. For example, I ask about the child, and suggest that the offer of the relations should be accepted, giving reasons. But you do not answer it, and it is of some importance to me. It is often so, you do not answer my questions. Please, dear, go through my letters, and answer all the things that need it each time, otherwise I do not know what to think sometimes; I do not know even if you have read my letter, or left it unopened. It has often made me sorry, so do not forget again, dear one.

Dearest, good-night. My arms are aching to hold you close, with my lips on yours.

MERTYL.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, June 21.

HEART'S Dearest, I received your short, dear letter, acknowledging the little silver chain. I am so glad you noticed that "it is endless like our love." It gives me so much pleasure when you understand. Sweetest, heart of all, you are the only person who has

ever understood a little of my many fancies. I think that is one of the reasons that I love you so much. There are so many little things in my daily life and work that I should like to tell you, but there is too little opportunity in letters. Yet you must hear that I went at last to your woods, but in the evening the mists were so cold. They frighten me with the thought of the possibility of death before we meet. Dear, life is so horribly dangerous till we are together once more.

Dear, to catch this mail I must stop this letter now. Sad that I cannot write any more, but I want you to get the lost letter back without too long an interval.

Sweet, sweet, Good-night.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, HOME, June 28.

**S**WEET-MOST, my own. The photo is very sweet as it gave me the better image of your "figur" and I would have put my arm around you. But I like the picture in the magazine better as far as the face is concerned. The combination of the two makes it perfect, and both gave me so much pleasure, and a strong desire to see you face to face. I kissed your picture as I did that in the magazine, several times. Now while writing I have your silver chain around my neck.

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Dear, it is not on account of my negligence that I did not yet get my own picture to send to you. Really I have not enough time to have the tune of mind to take a picture in full thought of you while taking it. I must first get my time, and turn my thought entirely upon you, and not spoil in any way my pure thought of love. Dearest, my dear.

You say my sweetest letters were not new ones, but ones written abroad. The reason is twofold.—

(1) As you say, we are too far to stimulate and react on each other in adequate intervals by writing and answering, or by touching hand, holding each other or kissing. Dearest, dear, dear, it is so hopeless, I feel this so strongly and impatiently simultaneously with this writing.

(2) I have now so much duties because I am now in my headquarters. I am not so free to think and dream of you, as I have not time enough for that. When I have time I must write you business. I hope this business will be over by-and-by, and we will have time to write sweet letters, and think and dream.

Sweetest, dear Mertyl, Schlafe wohl,

DEINER BRAUTIGAM.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, July 4.

**D**EAREST Heart, I received your letter the other day, in which you told me of your dream, where you kissed me. I am very glad that you did dream of me, sweet. It is so curious that with both you and me, though we dream of each other so much while we are awake, it is so rare to do so during our sleep. I do not understand this, but am glad that we are alike in it.

Dear, there is really no time to write to you just now. I am going away in a few days, so I must just write a word in haste to catch the mail. I dreamed of you very much this morning as I lay in bed, and longed for the touch of your lips.

Sweet, I cannot write now.

Schlafe wohl,

Ewig, DEINE BRAUT.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, July 14.

**M**Y Heart, I am still here as you see, though it is late in the season; there has been so much to do. I saw some friends who had heard from you; they spoke nicely of you, and seemed to like you still very much.

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I was so glad to get this present letter of yours, it was so nice and long. Dearest, I seemed to want a good letter from you very much.

I am very glad to understand from what you say, about your books, and other work, that they do appreciate you so much. I like it when people like you, my own.

Dear, I dream of the time when you will be with me and put your arm round me—I am not happy without you.

I am awfully glad that you went to the Prime Minister's and met some nice English people. It will make things much happier and easier for us if you know some of the English in Tokio, and they like you. Are there many English who could be our friends in Tokio?

Your friend has not arrived in England yet, no one knows where he is. I will try to be nice to him. But, Dear, it is part of my character not to be well able to hide my real character, and even for the sake of his approval, I cannot lie to him to please him. I hope my real thoughts will not offend him. I am prepared to like him, and be friends. Sweetest, I am sending you a shiny copy of the photo as you ask it. I do not really like it, and it is better in the magazine than in the real print. It is not worth copying.

Dear, I was looking at the photo of you in the studio group. It is really the best photo of you that I have. It is not quite how I love you—but it is how I really like you! With the other photo I think "that cannot be my husband, I do not like him." Then I have to shut my eyes and remember you as you looked in my



arms, that afternoon by the lake, sleeping on my knee. Then I can love you again, love you, love you, my dear dearest.

You ask me "How could you love me?" Sweet, I cannot tell you quite all the reasons. I do not know them. And there are so many, even of those I do know. But a few I will tell you, though I believe you really know them—I love you because you are so sweet and tender, because you are so pure and so truthful, and so kind. I love you because you are one in whom I have the very greatest trust: I trust you more than any one in the world (if you deceived me now, I think it would kill me). I trust you more than I could ever have believed it possible to trust any one before I met you.

Dear, do you realise how I trusted you at Wallensee? For me to have done so much is still even now an astonishment to me. And there you proved that you were worthy of my trust, and that you love me as I like to be loved, purely.

Then you are interested in similar work to mine, and when we are married we will be able to work hand in hand—and you will care for my work, and I will care for yours. And then your neck is so pretty, and sometimes your eyes when you look at me are so soft and sweet, and your kisses make my body thrill—and we love the same things and dream the same dreams—dearest, how can I tell? I love you.

But do not think I am just a love-blind, stupid child. I see you have faults, and lack several things I wanted in my husband—but love that can see the

*Love-Letters of a Japanese*

faults and still love so much, that must be a much greater love than one which is only blind.

Oh, my dear husband, no man can be perfect, and the great sweetness of you is what I love—and will love so long as you are you. Dear, how sweet, after we have been married twenty years, how sweet to look back and say, ours has been perfect happiness.

You say that such a force as our love must be very great—I think it is the greatest force in the world, for nothing else is so strong as pure love. Dearest, dearest, we are so rich in the greatest thing in the world.

Dear

YOUR BRAUT.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, July 26.

**E**LIEBTER, I am just overwhelmed with things to do, but through everything runs the thought of you, like the steady blue of the sky against which the clouds are hurrying and chasing each other—sometimes only leaving small glimpses of the blue showing, at others leaving the whole sky clear.

Just now the weather with me is rather stormy, but the nights are calm, when the deep dark blue shows out against the stars.

Dear, I have much news to tell you, but the chief is

that in a short time I am going to Norway; I am going with a friend, Mrs. Tweedie, but you knew her of course, and we hope to go beyond the beginning of the arctic circle. She is there now, and I am going to meet her there, and return with her to Christiania and stay with her a while there. Is it not jolly? There are lots of reasons why it is so nice for me to go, chiefly, of course, because it is such a beautiful and renowned country that it will be a great pleasure to see it, also I like Mrs. Tweedie very much and love the memories she will revive.

But I fear it will be very bad for your letters, for the posts are bad and in some places do not even exist. So do not be anxious if you do not hear from me for a whole month. It will be impossible for me to receive letters at all, as we shall be travelling about from place to place, not knowing beforehand where we are going, therefore I will arrange that my letters are not forwarded at all till my return in September. So that we will be cut off from news of each other I fear, as it is better not to receive letters, and know that they are safe, than to have them following about in all sorts of places, and perhaps getting lost.

During this holiday there will be so much time to think, though none to write—ah, Dearest, let us dream we are together.

I am glad my photo pleased you—it does not quite satisfy me, but it is better than nothing.

When we are married, Dear Heart, I shall not allow you to work so hard as you tell me you are doing. It is certainly bad for your health and will be bad for our

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love also. Of course, you will not then require to write letters to me!

The paper you now use for your letters has the scent I like so much and that reminds me of you.

I often think of things I want to talk to you about, and begin to write them, then it seems so hopeless to do so, and so much better to leave them all till we are able to talk again face to face. What a lot of things we shall have to talk of then!

Now, I can simply send you the breath of a kiss for your lips. Dear, it hurts me sometimes that I love you so much.

DEINE BRAUT.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, July 30.

**D**EAREST of All. I am inclined to tell you all I think or feel, my dear real half. But there is so little time.

I got a few days ago a letter from my friend saying that he had arrived in England.

Forgive me that I left so many questions from you unanswered. I never leave your letters *unread* nor forget to answer. But it is often understood from my subsequent letters posted in the meantime, which

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crossed (interchanged on the way of transport); also there are many things which are not in urgent need to answer, while we have things which I should have liked to tell you soon. So that I left some questions to be answered later. I will answer by-and-by, believe me, dearest.

Dear, I got my photos; he will send them in a week or sooner. I am going away to the North shortly. Dearest, I will write once more before my start, and answer you several questions.

For the time being, with my hand upon yours, with my eyes fixed on yours, and finally with my lips on yours,

Gute Nacht,

YOUR BRAUTIGAM.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON.

**M**Y Heart, Such exciting meetings this week. Several of the greatest people were really praising my work. I shall get proud.

Often in the midst of the pleasure and gay excitement I have longed to hear your soft voice, and once in the day I imagined so vividly I saw you that my heart stopped beating for a time. Ah, dearest, dearest, why do I love you so?

Love-Letters of a Japanese

I am going away to-morrow to Norway. Then I fear you will get very few letters, and I none from you. I have had no letters for a fortnight and will have to wait for another month at the very least. It is horrible. I am taking your two last letters with me to read over again.

Dear, I wish we could talk to each other.

Deine MERTYL.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, HOME, August 9.

**S**WEETEST of all, I dreamed of you so often and so strongly these few days, and I was so very, very glad to hear from you, although it helps me nothing materially, or anyhow, except that I feel easy. I intended to write you a rather long letter before my start to the country, but I am very sorry that I am now extremely busy, and I must be content only by sending my photo, etc. Forgive me that I cannot write more.

I forgot in my letter preceding to tell you that I noticed the little carving button I gave on your coat in the photo, and I was very pleased to see it.

Sweetest of all, my dear Mertyl,  
Schlafe wohl, Gute Nacht,

DEINER EWIGE GATTE.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

NORWAY, August 28.

OVER mine, Sweetest dear, It seems so very long since I wrote to you last, because I have done so many things and seen so much in the meantime. Dear, I cannot tell you about it all, for every moment we are passing something lovely. The coast and inland Fjords here are wonderful, like the Wallensee, but with real salt sea. This week we have been beyond the region of habitation, but we saw many hundred reindeer which interested me very much. We slept up in the mountains in a little hut. Mrs. Tweedie is longing for her husband. Do you know I think she loves him nearly as much as I love you! Of course I do not speak to her at all of my love for you, but I speak a little of love and marriage in general, and she tells me things about her marriage which show me that she is awfully happy. They have been married fourteen years, and they love as much as when they were betrothed. I am awfully glad. You know, Dearest, how much I love to see beautiful marriages. Dearest, all these many days in this wonderful Nature, I have wanted you so much. I want most, I think, to sit on your knee, resting my head against you. Sometimes I will kiss your hand as it passes over my lips—but I cannot bear yet to kiss with our lips together, I have been starved for kisses so long that I fear it would kill me at first to kiss you when we meet. We must come softly together first, and then—heaven with you.

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Dear, only eleven months now are left, and we will meet.

Oh Husband of my dreams, I pray to heaven that you are the man I think you.

Sweet, Good-night.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

On the journey in Japan, September 2.

DEAR, It is now about five o'clock in the afternoon, and I will be back home in the afternoon of the day after to-morrow. Although I have not told you yet, as I had not enough time to write details, the present excursion was not one without danger. In this part bears appear often and attack men, so that a few people are lost every year or are hurt by the bear. Therefore I have been extremely cautious to avoid meeting the beast. Now that I have finished the excursion safely I am "froh" that Deine Half was saved from danger, and the halves, Du und ich, will see each other, and will meet each other, eyes to eyes, look to look, heart to heart, and breath to breath. Oh, dear, dear my love, that you were here with me. My body longs so much for your touch. Even for that of the tip of one finger of your sweet hand. How soft it was when you did— Oh the innermost part of my body, the seat of love,



trembles even with the visional thought of your touch. In my present journey I carried all of your letters, packed in a tough big cover together with your pictures inside, and sealed tightly, with the exact address of you. It has been hoped anybody will post it to you, in case my death occurred during my journey—by the attack of bear.

I carried Wallensee ring, and wore it three times on the excursion. I was so sorry that I forgot to take your chain with me—I thought to take it with me in the night before my start from Tokio, but forgot in the morning. I was very busy in the morning of start. I took your match-box. Strangely, I looked one morning into the mirror on the smooth surface of the box, in search of your image, and of course I got only my own image—Iiebchen. It was stupid. You make me such. The only fact I know actually, is that you kissed that mirror, and nothing else, and that your little box brought me your warm love in it.

You ask me about the child. But since my cousin offered to take it, circumstances have changed, and on the worse side, her child being now an invalid, and I do not know if they would be able to take care of any other child. The child may not recover, I do not know what may occur with them. Among several reasons, on the ground of which I kept my child with me, I already explained one reason to you in one of my former letters, that is, that it was awfully wrong of that stupid Frau to leave my house, and leave her child, according our manners and customs, while it was a matter without blame and of very good manner for me to keep the

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child and bring it up with my own hand. So in this respect I obeyed the good manner with us, thus to keep the respect of the people around me, while the blame fell upon that stupid Frau. Another great reason was the following—

Now that I have my future home so sweet, I am rather inclined to be not indebted to any of my relations, with regard to their kindness, as well as materially. It is because I wish to keep our home as pure as possible, and not to have any troubles in common with *other* families (relations). If I am indebted for a great kindness to any of my relations I am naturally in a position to return their kindness in case of need. But in such a case, that is in future, the *actual* chief (nominally according to the laws, I) of my family will be *you*, and I do not like to give you any disagreeable feeling, I wish to avoid all chance to give you any disagreeable feeling, as I love you with all my life. Although my child may prove a bother, it would be better than to have our plans mixed with other relations.

Besides, for me at present my child is rather convenient in one way. Because a child often tells the truth, and a maid cannot do any incorrect thing in my absence. In case we could get a good well-educated maid, or a housekeeper, then the child may not be so much bother. It is true what you said, that it is necessary for a little child to be brought up by a lady, to form a woman's character. In this respect, I believe if we get a good housekeeper, it will be enough. But independent of this, I hope very much that the child will learn unconsciously from you, your noble and beautiful

manner, even without teaching or without your words, and then the people will say it was a great luck to lose its own stupid mother and get a noble English mother to build its character, although at present every one is inclined to say that it is unfortunate that it lost its mother while being so young. But people do not know how awfully stupid the Frau was in many respects.

I always say in case this is said to me by my good friends or relations that in some respects maidservant is far better in bringing up the child under my superintendence, than if it were brought up by its real mother. One of the present maids is rather good. I should be very much obliged to Dir, if you would permit me to keep my above plan about the child, till any serious change of circumstances comes. In case I can keep up this plan no one will blame me, and I will be respected by the people. Besides, many people will be anxious after our official marriage, whether the child will be brought up properly with a foreign mother, and will doubt, simply after Japanese thought not knowing any idea of our unparalleled mutual love (as love-marriage, and the true love-marriage is seldom with us, and in case it seems to occur it is among the lower circle, and they are all mistaken love, not in the least love of the soul, being simply physical love, and therefore of very weak construction), whether our household and home comfort will be round and smooth. I think with the mysterious wheel of love we can carry even heavy things smoothly. If my home experiences any friction, that is because my love is not strong enough. I will be all responsible,

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and I trust you will see my child with a pity, as it is a misprinted little life. Thus when our family will go very well, even with the child, the society will look upon you, and all praise will not be on me, but on you ; this is the Japanese custom. I wish so much, dearest, to disprove the societies' anxiety about the child after our official marriage—bitte Dich ! This is my chief idea about the child ; I wished to explain long since but I had no time, and if I wrote such then I cannot write any other things of ours, or any news.

I must stop here now, with all my heart's love and kisses.

Yours,

D. H.

I forgot to tell you that all my kisses are reserved for you, I have not kissed my child yet, not even once. Since I kissed Thee for the temporary last time, there has elapsed more than a year, and yet there still will be nearly another year, before my lips will meet their own halves. Arme lips.

Dear, dear Mertyl, schlafe wohl.

D. H.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

NORWAY.

**D**EAREST of all, I think this will be in time to greet you on your birthday. I hope so at any rate, very, very much. It can only bring a few words from me, to represent all the great love in my heart for you, and all the good I wish you on that day, and every day, in your life. Oh, Heart's beloved, how I wish that it were in my power to give you all the good things of life, to give you health and strength, wealth, and eternal happiness, with me—or without me, but always “Glück für Dich,” but I am so powerless; even now I cannot tell whether you are well or ill, sad or happy; all the time I was travelling and could not get news of you, I was not at all anxious, but now when letters may be forwarded any day, I am getting awfully anxious. Dearest, my very life now depends on yours! How weak, and yet how strong love makes one.

I have had a very beautiful holiday here in Norway, and am still staying with Mrs. Tweedie and her husband near Christiania, where the scenery is like Wallensee, without the snow peaks. In the north where we were travelling, it was like Wallensee with the snow peaks, and endless glorious rocks and sea. It is too lovely for words to describe it, I hope we can come here together some day.

I found your photo on Mrs. Tweedie's table, and she speaks often of you, and both she and her husband

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liked you very much. Her husband is very noble in many ways, and she is right to love him as she does. He is very interested in women's work, and very appreciative. One day he said to me, quite in earnest, "but you must not marry, you are too good to marry." And she often tells me that she will be very sad if I marry and get lost to the world. She has made me promise that I will only marry a *very* exceptional man, who will be awfully good to me. Dear, I wish I could tell her we are betrothed. It would give her pleasure, I think—if I explained to her just exactly how everything is. But I think that she is not quite absolutely certain to remember that no one else is to know, so I do not tell her. If she could have been quite silent about it I would have told her. But directly I can I will write to her details about it.

Now, dearest, I am sorry that I cannot find anything that perfectly pleases me to give you for your birthday. But for us I think that money is rather important! We have the rest, love and delight in life. So I send you a purse for a Glück sign for the next year, and hope it will bring you much. The little coin in it is Norwegian—we never allow a purse to lie quite empty in England if it is ever to be used again; the leather is done in the old Norwegian pattern, and I hope very much it may please you a little.

It is more difficult to find a nice present for men than for women—you cannot use jewels or lace or embroideries and things that I like. Poor Sweet!

Now it is the last year, and even less than a year before we meet, the time begins to fly very quickly,

there is so much to do before I come to you, and before I must say good-bye to all my work in England. Dear, I think you cannot understand what it means to me; it is almost like death—but with the certainty of a future life in another land—mit Dir! Sweet, if you had not become my betrothed, what a very different year this next one would have been for me.

Sometimes I cannot believe that all our plans are real, it feels like a dream.

Dearest Beloved, *this* year of your life we meet, this year of your life, that I hope will bring you very, very much good and happiness. Oh, Sweet my Beloved, my best wishes for your birthday, and a long kiss on your lips, from

DEINE BRAUT.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, HOME, September 11.

**D**EAREST of mine, Your letter, though registered to me in the north by my servant, was lost for sixteen days, but it finally found the right way, and came to my hand. I am especially glad of its safe arrival to me, because it contained your photo, which I like very much. The first thing I had to do this morning in my bed as soon as I awoke was to open your

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letter and kiss and kiss your picture again and again. Dear, you must permit me to do so in the morning when you are here and we are married—that will be the first activity of my lips in the morning and the first message from my heart, which had taken its rest side by side with yours. Heart of my heart, Bitte Dich, to permit me to sleep sometimes by your side, with my hand on yours—Oh, how blessed would we be when we are married.

The first thing to read this morning was your letter, and it was a very sweet one indeed. You let me love you so much in writing sweet messages from your heart. Dear, dear Heart of my heart, I love you, I love you so much.

Sweetest, I sent a week ago (or more than a week ago) a parcel containing one mirror, which you might remember that I got in Vienna and used some time for me. I thought as I have that given from you, and carried it on my journey, you might (I don't know the exact use of the word "might") carry that which I send now on your journey. So that we carry each other's. That one was used already by me, so that my own image was reflected so often on it, that is why I send it to you, and I kissed it strongly before I packed it, so that your lips will reflect where my lips actually touched. Also I enclosed with this another mirror slightly decorated, which I liked very much, although it is not in the least a precious one. So I intended to send with these mirrors my hearty greeting and Glückwunsch for your Birthday. Dear, my Heart, *Glück für Dich*.

This mirror was intended for your use at home, that



other one for your journey. I should have liked to find out better and nicer things, but I could not as I have been awfully busy, and also other circumstances did not allow me to realise my wish. I added three old books for arranging flowers, good examples to show how to put flowers in a vessel. Forgive it is second-hand old books; I must explain. There are none in that size and style in new books. We have only old books ten to a hundred years old, or older than that; the new ones are all rubbish, therefore I got it for my own reference, because the art of putting flowers in Japanese style is greatly appreciated now, and this art is to my eyes a play of curves. I have got a few books of the other styles, but they are too big or voluminous to send.

I fear my mirrors may arrive a little too late for your birthday, but there has been no other mail since my return from the north. I have been very sorry for it.

Wishing you Glück für Dich with all my heart, which is the twin-half of yours, I kiss you with the whole soul in it. Sweet, sweet dear my wife,

DEINE HUSBAND.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, September 18.

**B**ELOVED, dearest, I returned yesterday to town, and found your letter with all the photos waiting for me; sweetest, I love them so much. When I opened them I was so anxious, and wondered if they would show me my dear, the one I love, or some one else. But the top one was so very good that it gave me a thrill of pleasure—such a shock of joy all through my body, as your hand gave when it touched me, and that I have not felt for a long time. I am very glad to have all of them, and danke Dir recht herzlich for them; the one I like best of the mounted ones is the largest head, full face, the smaller one is also good, but the side one not so good. The one you said was spoiled, and sent half unmounted, that is the very best of all for me, for it shows just the curves I love so much in your face. For the people, however, the larger full-face one is the best. It is really awfully nice, and makes you look so noble and earnest. Please send some to our friends. If you have no other occasion, then send them at Christmas; I want them to know what my husband is like.

The photos of your room and work-table are also very nice, and I am glad to have them. I can imagine you coming in and sitting at work. Photos, I think, give very much pleasure, but much the most, and the strongest impression also, at the first moment one sees them. Oh, I was so glad to see you, my dear.

I have kissed your lips, and touched the dear curves of your face. Sometimes life becomes too difficult to understand. How is it that we can love so much?

I have learned rather much by staying with Mrs. Tweedie, and learned also things to avoid in marriage—their love is very great, but they have not kept it quite ideal enough; then, however, they have been married fourteen years.

But I must not begin to write all the things I have thought lately, it would take too long. What a lot we will have to say to each other when we meet!

I have had so much to do since my return, chiefly pleasure. My own book is out. I am sending you one.

Dearest, I cannot write more, but I love you sometimes so much that I cry.

MERTYL.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, in the Garden, September 24.

**D**U, my Heart, it is late in the afternoon, and I am in the seat in the garden where I used formerly to come to dream of you. It is long since I wished to come to dream of you. For these few days I have been awfully busy, but I just finished last night.

I am still very busy indeed, but you drove me to

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come here just now, for a moment to sit and dream of you. In the midst of busy work you vividly took me and came with me to the silent seat of the garden. On the way I took up a nice flower of the garden, not for me—certainly for you. I don't know why I took them, but there was no place to put them, other than my button-hole, so my hand with the flower went to the button-hole, probably in the thought that it was that of your coat. Now the whole air of the garden near my seat is filled with my love of you, oh, my dearest; you do not seem to be a lady, but simply my love itself. Oh, my love, my work to-morrow will certainly be sweet and dear, and truthful to Art, and to the students; as it is scented with love.

You said you dreamed of me while you were busy. It is especially so with me. When I have several things to do at once and feel very busy, I feel very much towards you. I think when our mind is so much stretched out from several sides, with business, then the soul "atoms" are dissociated, they do not remain, as molecules. Thus dissociated into elementary parts, the chief element being the love, my love so great the love of you, Mertyl.

With this dissociated state of love, I return to my house to continue my work. Schlafe wohl, Dear,

DEINER LOVER.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, October 3.

**B**ELOVED, To-morrow is your birthday. I am sitting alone in my little study where you kissed me, and I am dreaming of you and longing for you. Sweet, sweet, sweet, oh that my arms could hold you, and my lips feel yours!

This afternoon was very wet, so that I could not see the sun when he went down to your morning, but I sent with him all my love. To-morrow I say is your birthday? no, to-day. It will be to-day with you at this time—this year, this wonderful year has begun. May it give you even more than I can dream of or desire for you.

I am quite alone this evening, so that I have put on your gifts, your opal, and your brooch. Your opal is on rather a long fine chain, and as it hangs it shows a lovely red light through it. Like a fire burning on my skin. It is so pretty this way, dearest, you will like it when you see it.

May all holy sweet things guard you till we meet.

Schlafe wohl, dear Brautigam.

About das Kind. For the present perhaps you are right to keep it with you, though I am not sure if it is really good for it to be so much alone with the servants. Tell me just how old it is. You see habits formed now will become more strong by the time I am with you,

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and may make it very difficult for me to have a good influence over it. But what you say about the relatives is certainly quite true. Can you not keep it with you and send it every day to a kindergarten, or a nice family for a few hours for play lessons? There it will meet other lady-children and get nice manners. There you would have no obligation to the people, it is a matter for payment.

You ask my consent to your plan of keeping the child with you, "till any serious change of circumstance." As you are on the spot, and therefore must know better what to do, I give it entirely—only please consider the idea of the kindergarten.

The idea of a housekeeper will very likely be wise; that we must discuss after we are together and we know local conditions.

For the future of the child I cannot now promise anything, of course I see it with pity—it is not at all its fault—but it must not be allowed to spoil the sweetness and perfectness of our marriage. I hope our love will give us wisdom to do what is good and happy for all. You say "if there is any friction in our house I will be all responsible"—but, dear, that is not enough; if there is any friction our love and happiness and the beauty of our marriage will be killed—there must be no friction.

We must be very wise, dearest, before we marry, to arrange all things to keep the sweet ideal love. Nothing spoils great love sooner than little frictions. We must avoid them. Perhaps, if the child is very like you, it may make me love it, which will be very good. At present I cannot love it, for it is a pain to me always

that you were married to the bad woman—and the child reminds me of it every time.

We will have several months before our marriage in Japan, during which we can consider things and make all wise plans. Poor little child, it would have been much easier had it been a boy, but we must give it as much happiness as we can from our great love.

I must stop for the present.

Schlafe wohl.

MERTYL.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, October 23.

**D**EAREST of All, Gott sei Dank. Your letter now comes, and tells me that you are safe. For more than three weeks I have had no word of you, and I was getting anxious, so anxious that I tried to make myself forget you for the time, tried to put my thought to sleep while it was in such pain. I partly succeeded, for when your letter at last came it did not give me any thrill. I was only thankful that I could at last wake out of my numb sleep. It is cruel of you not to post a card between your letters, I get so thin and ill with anxiety. I have read the letter several times, and it restores me. I love you, dear. You are very sweet in

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your thoughts and love for me. Thank you for the delicate love-thought of the mirrors—I shall be so glad to have them, and my lips will kiss as well as be reflected where yours were reflected and kissed; sweet lover, sweet husband, dear life-long friend.

Thank you so much for your good wishes on my birthday; the box has not yet arrived, but I hope it will soon.

I am glad to hear that my letter and photo at last reached you safely, and that you liked the photo.

You always write "just now I am so busy." Bitte Dich, do not be too busy, as it is not good for your health. Please keep your health good so that we may live long years together, till you are eighty—perhaps. Sweet, sweet, good-night, Schlafe wohl,

DEINE BRAUT.

P.S.—Both the parcels have just arrived. Danke Dir. I will write again soon.

*[Faint, illegible text, possibly a watermark or bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, November 3.

**B**ELOVED, I should have begun to write to you sooner, it is now too late. But I love you so much that I must just say good-night, sweet Heart. I look up at your picture and wonder if the future of which I dream can be a reality—ah, dear dearest.



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Danke Dir recht herzlich for the parcel of things for my birthday. I kissed your lips on the little green mirror, but it is not the same thing as your real lips ! The books of old flower arrangement are very quaint and interesting, and I like to have them. It is very true, what you say, that the *old* work of Japan is so much more beautiful than the modern. The old carving and embroideries are so very lovely, but all the modern things I have seen are not. It is curious what a much more noble taste in colour and form the older people seem to have had.

I like the red box too ; tell me what it was intended to be used for and what is the meaning of the flat black piece of wood that is inside it.

I must now tell you some business. I have come in touch with an editor who seemed pleased with a faint suggestion I made that I might go to Japan on commission for him, and send sketches and descriptions of little known things there, for his paper. Of course nothing may come of it, but that is the line to follow for my coming out to you next year, is it not ?

I have heard and seen nothing of your friend yet.

Sweet, I must stop now, with my arms round you, and holding you close.

YOUR BRAUT.

Love-Letters of a Japanese

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

(A Postcard)

TOKIO, November 3.

DANKE IHNEN, d. d. Verbindlichstens für norwegische "Leder." Ich bin jetzt ausserordentlich "busy," with another manuscript for the publisher. Greetings from Tokio,

Yours,

D. H.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, November 15.

AM astonished and ashamed, that it is a fortnight since I wrote to you—half a month, the twenty-fourth of a year. But I have had so many things to fill my time that the days have flown by and it seems only yesterday that I sent my last letter. It is really a long time, but it is longer since I got your last letter to me. Boses Kind !

Not much has happened except little things, which are only interesting when one is close by, and can hear of them often. Do you remember that once you said that you wanted me to tell you all that happened to

me, when you had left me? Dear, how impossible that would be. A few things, however, I must tell you. A man returned from India, who went there some time ago, after I would not marry him. He came to see me, but I was not very nice to him. I was very sorry not to be nicer, for he was hurt, but it prevented him saying again that he loved me.

Then, the chief news is that we are giving a dance to most of our friends. It will be very jolly, I think. How very sad that you are not coming too!

My Lover—you know, I am sometimes very foolish. I have just now really no time to write to you, for there are so many things to do, some work, and some pleasure. Yet I lie so long in bed in the morning, and cannot get up when I should because I am dreaming of our future and you. Yet if I only got up at once when I should, I would have time to write to you. You see how stupid I am. But when I wake in the morning, you come in and put your arms round me and put your lips softly on mine, and then nestle your head down—how can I then get up at once? Even though you are so delicate and shadowy and give me no longer any physical feeling of thrill at your touch. That is rather sad. I suppose it is so very long since we were together, but now my body has hardly any feeling of thrill when I think of you, or when I get your letters—and I seem entirely to have lost that nerve you touch. I wonder if it will return when you touch me really in your flesh and blood, and not just in your soul and spirit as you touch me now. The thought sometimes frightens me—if it does not return!

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That was one of the reasons that I thought nature had made us for each other, that the touch of your hand made me thrill, and no one else's touch affected me so.

Beloved, I must stop. With my lips on yours—I dream much of you through the day, though I do not write.

I wish we had promised each other to write, even only one line, every day, to each other. I should have done so then, and we would have both been happier. Will you agree to do so after the New Year?

DEINE BRAUT.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, November 20.

**M**Y Dearest, I must post you this letter just now, because I wish it to reach you in time to greet you on Christmas morning. It brings with it good wishes, and love, sweetest Heart, and the longing that you were here to spend it with me. It will be the second Christmas since you were with me. How long, and yet how short the time seems—long because the days drag when I am away from you, but short because I have not done one-half the things I had hoped to do in the time. I am rather sorry about your Christmas present—I got you a thing I liked very much, and which was

allowed to pass through our post, but when I went to the post office they told me that the size of the parcel allowed in Japan is very much less than with us, and that therefore I could not send it. So that I have had to send it as "goods," and I have not got it away yet, as I do not know the shipping firms, etc., and it has caused much delay. So that I fear that it will be very much after Christmas when it reaches you. I am sorry, dearest, but I never imagined that what would go through our post would not go through yours.

It is a picture—I think a very beautiful one. It is goddess of the moon bending over a human man, and the kissing him as he sleeps; the curves in the picture are lovely, and I know you like curves—also I think it may just suggest to you that it is my soul bending over you while you sleep.

A very sad thing happened, which I forgot to tell you. You remember when I went to the lady doctor because I was so unhappy (and you were so unhappy) about our betrothal? You remember how good she was, and laughed at my fears and set us right, and told us there was no reason to fear dreadful things because we were of different nationalities (what babies we were!) and you remember that she was the only one to whom I have ever mentioned that we were betrothed. She has just died. I am awfully sorry, for she was a very good doctor and a nice woman, and one who will be much missed. So our secret is safe. But how tragically safe!

Her husband has come to take up her practice, as it is better than his own, but I do not think that I shall ever go to him.

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Sweet, your last letter reached me nearly a month ago! It is cruel of you, and I am angry, and this morning I nearly decided to break our betrothal.

This evening I read your last letter again, and see that you say that you cannot realise that I am really a living person—and I thought that perhaps you do not realise that I *am* living and need letters from you very much, to relieve my anxiety. You must realise this or I shall not feel safe to trust myself to you in marriage.

MERTYL.

I know how much it is the case that when one thinks very often or all the time about a person one forgets to write. But you *must* realise that your thought of me tells *me* nothing about you, and I am anxious, which is bad for my health.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

(Postcard)

TOKIO, December 10.

DEAR Miss Meredith,

I just got your pleasing question about the magazine editor. Here also is several things to say. But just now I cannot write any details, as I am so awfully occupied day and night.

Yours,

D. D. H.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON.

TO-DAY I am going away for Christmas. I have received *no letters* from you since last October, but one short card on Dec. 1st. Until I get a satisfactory explanation of this it is impossible for me to write.

[A very short letter of Mr. Watanabe's apparently lost.  
—ED.]

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, January 5.

DEAR—Your Christmas present and note reached me the other day. It would have been in time for Christmas only I was away. Thank you very much for the carving, which arrived quite safely. I was awfully glad to get it, for the anxiety of the last few months has been very serious for my health and happiness.

Love-Letters of a Japanese

Your note told me some of the things I wanted to know—but I am really displeased that you are so busy. You know, dear, that your health is the first and most important thing for our future.

I am sorry there have been so many things to trouble you—and awfully glad that your house did not catch fire. I thought you had told me it was surrounded by a garden ?

All the same, it is a thing which is impossible for me (and I think for any English woman) to understand that you could have been too busy to send me more than one postcard in two months. Do you not eat ? Could you not write me a card while you were eating, or riding in a tramcar ? Had your love been as strong as I thought, had you been as wise as I thought, had you had "lust" to do so, it would have been possible to spare the three minutes to have written a postcard every week or so.

It is a slight which I do not forgive, and it has hurt me too deeply for words, that you were so careless of me and of our sacred love.

We must discuss it when we meet ; for the present I shall try to act as though it had not happened. It is much more serious, and touches on much more than perhaps you realise.

Ah, foolish, foolish lover !

MERTYL.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, January 13.

DEAR, I dreamed of you so very vividly in my sleep last night. You know how very unusual that is.

I dreamed I was in a room in Wien, and suddenly you came in and caught me in your arms and kissed me over and over again—and you were not solemn and sweet as you used to be with me, but eager, like a child. Your kisses were so strong, so delicious; then you put your arm round me and pressed me, then a maid came in and brought our supper and we ate together, and after that you changed, and I woke.

But it was so vivid, I can almost feel your lips on mine now. I have not felt so happy for months. I wonder if you realised how unhappy I have been, and sent your soul to me in my sleep, and *really* kissed me last night! Dearest.

Two nights ago I was at a grand dance, and enjoyed it very much. I had a very lovely new dress. Have you learned to dance yet? You must learn just to waltz a little before I come, and then I will make you practise with me when I come, till you do it really well. I hope we will often go to dances in Tokio, and you must be able to dance with me sometimes.

January 19.

The effect of a dream does not last long—I have felt I cannot write to you while you leave me with no letters.

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Everything is going very well and I am so happy in my work. I am getting accustomed to doing without your letters. At one time I used to look for them every post, and be sad when they were not there and so glad when they were. Then I used to long for them, and all through those weary months they were never there, and I was miserable.

Now at last I have learned to expect nothing. It is much easier—but it was foolish of you to break my habit of waiting gladly for your letters. It weakens love.

I am particularly sorry that you did not send your photo to the people at Christmas, as I asked you.

I am writing a novel, which interests me very much. Have you read "Mad. de Maupin" yet?

Mine is *quite* different, of course.

MERTYL.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, February 9.

**M**Y Heart! The lovely little cloisonné vase reached me to-day, with its message of love. Ah, dearest, I cannot tell you how it pleased me. It is also one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen, the form,

the colouring, and the delicacy of the work are all most perfect.

It would have given me an extreme pleasure from any one, and from you—Dearest. *Danke Dir*. It seems to be surrounded by an atmosphere of love, and I have it set up quite close to me, and look at it often. It seems to have brought back the love I thought I had lost.

Husband, my husband, I am very glad you sent it now—I was beginning almost to hate you for not having written to me for so long. Do you realise that it is *three months* and more since I have had a letter of love from you? Even I cannot realise it, it is too horrible to believe possible.

The message of love, and this beautiful thing saves me from learning to hate you.

Now I will try to forget these last three months.

My own, I have so much of love to say to you, I have been studying very much since you left me—but we must save it all to talk of when we meet. Forgive me that I doubted your love these last weeks. But if you were English you would realise that you had given me good reason to do so.

Oh, my Heart, my head is weary, and I long so much to lean it in your arms.

My dear, my dear.

Deine MERTYL.

Dear, every time I look at the little vase I find new beauties in it. It is so sweet! The red bud, and the white flower. Every detail is so lovely,

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just the kind of beauty I admire. Wise husband ! I must tell you this. In five days is the celebration of Saint Valentine. He is supposed to be the saint who arranges marriages. On his day lovers send cards and messages (the custom has nearly died out, though) or presents. And on that day the birds are supposed to pair in the woods. So your present comes as a Valentine, a love-gift.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

(Postcard)

TOKIO, February 24.

**P**LEASE forgive me that I have left you (D.) so long with no Lebenszeichen. I am well, only it is very sad that I am so very busy. Danke Ihnen, D.D. verbindlichstens für das *wunderbares* schönes Bild das ich vorgestern erhielt. Ich habens so sehr gerne.

D. H. K. W.

A letter follows in a few days.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, March 6.

**M**Y dear, Got sei dank!! greater part of things which kept me so busy since last September is now gone, although there are so many still there which waited so long till now, till I will be less busy.

Aller erstens, I must ask your pardon—forgive me that I left you so long without any details about me. I lost every thought except work during this busy time. As well as other things I have had much to do with my books. To my mind this was directly for myself for the support, but finally für uns, for which I made *great* effort, as I find that I even for myself at present have not sufficient money. I must use up every month all that I get monthly, and I am always rather waiting for the monthly income. It was a great mistake to think so easily that I could furnish you when you will be here. I had to struggle for money, and it was inevitable to stop everything, even writing to you oftener, and details für uns.

Bitte dich, do not think I can write a postcard in three minutes, I am not so able as you are. I require at least twenty minutes for that, when I am writing full card and address. Usually half an hour. In a card I must put down concisely, and for that I must think how to put down English short and clear. For this page of letter I require also half an hour, comparatively

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a shorter time, than for a card. I have been really so busy that I often said, whether I will be mad.

Danke, sweetest of all, for that wonderful picture. That gave me a great feeling of love, and there are largely resemblances with you too—even the feet. You had certainly paid much for that, dearest, sweetest.

As I told you some time ago, a great remorse came to that stupid Frau, and she has great wishes to return. This is known among all my friends, and one suggested even that I should permit her to come again, for the sake of the child, as the child is regarded to be very important with us. Of course I refused.

But I had to see her again. But I hope I am now free of any relations with her.

The child of my cousin who offered to take my child, died, and she has adopted a child for her son, as successor of her family. This means the family name is regarded as important with us.

I cannot go further now, forgive me that I am not yet writing much to you.

Now I must tell you about your coming to Japan. It will be very good if you have such engagement as you say. I will do my best. After all, you must come in any circumstance, and to get good reception you must come with such a message.

Perhaps better to come a year later?

Dear, with kisses,

DEINER K.

*From Kenrio Watanabe*

(Postcard)

TOKIO, March 20.

LIEBES Fraulein, Ich sollte Ihnen (d.) früher schreiben, aber ich bin seit 10 Tagen krank, und lege ich mich hauptsächlich im Bette. Heute fühle ich viel besser, und hoffe ich, dass ich Morgen oder Übermorgenwieder arbeiten kann. Mit aller herzl. Grüßen, Ihrer

D. K. W.

(Postcard)

TOKIO, April 2.

WRITE to you D. only a line to tell you D. that I am now recovered from my illness and am at work. To-day I received with great pleasure your letter. D. Mit aller Herzl. Grüsse, Yours,

K. W.

(Postcard)

TOKIO, April 19.

DEAR Miss Meredith, D. D. B. I will write to you in ten days, if in that time I do not hear from you. I was again ill, but have got better four days ago. I must now do some urgent work.

Ihr B. K.

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[Later in the day.]

(Postcard)

April 19.

**D**. Your letter has come. It is so very unfortunate that I cannot to-day write a letter to you. As I have been so long ill, there are so many important things which must be done. Mit aller herzlichstens, Grüsse,  
M. D. K.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, April 24.

**D**EAR, I have been wishing for some time to write to you, but I too am "busy"—and as you once told me, all the acts of love are reciprocal, and I feel that I cannot write now with the same Lust as I did before your long silence.

Still, now that I have a letter of yours to answer, I must do so. Now, you must fully understand this—My commission with the paper *will be for this year, if they send me at all*. It is *this year* or never with them.

Also, for me privately it is this year or never. There are too many reasons for me to begin to tell you of them here, but you must at least remember and realise that it was the plan we made all along and that *therefore* I



have resigned my post here. Hence I shall come to Japan this year, because we had arranged it so, and it is now too late to change. You must remember you were a little sorry and angry when I asked you before you left, if I should accept that other post, as I should have done if I had been remaining in England for more than two years.

I am really angry with you about the few words you put at the end of that last letter, and which seemed to suggest that you thought that I could so easily plan to remain another year here and come to Japan the following year. You must understand that such a thing is awfully wrong of you to think after all our arrangements and that for my own sake alone I will do what I said, what your words made me say, and come to Japan this year.

I cannot say one thing one day, and another the next.

Dear, you make me laugh even though I am so angry, with the way you think plans can be changed in a minute. In this country, where everything is so old, it takes a long time to change plans which have been long made. I have already resigned my post here, and given as my reason that I intend to go to Japan. I have also been arranging with this editor, and other people, and having said that I am going it is impossible for me to change.

I cannot say that Mr. Watanabe in Japan has changed his mind, and is not now sure if it is better to come this year or next. What has he to do with it? people will say.

No, Kind, Du bist nicht richtig——

Ah, but we must wait till we have our arms round each other before we talk of all these little things, for

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it is impossible to understand properly from writing, and if we do not understand properly we will only be unhappy. After all, there remains very little more than three months now, and we will be able to clear away all the difficulties, and kiss in perfect happiness.

(Perhaps your words were meant "lustiger weise"; if so, forgive me, liebes Kind.)

You had better put the thought of my coming in people's minds, and prepare as much as you can.

I am awfully sorry you have not had plenty of money this year, and hope next year it will be all right. I will of course make what I can, plenty, I expect. I believe it will not be much more expensive to live after we are married than for you to live alone, though of course we will probably require many new things at first.

All such things must be discussed in *words*, writing is only a waste of time for it.

You are telling me nothing about the child. How is she? I hope you are teaching her some English, or it will be awfully difficult for me to make her love me. You must do much to help, for that.

I hope so much that the separation and the unhappiness of these two years will be over, and we will be able to love, and to live in complete happiness. You remember, my dearest, our love is to be perfect.

Now that the time is beginning to be near, I do not dare to think of it. Dear, my dear, Good-night.

M.

Please find out at once, and let me have the address of some good lodging or boarding house in Tokio.

*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, April 30.

**B**ELOVED, Yesterday I met a delightful Japanese man, Baron T. I was introduced to him on purpose, for a number of people know that I am going to Japan. He is going to be kind to me.

Dear, it will be good when we can let every one know of our love and our marriage. I do not like having to deceive so many people whom I like, and who trust me, and to have to answer them—"Yes, I will do this or that when I return next year," instead of saying "I shall never return, I am to marry the one my heart thinks the best in the world."

Last night, too, it was only because I duelled with him, and laughed where I did not want to laugh, that I could prevent another man telling me that he loved me, and you know, dearest, in our country that means he wishes to marry me.

I shall be very glad when the people know the truth.

My Heart, I have heard that I am to get that commission for the sketches, and writing. Everything has gone awfully well.

I am not quite certain, of course, but I think I shall sail on the "Z." You must find out about it and see if you can join me as you suggested on the beautiful Inland Sea.

Dear, I am just awfully busy. I have so many things to do that I cannot even tell you about. I think of you

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(under the current of my other thoughts) all the time, but have almost no time to *Dream* of love. That I will do during the long weeks of the voyage, so that when we meet I will be tuned to love.

DEINE BRAUT.

Thanks for the card telling me you were better. Gott sei Dank!



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, May 10.

**D**EAREST, I have no time to write much, but I must tell you this. Unless any sudden change arises I shall sail by the "Z." Of course you will meet me, and then I imagine that after a very few days in Tokio, I shall go to the north, and stay there as long as I find the kind of interest and scenery I want for my work.

You have never sent me the help and advice for the journey you promised. Will it come in time, I wonder?

I am now so busy that though nearly every thought touches you, there is no time for sweet dreams. Even when I wake in the morning I must at once get up and be busy.

Liebes Kind—meet me in the beautiful Inland Sea

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if you can, and we will dream together ; if not, then I will see you in Yokohama.

Dear, I wonder what you will be like ? Strange, or the same man—child—soul—that I loved in Zürich ?

MERTYL.



*From Mertyl Meredith*

LONDON, June 12.

DEAR—Still no letter from you, it is too bad. I want to tell you that I am sorry that you have not so much money as you expected, but that you need not trouble about me, I shall have plenty when I arrive, and shall be making more. My luggage is nearly packed, such a lot of it. I have had to find out and do everything for myself ; all the help and advice you promised has not come. If it comes now it will be too late to help me.

Perhaps you may remember that you love me by the time I get to Yokohama, and may help me with the Customs.

Your behaviour is rather curious.

M.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

[NOTE.—This letter reached Mertyl Meredith *after she had already arrived in Japan*, and was the welcome she got at the first port; forwarded from England.—ED.]

TOKIO, June 1.

DEAR, Forgive me that I have not written sooner—I was unable partly on account of my being again ill, partly as I had to remove as soon as I recovered tolerably. Still I take medicine three times a day.

Then there has been foreign visitors, but unfortunately, it was just after my little recovery, and I could not attend them well, and while I have been intending to write to them, I fell again into sickness. Then they left Tokio. They were introduced by one of our friends. I was awfully sorry that I have not even written to them before they left Tokio.

Then another lady and her brother came, and they knew friends of yours. I showed them some part of Tokio, and an Iris garden, and had a lunch and tea in my house (New house) in thought that you may hear from them on their return how I live. We are also going to make an excursion later.

But I am sorry that I cannot be very nice to them, as I am too busy and too poor for that. I became still busier than before, because things have been so delayed after my being ill for about five weeks, although not throughout the whole of these weeks.

While I have been intending to write to you to-day or to-morrow, I just got your letter. At first I should like to ask you to give my full name on the envelope, not only my initial. Also as there are many K. Watanabe, the full name is necessary to be given. Your letter with only a few lines, and without your sign (fortunately without your sign) went to another person (K. Watanabe who lives in a different address) and was opened and delivered to me by himself. It is awfully dangerous unless a full address and names be written.

Please use the enclosed envelopes, if you please.

I removed—With us one can remove at any day, without paying any further than that date.

My old house rent was raised half a year ago, and was raised again to be fifty per cent more than before. Not only I, but also any people of my rank cannot stand such a high rent with us. Although the removal costed much, it was necessary to remove. I have been arranging as nicely as I can, as I thought I must have a simple and nice house later—I was now making a preliminary experiment for our future house, gardens, and all other things. Now in Japan the things are getting to be awfully dearer, we cannot have any good house with gardens surrounding, a large number of houses are built every day. But none of them have gardens large enough. My present house has but a tiny garden. Under this condition I spend all money I get monthly; such state of things is the result partly of the smallness of my income, which is rather unexpected, and chiefly on account of the price of things with us being so raised

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since after my return to Tokio. It is not my own fault, dear.

The doctor urges me strongly to go to a definite hot spring place this summer, at least for five weeks, for the frequent coming sickness, and everybody is of their opinion. I must do that, for our future, in the long run. Again I must visit my native province, this year, for the ceremony of the festival of my deceased mother. (I postponed this last year.) So I will be unable to go about with you when you come. Of course I will do my best to find boarding house for you in Tokio, and also for some one else to accompany you.

At present I have no much "lust" for anything else than my work, which is my first duty with us. Every other "lust" is decreasing on account of my unhealthiness.

Unfortunately my most influential friend is still ill, and they thought he died a week ago. But he is getting a little better. However all chief doctors are of the same opinion, that he will never be able to attend to work.

In case he will not really recover it will be a great blow to us all here, as well as to ourselves. You will not be so easily received in the societies here. I am not looking forward from pessimistic view, only seeing as the things stand at present. You must come of course, in case you get a commission for your coming. But it is unfortunate for us that you are coming this year. We arranged so. But we could not arrange so exactly for future. The present state of things (the future of that time) do not suit well your coming. The time of



your coming is not ripe on my side. I cannot be prepared for it yet. Also I wish that you will be prepared to return even for a few weeks once more to England, before you come for ever. This is stating my opinion as it stands, it is not in the least "lustigerweise."

There is also so many things to discuss when we meet—before we can live together.

Bitte, dear, do not be angry with me. I am making things surer—not to make such things, important things as firr uns in haste, and improper way. I do not like to stand upon a ground not firm enough, so that it will break down later in future. As you are coming, we need not discuss here, so I will stop here at present; forgive me that I do not enter into any details in the present letter, I cannot. It is too late to-night, to-morrow there will be a quick mail.

Good-night at present; my house is still some way upset after removal—Good-night, dearest,

K.



[The inability to master the situation so evident in his letters is largely to be accounted for by his ill health. The meeting in Tokio was very different from the one they had so long anticipated.—ED.]



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOXIO, September 10.

DEAR Miss Meredith,

I find that going out in the night is not good for my trouble. And the two consecutive nights may have worse effect, so as to let me lie down on bed again.

I should be grateful to you therefore if you would be so good as to postpone our talking till the next Sunday, and in its afternoon at your time, and not in the night.

Also I shall feel a little easier next Sunday than I should now, on account of part of several businesses being finished ; I may be able to talk with better tune of mind and may have better result.

But if you want to talk to-morrow evening, by all means, I *will* certainly come to you at seven in the evening. In case you want to see me to-morrow evening, please telegraph.

Forgive me in sending such suddenly changed arrangement.

Yours,  
K. W.

o

*From Mertyl Meredith*

TOKIO, September 19.

**A**T the time I did not understand yesterday the meaning of what you said—and even to-day, after thinking and pondering over all your words, all through the night and all to-day, I can hardly realise it.

That my lover, for whom all my thoughts and love have been for these years, and who had given me such sweetness, that my husband with whom our joint work and great life of happiness was to be spent, that my Beloved is suddenly to be taken away from me, is more than I can realise at once.

I felt, of course, even before I reached Japan, that your love had changed a little—I thought that perhaps you had become a little careless through the long want of the stimulus of meeting—and that the reason that you wrote so seldom, and no longer quite so sweetly, might be that you expected me to trust you when you were so busy. You said you would trust me even if I never wrote for a year—Should I trust you less? This I always believed except when for short periods I was too unhappy to be reasonable. So I always trusted fully in the fulfilment of our love, and of your promises.

You say that you think it is wrong to kill the bodies of people, but you are doing what is far more cruel, and you kill my soul, all my “lust” in life, my happiness, and my strength and power of future work.

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If you had told me when we parted in Zürich that everything was finished, it would not have been so cruel, for our betrothal had been so short, and so unutterably sweet, that I might have fancied it a dream from which I had waked. But now, after the sweetness of all your letters, speaking of your plans for our love, after these have penetrated the structure of every cell of my body for these years, when all my thoughts and plans were based on the idea of the lasting truth of your words, it is so great and cruel a shock that I cannot yet realise it. It is as though you took out of my body my heart, with all its veins and arteries attached, and tore every smallest capillary from between the cells.

So forgive me if I do not realise it at once.

If a short time ago I had been told that such a thing could happen, I should have answered that I should hate you fiercely, and punish you for your wrong. But now you have killed even my strength—I have not the power to hate you.

Now that our betrothal is broken, is it not perhaps better to give me back all the letters I have written you? If to you they have now no value, if to you they have no more of sweetness and sacred promise, to me they are all that is left of my life.

I will do what I can, some part, towards finishing the work I undertook here; all, I fear, I cannot do. After the death of my soul, you know, my body will die rather soon.

[The next day she returned all the gifts he had sent her, taking the silver chain off her neck, and enclosed them to him, with this note:]



*From Mertyl Meredith*

TOKIO, September 20.

**E**ACH single one of these things is more precious than all that other people have given me—and now you take them all away from me. Each bears my kisses through the years I had it, and each has become a part of myself.

I had not realised how I loved them, and how they had entered into my life, till to-day when you force me to part with them.



*From Kenrio Watanabe*

TOKIO, September 28.

**D**EAR Miss Meredith,  
I hope that you will have happy time in future, and marry some nice Englishman. You must not think, what you said the other day, that I made experi-

*Love-Letters of a Japanese*

ment with you, or that my words were not truth to you, all the time in Europe, and in my letters. It was at the time quite truth I spoke to you, though later it may have become untruth, because my thought about the matter changed.

When I was in Europe I wished to experience all things after European fashion. I did not intended however to have love with any lady, but you were so sweet I smoothed into it unawares, and according to my Europeanised thought it was so delicious. I never imagined such a thing. Then also the after effect of my time in Europe remained for first year or more after my return to Japan, and I had still strong feeling of love. But becoming more returned to my original state, among Japanese, and also with work, the idea of love changed. Then also I remembered you had spoken, and even I myself had spoken, to die or kill us for love, and that gave me now a very bad impression to me, for such shows that love is not a good thing. Also that I should have loved any lady, in such strong way as I loved you, is quite out of my natural thought, and the thought of any Japanese. I think I told you in earlier times that love is thought to be immoral with us. And now I know that it is really so, if it had such a strong power over me, against my natural habit.

It is different with Europeans, for you place love as of first importance. I hope you will marry some nice Englishman.

You say you will not marry me with lesser idea of love—as I had still wish to do before our discussions, but such discussion weakens even what is left of love in

*Love-Letters of a Japanese*

me. It is however rather strong point in your character, good in some way, that you will remain at the point you determined and not reduce to have other idea of love.

I hope it is not true for you what you say, that you cannot love any second time, and that your life is finished. Please do not think of that.

Yours sincerely,

K. WATANABE.

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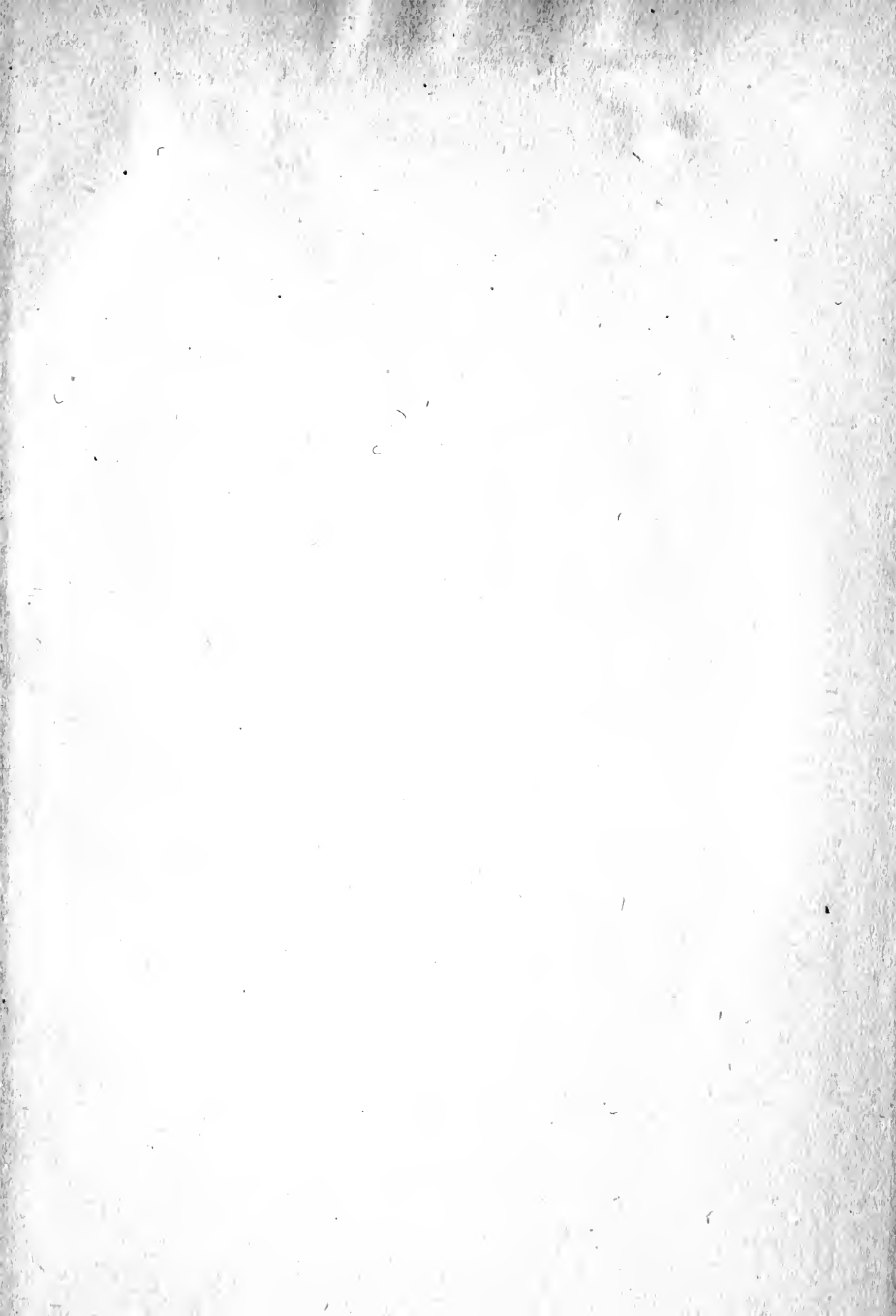
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